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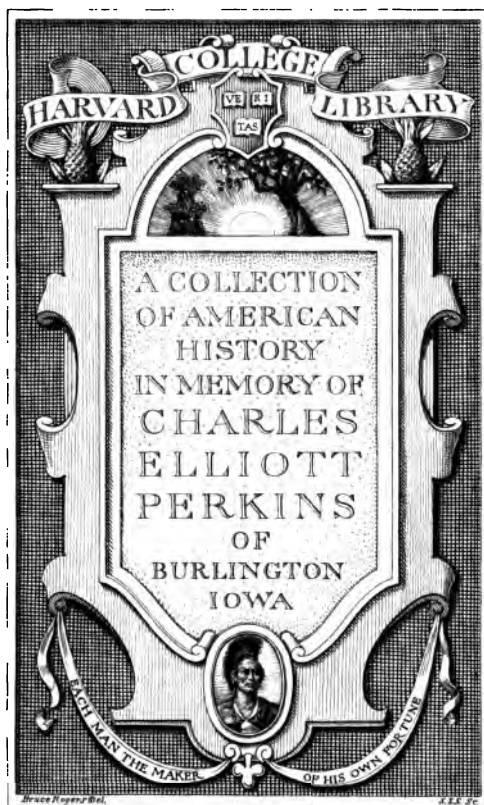
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THE GIFT OF HIS DAUGHTER

ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER

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NEW ORLEANS
AS I FOUND IT.

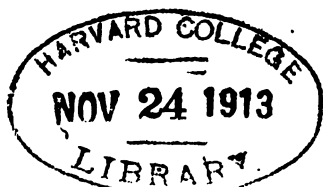
BY H. DÉJIMUS.

"Dieser sahe die welt wie sie wirklich war."—SCHILLER.

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C. E. PERKINS MEMORIAL

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DEDICATION.

TO M—R—E.

MY DEAREST FRIEND:

With great pleasure I dedicate to you these sketches of some of the incidents of my first visit to New Orleans, in the winter of 1835-36.

In a "Second Part" I shall add other compartments to an unfinished picture of the most remarkable city of our country. But when I again appear before you, you must not expect to find in the New Orleans of "to-day" an exact counterpart of "the New Orleans of 1836." A few years tell much in its story; and herein consists the difficulty of my subject. The city's rapid growth in population, in business, and in wealth—causes which will continue to operate for centuries to come—the frequent change of actors upon its scenes—owing, in part, to the periodical visitation of its great scourge, but mostly to the annual influx of new men from northern climes, with northern habits and northern thought—render it impossible to draw a portrait which will be equally recognised from every point of time.

H. D.

The Hook, N. H., 1835.

NEW ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT.

PART I.

"Taking the age as it now stands, and with reference to contemporary matters, we have already said that we consider the judgment of the public, which presumes some foundation, in fact, for every current statement, to be in the majority of cases a just one. Fiction, though still powerful and active, is in a minority—on the whole, in a declining minority. In her old, time-honoured castles, she does indeed preserve unshaken authority; but her new conquests, if not difficult to be made, are at least difficult to be maintained."—*Westminster Review*.

DAY THE FIRST.

"The divisions of a work, whether they be styled parts, or books, or chapters, or sections, or whatsoever else the fancy of the writer may devise, are a happy invention—they are breathing points for the mind."—*DR. WILLIAMS*.

CHAPTER I.

"We entered into this citie, and observed its make and people."—*HACKLUYT, Voyages*

ARGUMENT.

The Reader introduced to the Scene of Action.—The Levee.—Flat-Boats.—A Flat-Boatman.—An Acquaintance made.

By whatever route the traveller approaches New Orleans—whether by the river, the sea, or the lake—the feature which first attracts his attention is its *Levee*; and I could not have chosen a better starting-point from which to commence my observations upon this "world in miniature"—where one may meet with the products and the people of every country in any way connected with commerce—than its upper or most southern extremity.

The traveller loses the points of the compass at New Orleans, and knowing that the general course of the river is from north to south, is surprised to learn that the city lies west of the Mississippi, which here flows due north—that the American or upper part of the city, as it is called, is really its most southern extremity; and that the frosty Yankee has actually taken up his habitation south of the sunny descendants of France, Spain, and Italy! This exchange of geographical position is to be attributed to the northerner's superior judgment and foresight; and is here referred to, that the reader may fully comprehend the *locale* of the theatre I am about to describe, and observe its action without being disturbed by the discovery that the sun is rising in the west!

Levee is a French word, of primary importance within the State of Louisiana: it pervades its statute-book, and is daily heard within its halls of justice. "There is little or no land," says Judge Porter, "on the banks of the river, within this state, if we except an inconsiderable quantity in the neighbourhood of, and above Baton Rouge, which would not be covered with the waters of the Mississippi

in the spring months, were it not for the artificial embankment which the industry of man has raised to exclude them." Thus the Dutch are not the only people who have won their domain from the watery element. The State of Louisiana, when we consider its recent existence, the paucity of its population, and that population sparsely scattered over a large extent of country, has done more than Holland: yet we overlook the wonder which lies at our own door, to lose ourselves in admiration of the not greater wonder three thousand miles off.

The traveller from the north, as he touches the region of the orange and cane, of smiling plantations, bounded in the background by dense forests, and stretching onward to a seemingly illimitable extent towards the south, and looks down upon the planter's mansion, the cluster of white cottages hard by,* the slave at his daily task, and the mounted overseer, as one would look down from a balcony upon the busy street below, appears first to be made conscious that the Mississippi, the father of waters, the receiver of so many mighty rivers, is here, near the close of its course, where its stream is most rapid, controlled by the puny hand of man—that the ocean-stream upon whose bosom he is floating, here restricted, hemmed in, and directed, sweeps down to the sea over an artificial ridge, and that he is passing through a huge aqueduct, which raises the dweller upon water above the dweller upon land! Here the waves do indeed bound beneath him as a steed that knows his rider; yet the traveller sees, admires, and forgets. But if he forgets *the whole*, he cannot forget *the part*: when once seen, once remarked, he cannot forget *the Levee* of New Orleans—the storehouse of the great Val-

* The northerner, accustomed to extravagant portraiture of the slave's deprivations, is agreeably surprised to find the servant sheltered by a roof often equal with, and sometimes superior to, that which protects the master.

ley of the Mississippi; the receptacle of the products of a hundred climes, of a country extending from the frigid to the torrid zone, illimitable in resources, as almost illimitable in extent; the goal of a thousand steamboats, and of more than a thousand merchantmen; the exchange, the place of purchase, of sale, and of barter; the huckster's shop, the news-room, and the Prado* of the greatest exporting city in the world.†

* *Prado*, in its original signification, is an epithet little applicable to the dust and total absence of every green thing which characterizes the Levee; but the descendants of the daughters of Spain have not in any degree degenerated in their love of public walks, and if, to enjoy a taste so beneficial, they have been compelled to encroach upon the common landing of the city, they may be permitted to refer to it in language calculated to recall the pleasures of Madrid.

† Perhaps there is no better gauge of what may be, than what has been; the writer has, therefore, collected in the following note a few historical data, to justify such hopes of the future as the reader may meet with in the course of this work.

In the year 1717, the government of France found it advisable to place its province of Louisiana under the direction of a company; and a charter, conferring upon its proprietors nearly all the powers of sovereignty, was registered in the parliament of Paris, on the 6th of September, 1717. At that time the population of the province, comprising an extent of country stretching from Mobile to the head waters of the Mississippi, amounted to seven hundred souls! On the 9th of February, 1718, three of the company's ships arrived in the province, freighted with *soldiers* and colonists. "Ils appertèrent," says a late writer, "l'agréable nouvelle que *Bienville* était nommé gouverneur; un homme qui avait passé vingt ans dans la colonie, et qui connaissait toutes les ressources et toutes les besoins et qui s'était rendu cher à tous les habitants." The first act of that gentleman's administration was to select upon the banks of the Mississippi a site favourable for the capital of the province. "Il choisit," continues the writer above quoted, "l'endroit où se trouve maintenant la *Nouvelle Orleans*; et il y laissa cinquante hommes pour nettoyer le terrain, et y construire des baraquas!"

What will not a century bring forth! Is there a descendant of *Bienville* among us? If there is, let him stand now upon the banks of the Mississippi, shut out the present, call up the past, and assume the feelings, the knowledge, the character, the identity of his ancestor. When the spell breaks, and the dream disperses, he will find that ages of action have been compressed into one little page of time. Surely, what once required ten centuries is now done in one.

In 1722, New Orleans was officially proclaimed the capital of the colonial government, having at that time a population of 200! On the 22d of January, 1732, the Company of Louisiana resigned its charter into the hands of the king, with an aggregate population in the whole province of 5000 whites and 2000 slaves. On the 3d of November, 1763, the King of France ceded to the King of Spain all that part of the then Province of Louisiana which lay west of the Mississippi, together with the city of New Orleans. In September, 1766, Ulloa arrived at New Orleans, with authority to take possession of the ceded territory in the name of the King of Spain: the province then numbered 5000 whites and 5000 blacks. On the 16th of August, 1769, the Spanish general, O'Reilly, exhibited his credentials, and formally took possession of the province, Ulloa having refrained from so doing, from motives of policy: the city then possessed a population of 3190; of whom 1902 were free, including 31 of pure and 68 of mixed African blood; 1225 slaves, and 60 Indians. The houses were in

The Levee of New Orleans is one continued landing-place or quay, four miles in extent, and of an average breadth of one hundred feet. It is fifteen feet above low-water mark, or that stage of the river when its waters retire wholly within their natural bed; and six feet above the level of the city, to which it is graduated by an easy descent. Like the river it margins, it holds a serpentine course; advancing or receding, as the Mississippi encroaches upon the city, or falls off towards the opposite bank. It is constructed of *deposits*, a rich alluvion swept from the north, and held in suspension by the waters of the Mississippi until their rapidity is checked by a sudden change of direction, or, swollen to overflowing, they spread over the adjacent swamps, again to retire, and again to bless the land they have visited with an increase of soil. The deposit is so great, and the consequent formation of new land so rapid, immediately in front of that portion of the quay which is most used for the purposes of commerce, that it has within a few years become necessary to build piled wharves, jutting out from fifty to one hundred feet into the river. The new formation, which is governed, as to its locality, by what may well be termed the freaks of the Mississippi, is called "*Batture*;"* and when it has progressed to such an extent as to be left bare by the retiring water at its lowest stage, is held capable of ownership: a sort of property which has given birth to an indefinite amount of long-continued, intricate, and vexatious litigation, dating from the first appearance of the late Edward Livingston in the courts of Louisiana up to the present moment.

I have now introduced the reader to that part of the city which will first occupy our attention. The city of Lafayette is busy behind me—a mere suburb of rusty, wood-

number 468. In 1785, the population of New Orleans had increased only 1770—4960; and in 1798, only 2148—5338, in a period of nineteen years.

On the 21st of March, 1801, Louisiana was ceded to France, in conformity with the stipulations of a treaty concluded between his Catholic majesty and the First Consul of the French Republic, at St. Ildefonso, the 1st of October, 1800. On the 30th of November, 1803, Lausart took possession of the province in the name of the Republic. The population of the city then amounted to 8056. On the 20th of December following, the province again changed masters, and passed into the possession of that power which, with a liberality unknown to history, has raised the purchased to an equality with the purchaser—has stripped the servant of the badges of servitude, and clothed his limbs with sovereignty. In 1810, the population of New Orleans had increased to 17,242; in 1820, to 27,176; and, in 1830, to 46,310: but it is to be remembered that these numbers give only its *fixed* population, or that which is to be found in the city in midsummer. During the business season it will not now (1839) fall far under 150,000. Such are the effects of Liberty!

* A Creole corruption of *battures*, a French word having no singular, and signifying flats, shallows, shoals.—*Vide* 6. M. Reps., p. 21.

en houses; on my left I hear a confused Babylonish dialect, sounds harsher than harshness, the *patois*, provincialisms, and lingual corruptions of all the Germanic tribes—it is the German quarter; and on my right flows the Mississippi, a stream of mud, whose very filth constitutes its purity. And here one may see what New Orleans was before the application of steam to navigation. Hundreds of long, narrow, black, dirty-looking, crocodile-like rafts lie sluggishly, without moorings, upon the soft batture, and pour out their contents upon the quay: a heterogeneous compound of the products of the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries. These rafts, or flat-boats, as they are technically called,* are covered with a raised work of scantling, giving them the appearance of long, narrow cabins, built for the purpose of habitation, but designed to protect from the weather a cargo often of the value of from three to fifteen thousand dollars. They are guided by an oar at the stern, aided with an occasional dip of two huge pieces of timber, which move on either side like fins, and float with the stream at a rate of three miles the hour. Such was the carriage of the products of the up-country twenty years ago! their number has not been diminished by the introduction of the steamboat. It is, indeed, a natural, simple, and cheap mode of transportation; and as long as the Mississippi passes with such rapidity from its source to its embouchure in the gulf, the traveller will meet with these unsightly masses floating on its bosom, swayed to and fro by its currents, counter-currents, and eddies, often shifting end for end, like some species of shell-fish, and not unfrequently, like the crab, preferring the oblique to the forward movement. Yet hundreds are at times sunk by sudden squalls, and of the many freighted in the up-country, perhaps not more than two thirds ever reach New Orleans. The insurance offices look upon them as very unsafe bottoms.

Of the many which lie before me, grounded upon the batture, some are filled with fat cattle, whose lowing discourses eloquently of the distant pastures of the north. The States of Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, and the Republic of Texas, annually send more than twenty thousand head of horned cattle to this market. Arkansas, Missouri, and Texas raise numerous herds, which run wild over their extensive prairies, and are tamed and caught with salt. Kentucky, with

greater progress in the arts of husbandry, pastures and stalls its beef, which, consequently, bears off the palm for size, condition, and general excellence. Henry Clay is an accomplished farmer; not the least of his merits: and the effects of his labours at "Ashland" may be seen in the short horns, broad chests, full, round proportions, and sleek, glossy hides of the monsters which are now passing from the water to dry land, snuffing the air, conscious of foreign parts, yet treading the earth firmly, and with measured step, without any of the frolic meaner breeding would have exhibited.

Others are freighted with horses, mules, and sheep; corn in sacks or in bulk, and upon the cob—a method of transportation which has its advantages, what is lost in stowage being gained in protection from must and rot.

Here is a boat stowed with apples, inferior enough in quality, cider, cheese, potatoes, butter, chickens, lard, hay—coarse, the rank growth of a virgin soil—all offered for sale, in the mass or by the lot; a variety storehouse which would make a Yankee's heart leap for joy. And there lie thirty more, side and side, reeking with grease, steaming in the sun, and smelling—faugh! none but a Christian could live amid such a mass of swine's flesh. Pork, alive, in bulk, in barrels, fresh, salted, smoked, of all sizes and conditions; the corn-fed fatness of Ohio, and the lean acorn-growth of Illinois: were Judaism to prevail, where would be the greatness of Cincinnati? Flour from Virginia and Ohio, old and new, sweet and sour; the leading breadstuff, yet the most fickle in price: cotton from Arkansas and Mississippi, lumber from Tennessee, whiskey from Missouri, tobacco from Kentucky, twice founded, twice drenched, to be here dried, cured anew, disguised, and repacked, close the list.

But the men who make these things of wood their dwellings; who launch them upon the Ohio, the Illinois, the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri, the Arkansas, and the Cumberland, with all their tributaries, and guide them to this their final resting-place, should not be forgotten. They are a distinct class of beings, livers on the water, known and designated as "boatmen of the Mississippi," an expression which embraces all that is strong, hardy, rough, and uncouth, with much that is savage, wild, and lawless. They cannot be supposed to have been born in habitations constructed for so temporary a purpose; yet the congeniality of their dispositions with their situation and employment might justify one in suspecting that their mothers, like Antonia Perez, often visited the scenes of their husband's labours. "Mi nacimiento," says Lazarrillo, "fué dentro del río Termes, par la qual cosa tomé el solsenombre" (de

* The flat-boat may claim the honour of antiquity. "Man nahen zwei und dreissig *Playten* (Platte Fahrzeuge), jede sechs und sechzig Fuss lang und zwanzig breit, und diese fugte man."—U. s. v. Schiller, *Belagerung von Antwerpen*. This description is literally applicable to the flat-boats of the Mississippi.

Termes), "y fué de esta manera. Mi padre (que dios perdone), tenia cargo de proveer una molienda de una aceña que está ribera de aquel rio, en la qual fué molinero mas de quiner años: y estando mi madre una noche en la aceña preñada de mi, tomóla el parto y parióme alli, de manera que con verdad me puedo decir nacido en el rio." Undoubtedly, like Jacob the Faithful, many of them in that way first smelled the mud.

There is now before me a model of his kind, et tabula uni, descriptio omnium. He stands six feet, broad shouldered, broad breasted, large boned, fatless, but well strung and knit with muscle. He stoops in the back, his head projects a foot beyond his breast, his hair is long, shaggy, and falls dishevelled about his ears; his feet are broad enough to serve as a base to the hanging tower above, and his hands are of the compass of a goodly-sized dining plate. His chin is unreaped, his mouth capacious; his nose massive, projecting, and of a warm, whiskey hue; his eyes are swollen, red, and watery, the effects of exposure; his eyelashes gone, and eyebrows long, thin, and scraggy; his costume, a large felt hat, worn *à la slouche*, with an immense brim, from which the rains of heaven have long since extracted the glue; it looks for all the world like an old lady's cap-ruffle of a Saturday morning, unstarched; a round linsey-woolsey jacket, with sleeves which halt half way between the elbow and the wrist, and trousers to match, of stout Kentucky jeans: the nether, like the upper garment, exhibiting a strong disinclination towards extension. There he stands, faithfully drawn, a flat-boatman of the Mississippi. There are exceptions, *sed exceptio probat regulam*.

"Good-morning, sir," said I, approaching the figure, and touching my hat respectfully.

"Good-morning, good-morning," replied the boatman; and dashing the rheum from his eyes with one hand, he mechanically extended the other, not in token of friendship or recognition; but every seller upon the Levee sees a purchaser in a stranger, and baits his hook with the little courtesies of life when he would fish for a customer. I met the proffered member half way; it felt like a piece of well-tanned leather, hard, solid; there was no give to it; it had seen service; yet the grasp was as gentle as a woman's; for it was one of formal habit.

"A very cool morning, sir."

"D—d cool," replied the boatman, energetically, while he rubbed his two fins, one over the other, with a rapidity which must have excoriated common flesh.

"What may be the price of corn?" said I, innocently.

"The price of corn?" The boatman's

eye twinkled. "Closed at seven bits* yesterday; will be eight to-day; shouldn't be surprised if it ran up to twelve before it stops; mildew—rot—cold summer—wet fall—played the devil with it—told that ten boat-loads were sunk in the late squall, near island No. 23. I have a right smart sprinkle of the article in a small chunk of a boat hard by."

"My dear sir—"

"Half in sacks, and—"

"I am no purchaser—"

"Half on the cob—"

"I merely inquired—"

"Five thousand bushels in the heap—"

"Out of curiosity."

"Grown on the best rib in old Kentucky—"

"I am very sorry—"

"Right from Little Bear Creek—"

"I have—"

"Sound and sweet—"

"Put you—"

"Never seed better—"

"To the—"

"Must go up river to-morrow—"

"Trouble—"

"Will sell cheap—"

"Of—"

"Have chance for a speculation—"

"Enumerating—"

"Do you wish to buy?"

I had, unintentionally, touched the right spring. The machine was wound up, and it would go on until it ran down.

"Do you wish to buy?" and the boatman drew a long breath.

The question was to be answered: and, as soon as my admiration of the man's volubility had somewhat abated, I renewed my asseverations of entire disinterestedness in the condition of the market; stating, in a deprecating tone, that I was a mere idler upon the Levee, a stranger to these parts, one whose sole object was to hear what was to be heard, and to see what was to be seen. My friend looked at me narrowly, but soon resolved his doubts.

"Come!" said he, pointing to one of the many flat-boats which lay aground near us; "I have lived thirty years on this river, and this is my last trip. I am old, and a twinge of the rheumatics is what I call a broad hint. Perhaps you are about to enter upon that scene which I find it time to leave—we must drink together."

The old boatman's words went to my heart. "I have lived thirty years on this river, and this is my last trip!" I bowed more than respectfully, and, putting his arm within mine, walked towards his habitation.

"This is my home!" said the boatman,

* *Bit*—a local term for the Spanish coin of twelve and a half cents value.

as we stepped into the queer craft over which he held command. It was a long, narrow trough, fifty feet from stem to stern, with a beam of twelve; the floor and sides were made of thick plank, double, and cross-laid, and well calked and tarred in the seams; the whole covered with the light raised work of scantling of which I have already spoken; a man of ordinary height might have stood erect beneath its roof. The boat was filled with corn fore and aft, excepting a small cabin on the prow, which the captain had reserved for his own accommodation.

"Put two cups on the table, and a flask of the real, Nanny," said the boatman, addressing a little old woman of some fifty years; she might have been younger—she probably was—it is wonderful how exposure takes from the youth of a woman. The little old woman rose from the only chair in the apartment, and commenced fumbling amid a heap of rubbish which lay at her elbow, while the boatman, having placed two rough stools before a table in the centre, seated himself upon one, and motioned me to the other.

"A snug apartment this!" said I, surveying, with no small curiosity, its narrow walls, garnished with many a string of traced onions, bunches of beets, red peppers, and other culinary plants.

"Very; but large enough for my wants. Young man, I am used to it. I have lived in this 'ere sort of thing the better part of thirty years, and have seen more happy days in than out of it. Habit, nothin' like it. From the day of my first trip, 1808, never sailed in any other craft: wouldn't do it."

"You might tell many strange things of old times."

"Rather reckon I could. Saw the first steamboat that descended the Mississippi: it was of a fine frosty morning in the early part of the month of January, 1812.* Lord! how queer she looked. The wild water-fowl, that used to consider me a kind of one of themselves, were terrible frightened. I then thought there was an end o' my trade, but steam hasn't affected me. Yet it has killed the keelboats; and I thank Heaven for it. I always thought it a disgrace to human nature to walk through the world backward,† and have preferred

floating down in a thing like this. Sell out; break her up for the wood-yard; take my money, and walk over the 'Old Natchez Trace.'"

"Have you, indeed, been a traveller upon the 'Old Natchez Trace?' It is a famous track, and has many a wild legend connected with its history."

"A traveller!" exclaimed the boatman, with a leer out of the corner of his eye; "one hundred times, if once. And as for legends, I think I can give ye an anecdote which will please ye, and which I know to be true."

I thanked my host, and expressed a great desire to hear his story.

"We must drink first," said he, as the little old woman placed two small tin dippers and a flask upon the table. "My name is Ebenezer Longfellow; what mought be yours?"

"Henry Didimus, at your service," said I, somewhat surprised at the boatman's abrupt move towards a better acquaintance.

"So so," replied the old captain, nodding, and raising one of the dippers to his lips, while he pushed the other towards me; "your health, Mr. Didmus."

"Yours, Captain Longfellow."

"Have you ever drank better?"

"Never."

"Then you shall have the story."

The reader will find it in the next chapter. I have remodelled the boatman's phraseology; his incidents and description remain unchanged.

CHAPTER II.

A TALE OF THE OLD NATCHEZ TRACE.

"I have not ty'd myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judg'd unnecessary, or not of dignity enough to appear in the company of better thoughts."—*DREYDEN*.

"If a history, so circumstantiated as that is, shall be resolved into fable or parable, no history whatever can stand secure."—*WATERLAND*.

ARGUMENT.

The Party enumerated.—Mode of travelling.—Michael la Flore.—The Forest.—The Deer.—Jowler.—Gruff.—Tenor.—The Frenchman's Wife.—The Potation.—Camping for the Night.—The Robber.—The Contest.—The Eclaircissement.

"It was a cold, overcast, drizzly morning of the month of March, 1816, when I, with six companions, took friendly leave of the 'Boatman's Retreat,' a very good house of entertainment then standing under

* The first steamboat upon the Mississippi arrived at New Orleans from Pittsburg on the 19th of January, 1812.

† The keelboat, in ascending a stream, is propelled by means of poles of from twenty to thirty feet in length. The boatmen, ranging themselves in equal numbers on either side of their craft, thrust one end of their sticks into the mud, and, placing the other against the right shoulder, apply force sufficient to move the heavy mass upon which they stand. Thus each passes successively from stem to stern without changing his position, and with his back always to the point towards which he is moving.

ving. Schiller alludes to the same peculiar method of navigation: "Er verschaffte den Schiffen aus Gent, nicht nur einen sichern, sondern auch einen Methlick kürzern Weg zu den Spanischen Quartieren, weil sich nun nicht mehr nöthig hatten, den weitlänsigen Krümmungen der Schelde zu folgen, sondern bei Gent unmittelbar in die Moor traten, und von da aus bei Stecken durch den Kanal und durch das über schwemmte Land bis nach Kalloo gelangten."—*Schiller, Belagerung von Antwerpen*.

the 'hill' at Natchez.* There were six of us: the two Pims—twins, sir—looked so much alike, couldn't distinguish one from the other; only Ben was just about the ugliest man I ever saw. Such a nose! I have seen it a mile off, and measured the distance, on a wager. There were six of us, with Ben's daughter, as stout, good-looking a lass as you would wish to see of a summer's day, bating her size, which was rather under for one of her years."

"La, Eben!" exclaimed the little old woman.

The boatman did not notice the interruption.

"There were the two Pims was one, myself was two, John Jones was three, Eben's daughter was four, and Jeems (James) Wilson was five."

The boatman put his hand to his forehead.

"Certainly there were six of us," said he, renewing the enumeration upon his fingers. "Myself was one, Eben's daughter was two, John Jones was three, the two Pims was four, and Jeems—well, well, there is a slip of the memory somewhere: let that pass. We had a long journey before us, four hundred and eighty-seven miles from Natchez to Nashville, according to my reckoning; but we were well mounted on strong horses, and well armed. We had five thousand dollars in the company, all in hard silver. The old 'Bank of the United States' then had a 'Branch' at Orleans; but there were so many counterfeits on its 'bills,' we would not trust them. The five thousand we divided into five parcels, enclosed each in a stout canvass bag, and, rolling them in our blankets, made the whole fast to the pummels of our saddles. When travelling, sir, always fasten your valise to the pommel of your saddle; the horse bears it better; his loins are no place for an extra weight. We jogged along, at an even pace of thirty-five and forty miles a day, halting at the regular stands, and meeting with no incident of importance, other than straining our rifles over a hollow of some six hundred yards after a stray deer, which would at times cross our path, or swimming a creek. When you have occasion to swim a creek, sir, draw but lightly on the reins—he will keep his own nose out of the water—and give him his way. You will be the safer for it. We passed Fort Gibson, Grindstone Forge, Choctaw Line, Choctaw Goodspring, Osborn's, Dinsmore's, Breschin's, Ward's, Doak's Stand, and Choat's,† and on the evening of the fourth day drew up at Little French Camp, before the door of

Michael la Floré, a crooked-backed Frenchman, who had moved in among the Choctaws, taken a squaw to his bed, and settled down upon the track; perhaps with the hope of finding happiness among savages, or, more probably, with the intention of amassing a competence by selling the necessities of life to travellers. The man had some half dozen negro boys, runaways from the low-country, caught and brought in by the Indians, who hustled about us as we dropped our bridles on our horses' necks and dismounted, eased our beasts of their saddles, and made each fast to a black-jack, with a box nailed against its trunk to hold corn. It was a beautiful site the Frenchman had built upon. His house, a double log cabin, stood upon a natural mound, which fell off on every side to an even plain of ten thousand acres. And the woods about it, cleared of all underbrush (an Indian fire keeps that down), resembled long vistas of finely-tapered pillars, with capitals of living green, the wild vines twining about their bodies, and hanging from top to top, like festoons upon a triumphal arch; the ground beneath carpeted with flowered velvet. There is nothing, sir, in the art of the cities which can vie with the handiwork of Nature in her deep woods! Her colouring is the rainbow, and the tracery of her fingers lighter than the single web that crosses your path at noonday, floating and glittering in the sun. And then, if you wander into her more inaccessible recesses—where the seal of time is strong and vivid upon everything about you; where trees of a century's growth lie prostrate, their trunks in every stage of decay, heaped one upon the other; where whole forests have crumbled into dust—you stand in the very temple of God!

"Pardon me, sir," continued the boatman, brushing aside the moisture which glistened in his eye, "but when I refer to my past travels in the woods, the same sort of feeling will come over me as then often unmanned me, as I trudged along in solitude through some deep glen or dell, thinking of Him who made these things.

"The Frenchman," said the captain, resuming his story, "was salting his cattle,* of which he owned some hundreds, as we came up."

"'How do, Cap'n Longfellow'—I was an old customer—'how all do? Vat news from Orleans? Valk into de cabine—Jean-net, supper for six. You tam plack rascal, vy you no pigger fire in de chimney? 'tis Mars, not July—vill you take a little viskey?'"

"The Frenchman's hospitality was open, if interested; and we did not scruple to tax it, knowing that a few hard dollars would, in the morning, cancel the obligation.

* The boatmen of 1816 travelled the coast-road to Natchez, or, crossing Lake Ponchartrain, started from the small town of Madison.

† The names of the "stands" at that time upon the "track."

* The expression will be understood by a farmer.

That man, sir, was a true model of a landlord; and if he had not buried his genius in a forest, he might have attained eminence in a city.* A large fire was soon blazing upon the hearth. The evening was cold, and we had come in well bundled up in big coats and comforters; but our outer garments soon gave way to the genial influence of the heat, and all, excepting myself, sat lolling lazily over the backs of their chairs, waiting the appearance of supper. I had fallen into a brown study, and stood, half conscious, watching the moon, which had just risen, and was struggling up through the forest, flinging a beam, now and then, where the foliage was thinnest, into the unglazed window before me. Her orb was full that night, and one might see a goodly distance into the wood. How still it is, said I, involuntarily; the wind does not breathe, and nothing is to be heard but the low moan of the air, which, like the sea, is never hushed. As I spoke, a deer sprang from his lair, and, with nose erect, and its branching horns thrown back so as to rest upon its shoulders, came loping in an even line directly towards me. At another time I should have resorted to my rifle; but it had closed in towards the settlement at night to avoid the wolves, and I would not betray its confidence. It is strange, said I, observing that the animal turned neither to the right hand nor the left, but kept straight forward, as if determined to make my acquaintance. The report of a rifle struck sharp upon my ear, the deer leaped into the air, and fell dead beneath the window. My companions started from their seats. He is dead, said I."

"Who?" inquired they, pressing around me.

"The deer."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed a gruff voice from without, 'you have won the bet.'

"How!" replied a second, in tenor; 'didn't hit him in the head, eh?'

"No!" said the one in gruff; 'wish I had staked on the heart—that's my game!'

"Hush!" said tenor; 'we are just under the window!'

"That shot will secure us a night's lodging, I take it!" said gruff. 'Here, Jowler! here, Jowler! Jowler! Jowler!' and the voice died suddenly away, as if the speaker had turned a corner of the building. The next moment two men en-

tered the room, followed by a large blood-hound.

"Good-evening, gentlemen!" said he of the gruff voice; 'it is cold, and your fire looks cheery!' Then, doffing a close otter cap, he turned back from his forehead a mass of long, coarse black hair, which fell, in heavy ringlets, almost to his shoulders. Tenor nodded distantly to our company, and, with much seeming bashfulness, imitated the example of his companion, who had thrown himself into a vacant seat before the fire; and for a few minutes both were intently engaged in ameliorating the temperature of their fingers.

"Gruff was much above the ordinary size, compactly built, with no superfluity of flesh about him, but of muscle that might have strung a tiger. His features were massive, heavy, hard—harder than the nether millstone—and they spoke his soul. Tenor was a mere boy; he had a girl's face, and his hand was more like a woman's than a man's; and his form, too, notwithstanding the concealment of a rough dress, was strangely light and airy. A maid, just budding into womanhood, might have thought him handsome; but I do not like to see in our sex the lineaments of the other. Both the strangers were plainly, rather coarsely dressed, in apparel fitted to the season and the journey, and were apparently unarmed, excepting a long rifle, which the larger of the two seemed chary of parting with, as he still held it reclining within the hollow of his arm.

"Here, Jowler!" said Tenor. The dog crouched beneath the boy's feet.

"You killed a deer just under the window?" said I, addressing Gruff.

"Aha! you saw that, did you? A pretty shot—two hundred yards by moonlight! The dog had got upon his track, and started him. He is a still creature, sir! makes no noise—says nothing—does not open—goes straight forward to his object. I always know when he has struck a scent, sir; he stops, turns round, and looks up into my face, as much as to say, 'I have found it!'"

"A valuable dog that," said I; 'have you any more of the breed?'

"The stranger smiled.

"Well, well, jesting aside, you may teach a dog anything! Here, Jowler!"

"The dog sprang to his feet, and eyed his master.

"Take this rifle, and set it up in yonder corner!"

"The dog grasped the rifle firmly by the breech, held it erect, and walking sedately across the room, set it up against the wall in the corner designated.

"It is wet!" said the stranger, holding out his cap; 'hang this over its muzzle!'

"The dog took the cap, and, crossing to

* A descendant, perhaps a son, of the Frenchman now lives upon the same spot. He was captain over one portion of the Choctaw tribe of Indians prior to their removal beyond the Mississippi; but has since become a planter of cotton, holds large possessions, and was, a few years since, selected to represent the county of Carroll, in which he resides, in the Legislature of the state. He is of mixed Indian and white blood, and an illustration of the fact that the race is otherwise incapable of civilization.

the corner, dropped it upon the floor. Then grasping the rifle as before, he brought it down gently, fixed the cap as directed, and replaced the weapon in its former position.

"'I want' that cap and rifle,' said the stranger.

"The dog returned them to his master.

"And now, gentlemen,' said the stranger, 'please to examine this breech; the dog knows that I am rather nice about the tool, and would not be well pleased to see it scarred.'

"There was not the mark of a tooth upon it!

"Will you now believe the dog knows when to hold his peace?' continued the stranger, looking into my face with a leer.

"A rare animal that,' said I; 'shall I put you down twenty-five hard dollars for him?'

"Not a thousand."

The door opened, and three black girls brought in, sat out, and arranged the supper-table—lighted by two boys bearing huge torches of pitch-pine—a sort of candle much used to this day. All was in readiness, and waited only the coming of the landlady. She soon made her appearance; a beautiful Indian of twenty years; tall, slim, regular features, a fine forehead, piercing eye, high cheek bones, a mouth like a bow, softly-moulded chin, and her long, straight, black hair flowing upon her shoulders and down her back like Eve's in the picture. She moved along the floor, her eyes drooping, like a fawn half tamed, and, though inclined to trust, you looked every moment to see her start aside and fly off, from whim or fright.

"And how is my lady since we last met?" cried the stranger in gruff, rising from his chair and mechanically moving it towards the supper-table, while he fixed his eye keenly upon the Frenchman's wife.

"An involuntary movement passed through her frame as the voice struck her ear; and when she raised her eyes and looked upon the speaker, they burned like coals of fire.

"I was fearful,' continued the man in gruff, 'that I should not settle for my fare in the morning, after the usual way; but Jowler, who knows as much of his master's wants as he does himself, started a rare one just on the rise of the hill; 'tis a fat buck; an inch on the ribs.'

"Me the gun hear; me know your shot,' replied the fair Indian, clothing the soft, silvery tones of her voice in a smile. 'Will eat?'

"We did not require a second invitation, and were soon in the midst of the repast, conversing at intervals of things in general, the times, politics, trade, and the road. We were going to Nashville, the strangers were travelling in an opposite direction, and were well pleased to have

fallen into our company, even for a night. But there was something about the larger of the strangers I did not like; yet I could not well tell myself what it was. His hair looked unnatural—so long, thick, and heavy—while the head of his companion was shorn so close you could not have lifted a lock with your thumb and finger; however, the supper passed off kindly, and, after hanging an hour about the fire, 'It is nine,' said I, addressing my party; 'shall we camp?' Such was the custom upon the road; the stands were small, and were at night wholly occupied by those who kept them. The stranger in gruff proposed a mug of warm whiskey before separating. We would not decline the potation.

"I have a trick at mixing which will tickle your palates,' said the stranger, taking the well-filled beaker from a slave who had answered the call.

"The hot water and the sugar were added openly enough—there was no secret about it—yet when he filled and passed round, there was a taste, a something I did not relish; it was like burned cork.

"Rather nutty, stranger,' said I.

"All the better; the barrel was charred. Always char the cask for good whiskey.'

"I thought so,' said I.

"He looked rather queer, but as Ben Prin, who was esteemed a good judge in such matters, drank with a smack, 'I let it pass.'

"Did you drink your mug dry?" said I to Pim, as we were making arrangements to camp for the night.

"Yes, I did."

"I am sorry for it."

"Why so?"

"There was medicine in it."

"Fudge," said Pim.

"I hope so," said I, and turned away to collect a bundle of twigs for my bed. Never spread your blanket on the naked ground, sir: the earth is always damp. I knew a man who, by neglecting that precaution, caught a disease which changed him wholly to bone—head, body, limbs, and all.*

"We slept on the leeward side of the rise, with a fire at our feet to drive off the chill air. The night was cold, and the wind had begun to rise; yet the broad sky was our canopy, and we did not wish to lay our heads upon pillows softer than our silver; it was safer there than elsewhere. Ben's daughter was on one side of her father, I was on the other. How she slept is a wonder. Ben's nose! it was like distant thunder, sir. I have known it to shake a building from the roof to the cellar, and have felt the jar myself. I looked a long while into the blue heavens, and watched the si-

* Professor Silliman, in his *Travels*, speaks of similar facts, related to him by a collector of anatomical preparations.

lent stars, wondering why the lights of some flashed, while others burned with a steady flame; that is still beyond my philosophy. The owls answered each other, as if conscious that their music grated on my ears; and the shrill cry of the wolf—howl! I have heard men say that a wolf howls—such men, sir, never travelled in the forests of Mississippi—and I had a suspicion hanging about me. It cost many a turn before watchfulness gave way to weariness; but finally I, like the rest of my company, sank into a deep sleep, Ben's nose sounding in my ears like the hum of a fly-wheel.

"Phew! what a roar! it was like a young bull's under the torture of the marking-iron. 'The withered Frenchman has taken time by the forelock, and is branding his cattle by moonlight,' said I, half waking; and with a curse upon my lips against so heathenish an operation, I was again fast sinking into sleep, when I felt some one fumbling about my arms, as if he would have put a cord about them. You may sleep beneath a thunder-cloud, sir, yet the settling of a mote will wake you. I sprang to my feet—the man in gruff stood before me, his left foot resting on Ben's nose; it was a mere chance—he did not intend it—he could not well have avoided it, it was so large; his right advanced, and slightly bending, as if just recovering from a stooping posture. In his hands he held a cord; there was no time to be lost; his costume had undergone a change since we parted, and his side arms were hanging belted about his waist; mine were with my silver; I had rested my head upon them; I closed with my antagonist; he was strong—a giant, sir; but these limbs had then also some strength."

The boatman rolled up the sleeve of his jacket, and exposed an arm ridged with muscle.

"I was a boy, then, of thirty-five; now I am sixty. The struggle was desperate. When two men of courage and strength are matched, there is something fearful in the contest. Twice the stranger tugged at his belt, and I as often prevented his attempt to draw. We now stood like two wrestlers skilled in the art—life dependant on the fall. There was no trusting to the little tricks of the ring, no relaxing of the hold; where the grasp once fastened it remained. Every muscle strained, the veins swollen, we stood, toe to toe, looking into each other's eyes. This could not last long. 'Cleante,' cried the stranger. He was answered by a shrill whistle, and the boy in tenor fell dead at our feet. The ebbing life's-blood spurted high into the air, and falling, covered us like rain; the dog stood over his master and lapped the wound. Our hands relaxed their hold, our arms fell from each other. The stranger looked

upon the corpse, groaned, turned, and fled.

"Send a ball after him, Eben," said a soft voice at my side. Ben's daughter was there. With one hand she presented a rifle, in the other she held a knife reeking with blood. I raised the piece to my shoulder—it never miscarried before: but when one aims at a man, there is a blur on the vision. 'And what is that on the knife?' said I to Ben's daughter.

"The boy's blood. Did you not hear his whistle? I awoke with the first cry of my father, and watched every movement. The larger stranger had bound all the company, excepting you and myself, and I feared lest you also were about to become his victim. But when I saw you rise and close with the stranger, I watched my time; the boy could not be far distant, and would come when called. He did so, the dog following close at his heels; as he passed where I lay, I sprang upon him, and buried this blade in his side. The horses he held when called yet stand, ready harnessed, behind yonder tree."

"One horse stood there; the other was gone. We unbound our companions, and, with much shaking, brought them to a knowledge of what had happened. We then took up the youth's body, and carried it within the house. The withered Frenchman opened his coat to examine the wound, and displayed the full, budding breasts of a woman! Yes, the boy was indeed a woman," cried the boatman, starting from his seat; "the stranger in gruff was Joseph Thompson Hare, who was finally hanged at Baltimore, for a robbery of the United States mail, in 1818; and my wife, in the corner there, is Eben's daughter. Come, Nanny," he continued, seizing the little old woman by the waist, "step out, step out. My wife, Mr. Didimus; Mr. Didimus, Nanny;" and he kissed the little old woman on each cheek, danced round her three times, and, raising her in his arms, sat her down upon his own vacant seat.

"To Nanny's health! may she live a thousand years!" cried the boatman, refilling the dippers.

I drank the toast with a hearty good will.

"May we meet again," said I, stepping upon the narrow plank which led from the boat to dry land.

Captain Longfellow took my hand, pressed it more warmly than before, and bowed.

"Good-morning."

"Good-mornin'."

That man has lived from his childhood upon the Mississippi. He knew every winding and islet from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf, long before the labours of Fulton were appreciated. He has been the architect of a hundred boats, has met and mastered a thousand dangers, and de-

livered a hundred cargoes in safety and good order. Yet he is not rich, and never was: it is unnecessary to say, he never will be. The freight disposed of, his temporary habitation sold to the lumber-merchant, or at the wood-yard, he would, in times past, repair to the gaming-table, and squander in a night the gains of months of toil and danger; then turn, with a laugh, a jest, or a song, shoulder his rifle, and plod his weary way homeward, more than a thousand miles, over long and dreary roads, through dense forests, and along Indian trails, to build anew, again embark, again float down the stream, again sell out, again gamble, and again plod—a ceaseless round—the horse at the cistern.

CHAPTER III.

"We venture somewhat farther into this strange land."—DAMPIER'S *Voyages*.

ARGUMENT.

The Levee continued.—Steamboats.—Fulton.—The Bowie Knife.—Oysters.—An Irish Row.—Its Consequences.—Mrs. O'Toole.—Shriving.

I HASTEN over piles of lumber, old flues, barrels of pork, and hogsheds of tobacco, to that part of the quay which is most peculiarly characteristic of New Orleans; an index of its future greatness: a living, visible story of what are its resources, and what it is to be. The daily-increasing cluster of merchantmen which lie moored hard by, waiting a freight of pressed bales, look as if they had deserted their fellows, and strayed from their proper station. Some few years since a Yankee captain, smarting under the inconvenience of a selfish French policy, bid defiance to the port laws, cast off his hawsers, and, deserting the French, bore away for the American port of the city. *Les Français* were thunderstruck. Should the Yankee's assumption of "the responsibility" be overlooked and the example become contagious, the glory of their quarter was gone forever. But in the midst of the levying of fines and the paying them, the city was reorganized by legislative enactment, and the three municipalities sprung into existence. Litigation was dropped, and the Yankee pertinaciously retains his position with a now numerous "sail" of backers.

"That part of the quay which is peculiarly characteristic of New Orleans," I mean the steamboat landing. Here all is action; the very water is covered with life. Huge vessels float upon its bosom, which acknowledge none of the powers of air, and wait no tide. One is weighed down to the guards with cotton—a freight of three thousand bales—one hundred and eighty thousand dollars! Twenty more lie side and side, laden with the same precious, gambling, national, ruinous com-

modity.* The twenty-first has just arrived, and is puffing, blowing, and wheeling in the stream, seeking a mooring. She is covered all over; a mountain of cotton! Does its consumption keep pace with its growth? What will be the effect of bringing into cultivation all the productive land of Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas!† Terra ingens et interminata! The southerner may well tremble for the future: a market glutted, without the possibility of a recovery from the surfeit. The planter can never grow silk; that requires a poor, dense, white population; and he can never grow wine, for his soil will produce none but an inferior grape, which will not cover the cost of slave labour.‡

Huge piles, bale upon bale, story above story, cover the Levee. A gang of lusty negroes is still adding to a heap of ten thousand—\$600,000—unguarded, unprotected; the winds fan it, the rains beat upon it, the sun bleaches it, the bagging and the rope rot and fall off; a consignee at Liverpool, who is accustomed to handle the commodity so preciously, would run stark mad with imagining one half of what is here to be seen.

Pork without end; as if Ohio had emptied its lap at the door of New Orleans. Flour by the thousand barrels; rolled out upon the quay, headed up, pounced upon by the inspector, who pierces each through and through with a long hollow tube, well calculated to bring away his perquisites. A large area is covered with these two products of the up-country, and still appears seemingly undiminished, although the seller, the buyer, and the drayman are busy in the midst of it.

Here is a boat freighted with lead from Galena; another brings furs and peltry from the head waters of the Missouri—three thousand miles to the northwest! When I contemplate the vast region of country which is now just opening to cultivation, and of which New Orleans is the

* Of all those who traffic in the raw material of cotton, the grower and manufacturer appear alone really to secure wealth. The great body of speculators, after many reverses of fortune, generally retire irretrievably ruined.

† Texas, from the extent and superiority of its soil, the congeniality of its climate, and the great and daily increasing influx of population from the planting sections of our country, will probably, in less than a quarter of a century, send more cotton to market than is now produced in all the Southern States.

‡ Wine has been attempted to be grown, with equal want of success, in nearly all of the states; a fact which would seem to demonstrate the unfitness of our soil for its production. Upon the Continent of Europe, two adjacent vineyards will produce wines of a very different character and quality, thus proving that more is dependant upon locality than upon the method of cultivation. The best wine of this country is grown in North Carolina; it possesses the mildness and flavour of Muscat, without its cloying sweetness.

natural mart, I find it impossible to set limits to the city's future increase; how can I resist the conclusion that at some and not very distant day northern products will be here collected in such quantities as will reduce its present great staple of export to an inferior rank in mercantile importance.*

I could not have found an occasion more appropriate than the present to speak of the merits of that man who first applied steam to navigation. The creations of his genius are before me; and I stand amid the traffic of a city which owes its increase mainly to the success of his labours.

It is not necessary to look abroad in order to appreciate the extent of the debt which commerce, agriculture, every department of the business of life, owe to the memory of Fulton. I will merely allude to the nature of the carriage upon the Mississippi prior to 1812; to the sparsity of a population scattered over immense tracts, unsubdued by the arts of culture, and existing in a state of territorial dependance. What was at that time a voyage of months, performed with infinite toil and hazard, is now but a voyage of days. The keelboat is even retiring from the smaller water-courses; and where a few thousand miles were traversed with much difficulty and small profit, steam now visits its thirty thousand, scattering wealth throughout all its path. A population of one million has grown to seven millions; towns and cities have sprung into existence, and territories have assumed the form of independent states. There grows not a hill of corn west of the Mississippi which may not be referred to the labours of Fulton; and of the millions of our citizens, now enjoying the benefit of life upon the banks of that river and its tributaries, it is not too much to say, that two thirds would never have been blessed with existence, had not he despised the scoffs of ignorance, and been too conscious of the reality of his invention to be turned aside by charges of folly and madness. He has made the great Mississippi Valley what it now is; and yet, we may travel from the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, or the Springs of the Mississippi, or the head-waters of the Missouri, through a country which is all his own, to a city which is indebted to him for what it is, and for what it is to be, without meeting a single monument erected by gratitude,† and without hearing his name once syllabled by those

who are hourly reaping the harvest for which he toiled.

I touch Canal-street, the dividing line between the American and French interests. The population of the quay thickens. The staple productions of the river states lie piled about me in masses. The huckster cries his wares, and a show-box attracts the eye at every step, with its glittering contents of old watches, gewgaws, Arkansas toothpicks, and bowie-knives.

"Do you wish to buy?" cried a little, thin-legged man, with a verjuice, coppery face, in a villanous Jewish accent. He had watched my eye, and spoke, as he saw it rest upon his wares.

A beautiful bowie lay within his case, mounted with silver. I pointed to the weapon.

"Aha, you will kill," said Verjuice, handing me the knife.

I drew the blade from its sheath; it was of excellent workmanship.

"It is best to have these things," said I.

Conscience said "No."

"The city's reputation is bad."

Conscience said "Fudge."

"One might find occasion to use them."

Conscience said, "It will be of your own seeking;" and I returned the bowie to its owner.

Perhaps there is not one among those into whose hands these pages may reasonably be expected to fall who has not seen a bowie-knife; yet, as the opinion of society, even here, appears to be rapidly setting against its open exposure and sale in the market, I may be permitted to give the reader a hasty sketch of a weapon which will enter largely into the story of the manners of our country, and be hereafter spoken of as the anomalous product of an unsettled age, whose introduction into the West set the laws at defiance, and retarded the progress of good order and refinement a quarter of a century.

The blade measures twelve inches in length, fashioned of excellent material—the true Damascus was never better. Its edge is keen, smooth, and so perfect, a barber might use it in his trade. The point is curved and hollowed at the back, cutting both ways, like a two-edged sword. It is two inches broad at the heel, and of proportionate thickness. Its weight alone is sufficient to give effect to a descending blow; and a child, thus armed, might well intimidate a man of strength and courage. The Roman short-sword conquered the world. The Turkish cimeter at one time threatened the liberties of Europe, and the destruction of Christianity. The bowie-knife combines the superior qualities of both its predecessors; the downward blow and home-thrust lopping a limb or piercing the stoutest armour, and the light sabre-stroke halving a silken cushion, or sever

* Unless the projected railroad from Charleston, S. C., to Cincinnati shall create a new and successful competitor for the mart of those products.

† An intelligent foreigner lately asked whether the city had yet erected a statue to Fulton. He was referred to the foot of Canal-street—the Steamboat Landing—"Those are his monuments," said he, "but you have raised them rather for your own gain than his honour!"

ing a head with an ease and rapidity which leaves the hapless loser half unconscious of his loss. Among the many means invented for man's destruction, it is the most effectual in execution, the most fearful to the sight and imagination; and should its right use and exercise ever be made a part of the military education of our common soldiery, it will render them the most formidable body of men that ever moved upon a field of battle.

I walked forward. The clerks of the boats, with little paper books in their hands, and busily engaged in every direction discharging freight; and the clerks of the mercantile houses, also with little paper books in their hands, are busily engaged in every direction receiving consignments.

The houses themselves—the speculators in corn, flour, pork, whiskey, and molasses (cotton, sugar, and tobacco are managed elsewhere), are scattered sparsely over the quay. Irish draymen, of whom there are upward of two thousand in the city, are driving to and fro, Jehu-like, breaking all the ordinances at once, cursing and railing, lashing their poor beasts, and not unfrequently, and with more propriety, lashing each other. Oyster-houses, small sheds, dot the inner margin of the quay. They are supplied from the numerous little bays which indent the gulf in the vicinity of the Mississippi, yielding the fish in immense quantities, and of a fine quality: citizens of every class, tribe, and colour—the merchant and his clerk, the divine, the lawyer, and the physician, the captain and his crew, the hackman and his patrons, the master and the slave—may be there found partaking of the luxury in every form, fresh from the shell, fried, stewed, and baked.

"An' och, my darlin', are you the child to take away that same?" cries an Irish cartman to his brother, who is raising a barrel of flour to his dray.

"An' it is you, it is, that'll say no to me?" says the second, tugging at his load.

"If ye be a man, by St. Pathric and the Vargin, I'll bate ye like a sack."

The barrel is dropped like hot iron; their loaded whips are shifted end for end—to it, brave hearts—pellmell, clip clip, tuck tuck, smash smash, their blows may be heard at a distance of three squares; the battle thickens—the combatants increase: Irish draymen spring up armed from the ground, and take sides by instinct.

Sævítque animis ignobile vulgus; jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat; the clerks close their paper books—the merchant speculators give in to curiosity—the poor negro, whose true position the Irish labourer has usurped, and who hates an Irishman as he hates death, yells joy and grins approbation. Les gens d'armes,

a body of police, whose chief qualification is to speak no language intelligibly, hover in the distance—and this is a scene upon the Levee.

An affray intoxicates an Irishman; the sound of blows acts like magic upon his nerves. As some men, from long habit, cannot resist the sweet enticements of brandy, so an Irishman, however peaceably disposed, cannot resist the allurements of a row. The remark is based upon experience, upon the observations of travellers, of men noted for their acuteness in the estimate of character; it is part and parcel *hominis*, without which an Irishman would not be what he is.

There is a certain inborn, ingrained propensity, which urges him within the vortex of rowdiness as mysteriously, and, withal, as irresistibly as the magnetic principle draws the needle to the pole. And he is made of most endurable stuff. He may be mauled from morning to eve, and his intellects will appear all the brighter for the castigation. He will come out of the fight shaking his ears like a well-bred bull-dog, swearing by St. Patric that he has, as yet, had but a taste of the sport—they do these things better in Ireland. He will, in the course of twelve hours, encounter more mishaps than befell Mendez Pinto in as many years. "The Marquis of Waterford is a complete impersonation of Erin; and even his title is a bull," said I, closing the train of thought which had naturally sprung from the past scene of riot.

"In faith, my honey, is it nothin' at all at all, to stand a botherin' o' bulls, when the sowl in a fellow-cratur is aboot lavin' his body!"

I looked sharply around me, in search of the owner of the voice which had so uncourteously assumed the right of chiding my meditations, and now first observed, curled up under the lee-side of a heap of paving-stones, something which had the semblance of humanity about it. I approached, with some little misgiving, this new object for my investigation, which lay much like an opossum, feigning a total disinterestedness towards worldly matters, and, after a close scrutiny of some minutes, was about giving over the examination to others, more skilled in the mysteries of natural history, when the animal favoured me with a grunt, and, opening an eye, enabled me to discover the true position of its head.

"A sad case!" said I, sympathetically, recognising in the lump before me a victim of the Irish row.

The eye, which was red and fiery, answered the remark more expressively than words, and said, as plainly as an eye could say, that, although it lacked the strength, it had the will for a little more of the fun.

"Will you die here, or shall I remove

you to quarters more suitable to your condition?" said I, half suspecting that my taciturn acquaintance was too far gone to exhibit a second specimen of the voice which had first attracted my attention; but I was quickly undeceived in my speculations.

"Thruly, yur ivery inch a gintlemin."

"Your name?"

"Pathric M'Cormic, God bless yur sowl!"

"And where do you live?"

"Lave yur askin', is it? It's jist where ye find me, I'm thinkin'."

"Where do you board?"

"Ach! an' it's there ye are, my darlin'! it's the owld 'oman yur arter—an' a bluth-erin' good body she is, with her two purty eyes a blinkin' on each side her reth nose! it's whiskey that's the cause on't, it is—but the dear cratur is sober any day o' the week 'cept seven. The street, yur honour—" and the Irishman sank into a state of insensibility.

There he lay, abandoned, neglected, unnoticed! The transient glance of the passer-by, attracted more by the peculiarity of my position—bending over the body, and laying my hand upon its bosom, to discover whether the heart yet beat—than by the every-day spectacle of a mauled truckman.

"It is strange!" said I; "I should have supposed a sick dog might excite more sympathy."

"You are unacquainted with the city!" said one, with a smile, and passed on.

A dray drove past—I called—the boy* drew up.

"Where is your load?" asked the boy.

I pointed to the body at my feet.

"Drive to — street," said I, seating myself upon the dray, and staying the Irishman's head in my lap; and away we whirled up Canal-street, the rattling of carts and carriages, the bustle of business, the mingled voices of every language drowning whatever expressions of pain the sick man may have uttered.

"Drive slower."

"Can't help it, massa; he won't hold in, his mouth so hard."

"Why, you black rascal, you will jolt what little of life there is in the man's body out of it."

"Massa say I too long carrying loads; must drive quick; never fined. Make no sposable difference whether he white man or goods," said the boy, turning to the left, and shooting into an unpaved street, where the soft path, yielding to the wheels, both checked his course and eased the sick man's couch.

"Dis be—"

The street was, as all the streets of New Orleans were a few years since, and as all

which have not been visited by the effects of American enterprise are now, filthy, cut up by deep ruts, lined on each side with a narrow strip of stagnant water, and bordered with low, one-story, frame-built dwellings, whose roofs, old, covered with moss, jutting over the footpath, and doors and window-shutters of solid timber, never open,* impart to the whole a most sombre and gloomy appearance. The Irishman's reference was general, yet I hoped to meet with some one in the street who might recognise the sick man, and direct me to his lodgings. I had passed nearly through its whole length, anxiously watching the countenances of the passers by, and of those who, at intervals, went into and came out of the neighbouring houses, as silent as the grave.

"It is a very still street," said I.

"You neber here in de night, I reckon, massa," replied the boy, drawing up before a row of unpainted, black, ancient-looking, wooden buildings, which sat back some thirty feet from the street, and were wall-
ed about by a high, close board fence, with an entrance opposite each tenement.

"Why do you stop?"

"You no see her motion, massa?" replied the boy, pointing with his whip to a large, burly Irish woman, who sat smoking her pipe near the third door in the wall, while a second was dipping mud from the gutter and throwing it into the yard.

"Ask the good woman what she wants."

"Maybe it's no' the carcass iv Pathric M'Cormic you'd 'ave there?" screamed the old herridan.

I assured her, after the mildest manner possible, that she was correct in her supposition, and that, as the man was very much hurt, it would be a deed of charity to show me his lodgings.

"Lodgin's! It's lodgin's ye'd be arter! The divil a bit, for the matter o' that, had Pathric tasted these sax weeks agone, 'cept the floor o' his dthray. But I'n the 'oman that 'ates him, and you can jist come in wid the dthrun kard."

I accepted the invitation, with many thanks for her kindness, which so won upon her heart, that she loaned me the chair upon which she was sitting, to be used for removing the sick man into the house. As we stepped into the yard, myself bearing one end of the chair, the mys-

* Towards evening the rambler will find them set just ajar, in a position which enables the quiet, unobtrusive inmate to catch upon the walls of his room kaleidoscopic portraiture of the passers by. The jealous customs of the early Spanish colonists yet tinge the manners of the city's native population. I have often admired, while strolling through the French Quarter, the double doors, opening outwardly, and window shutters of thick plank, peculiar to its dwellings; and have as often had my curiosity excited by a brilliant eye, or a well-turned nose, casually presented before a modest opening of half an inch.

* A male negro, whatever may be his age, is, throughout the slave holding states, called a "boy."

tery of the woman with the ladle was solved. The whole area, with the exception of a narrow path, was covered with filth, and fifteen or twenty hogs, of different sizes and condition, were turning it over, thrusting their snouts into it, blowing, grunting, and eating; apparently well contented to be thus fed.

"Where shall we lay him?" said I, somewhat puzzled to find an unoccupied spot, in a room of moderate dimensions, filled with filthy beds, old chairs, cooking utensils, pickaxes, spades, and a mass of trumpery beyond use, if not value.

"Adoon the floor; an' softer bed he never cared to lay his bones on," said Herridan.

"Saftly, hinney; saftly, saftly, Mrs. O'Throole," said the sick man, as we lay him upon the piece of mattress which the thawing feelings of the old lady finally prompted her to draw into the centre of the room, and spread out for his reception.

"They ha' no bate the crook out o' yiz throat, Pathric. O'Toole is no O'Throole, ye baste."

The sick man groaned.

"Shall I call a physician?"

"A physician!" repeated Mrs. O'Toole, with a sneer, at the same time thrusting towards me a chair, as a hint not to be too quick in my movements. "I wud be plased to set my two eyes on the man who is better than Mrs. O'Toole in that way. Yiz no saw the 'oman, perhaps, wid sixteen sons all a dthrivin o' dthrays in this blessed city, an' one dauther by Mr. O'Toole that was. She's in owld Ireland at this present time, the darlint."

The sick man screamed with torture. I bent over him, and felt his pulse; it was feeble. I looked at his face. I had from the first seen but one eye; both were now invisible.

"He is going!"

"Goin'! Where?"

"To the next world, I fear."

"The blessed Virgin! and noo confess-ed!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Toole, starting from her seat. "I'll rin for a praste."

"I fear it is too late."

"I'll call a neighbour."

"Do."

Mrs. O'Toole returned, after a short absence, with the woman I had before seen throwing mud into the yard, accompanied by her husband and five or six children. They arranged themselves in a circle about the piece of mattress, and looked down upon it in silence.

"Pathric, my boy!" said the male comer.

The sick man did not answer.

"Pathric, my hinney!" said the woman who had dipped the mud from the gutter.

"Out of the way, ye baste," cried the sick man, accompanying his words with a motion of his head, as if cracking a whip.

"It's the dthray he's dthrivin, it is," said Mrs. O'Toole, wiping her eyes with the skirt of her gown.

"Pathric, my lad, yiz be no hurt!" said the male visitant.

Patrick made several attempts to speak.

"Thry it agin, my jewel," said the man.

"Dead," said Patric.

"An' ye no confessed!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Toole.

"Call fadther—" said Patric.

"It's no forbotherin'," said Mrs. O'Toole. I heartily coincided with the old lady. "Ye will confess to Red; an' it's all one as a praste in extrimity."

"Ye'll no kim blather with me," replied Patric.

He groaned.

Mrs. O'Toole beckoned Red, the male visitant, to follow her out of the room. When she returned, she put her finger upon her lips in token of silence, and, winking with each eye alternately upon the company, approached the piece of mattress.

"Here's a praste, good luck to ye, Pathric, my darlint."

"Is it fadther—"

"It's no jist him, but a better, Pathric; jist from the ould counthry, adown by Kilnadock; Father O'Shiney it is, my dear."

"Wid ye confiss, an' throw up yer ugly sins, my son!" inquired Red, in an assumed tone.

"Be we wid ourselves?" asked Patric. Poor fellow; he had given over all attempts at seeing.

"Th' divil in the wide world else," replied Red.

"Is Mrs. O'Throole gone?"

"Intirely."

"Thin, Fadther O'Shiney, I'll jist begin at the ind."

"If yir sure it's the right one."

The sick man attempted to turn over, but was unable. He pointed to his mouth. Red moistened his lips with a mixture of whiskey and water, and he made the disclosure which will be found in the next chapter

CHAPTER IV.

THE IRISHMAN'S CONFESSION.

"For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his order he was licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And pleasant was his absolution."

CHAUCER.

"O blissful God, that art no good and trewe,
Lo how that thou bewreyest mordre alway
Mordre wol out, that see we day by day."

Ibid.

ARGUMENT.

Shriving.—The Confession.—Mary.—The Death.

"My mother was an honest woman," commenced the dying man.

"As is her son afther her," said Red.
 "An' dropped me in the bog in Avon, where I lay sax weeks a suckin' the swate dews iv hivin'."

"Och! none o' yer blather; would you be made a saint, an' put in the calendar for a miracle?"

"My mother—"

"An' had ye niver a fadther at all?"

"He nistled in Abraham's bosom afore the likes o' me was born."

"An' ye kim into this sinful world a purty, cryin' orphim; better luck to ye; I'll no' forget the consideration in fixing the spell o' yer bastin'."

Patric groaned dismally.

"Wid ye no' quit blowin' like a stuck pig, ye fool! confiss clare; spake thruth, an' I'll put out a bit o' the blaze."

"I was edikit in the thrue faith."

"Yer purty mother's a saint in hivin'."

"An' became a unithed son of Ould Ireland, wid O'Connell the big."

"Bether and bether."

"An' kilt two Orangemen."

"There go two whole years off purgathory for that," said Red, striking his hands after the manner of a cymbal.

"An' flid to Amirica."

"Jist the place for the like o' ye."

"Where they swore me a born native, an' dropped me five dollars for my vote for President."

"An' who' was the lucky man that got it?"

"In thruth, an' that's more than I can tell; but he was born in Dublin, an' wrote a big littler to Christ's Vicar, the Pope."

"Another year off purgathory."

"I thin was promoted."

"Aha!"

"At a dollar a day, an' perkesites."

"What might they be?"

"Bein' carried to all the elections for a hundthor miles about, an' murphies found."

And thus the sick man appeared, in the early part of his confession, more disposed to be humorous than grave. Indeed, the "ugly sins" he disclosed were so veiled in excuses, and so interlarded with circumstances extenuating their committal; so frequently interrupted by the adjudgment of purgatorial penances, delivered *ex cathedra* by Red, to be appealed from and set aside by the dismal groans and whining importunities of the criminal; all clothed in the richest brogue of old Erin, and often set off with the choicest Irish bulls, that I could, at times, have given in to peals of laughter.

Patric had resided some months in New York, where he opened his career by throwing an illegal vote, as above intimated, and ended it with committing many a peccadillo which richly deserved hanging. He subsequently visited this city, and commenced "with dthrivin a dthray;"

and "was no' the boy to worse his condition."

"An' now I'll confess a thrue sin, if yer sure Mrs. O'Throole is no hearin'," continued Patric, after a long pause, which may be said to have appropriately divided the former and more light, from the latter and more serious, part of the shriving.

"Sorry one else thin ourselves," said Red.

"You must know, Fadther O'Shiney," commenced Patric, in an altered and more sepulchral tone, and in a phraseology which seemed to fall from the dying man's lips, purified in proportion to the weight of crime it revealed; "You must know, Fadther O'Shiney, that I loved a young woman in the ould country, who also loved me; an' whin she learned I was about to flid to Amirica, she kim to my mother's an' watched at the stile by the fince."

"There was no moon that night; it was sorry dark; so I cript from my hiding-place, an' kissed my poor ould mother for the last time, an' received her blessin' upon my head. 'May St. Patric keep you,' said my mother. I dropped upon my knees before her an' prayed. Fadther O'Shiney, I have not prayed since."

"'Pathric,' said a voice I knew full well, as I stepped over the stile."

"'Well, Mary!'"

Mrs. O'Toole started and changed colour.

"'It's kind o' you to watch here alone for the partin'."

"'Pathric,' said she, 'you must make an honest woman of me before you go, for the swate little crature will come laughin' into the world before you have half crossed the water.'

"But there was no time for doing such a thing when the heritics were hot upon the scent; so I quieted the girl by promises of writin' and sendin' for her whin I should be safe in a land o' liberthy."

"'May the great God bless ye, an' the one that is to be yours,' said Mary."

"I did not speak, for the words choked in my throat; an' whin I put my face to hers, our tears mingled; it was a weakness, Fadther O'Shiney, which I am not ashamed of. I came to Amirica an' forgot the girl. I did not write, neither did I hear from her; an' I had hoped she was dead, whin, about a month since, as I was dthrivin' my dthray home for the night, who should stand by the door but Mary! I knew her, but she was awfully changed! She was the purtiest girl in all Killarney whin I parted with her by the stile; the smallpox had since done its work. 'Mary,' said I, irresolute what course to pursue."

"'Ah, Pathric! Pathric!' said she; 'have I followed you over the broad seas, an' thravelled two thousand miles, the larger part of the way on foot, to look on him?"

leve, an' will ye not kim down from the dthray to welcome me ?

" 'An' whose is that swate little jewel in your arms, Mary ?

" 'An' whose should it be, but yer own, Pathric ? It's bether than a year old ; I have brought it in my arms that you might look on it.

" I got down from my dthray an' kissed the child ; but I could not kiss Mary. She understood it, an' her tears flowed fast.

" 'I have not come to ask you to marry me, Pathric,' said she ; ' I did hope that once, but disease has so changed me that I can't expect your love. But this child is yours, Pathrick, an' I wish you to acknowledge an' keep it.'

" It was eight o'clock in the evening, an' the devil stood at my elbow. ' An' if I do not acknowledge it, will ye swear it before a justice, Mary ?

" 'I must, Pathric.'

" I took my horse from the dthray an' put him up for the night. ' An' now, Mary,' said I, ' let us walk to the edge of the river, where we can see the boats glidin' up and down ; we will there talk over the matter.' Mary put her arm within mine ; we walked to the ind of one of the wharves, an', sittin' down, talked till late in the night.

" 'It's cold ; I must go. I'll see ye in the mornin', Pathric,' said Mary, wrappin' an ould cloak about her wasted body, an' huggin' her child to her bosom.

" The hour was still—there was no one about us—the lamps of the city burned dim—the face of the Mississippi was unruffled—I could feel the mighty river sweep past in its course—the bells of the boats an' shippin' struck the middle watch.

" 'Mary.'

" 'Well, Pathric.'

" 'Did you ever do any great sin ?

" She trembled an' pressed the child closer to her breast.

" 'Then kneel down here with me, an' let us ask the good God to forgive us.'

" 'An' shall the child kneel also ?

" 'No, it was no sin of his ; clasp it to your bosom, Mary.'

" We knelt. She prayed.

" 'Do you think we are forgiven, Mary ?

" 'I hope so,' she replied ; ' an' risin', I—

There was the sound of the rattle in the dying man's throat.

" Plunged her, as she knelt prayin' for me an' the little one, into the bosom of the Mississippi. There was a splash ; the cry of a child ; a bubble ; an' the river swept on."

" What may be the young woman's name ?" asked Red, after a long silence, and choking in his utterance.

The rattle was again heard.

" Mary O'Throo—"

Mrs. O'Toole staggered ; she would have fallen had I not supported her ; she

attempted to speak ; her utterance was broken, disconnected, indistinct.

The dying man became conscious of our presence and screamed.

" Hellhound !" exclaimed Mrs. O'Toole, recovering her strength, and springing like a tiger at the dying man's throat. She lay upon him, with her hands clutched about his neck ; his face became livid ; we hastened to release her hold ; the man was dead.

" Shall I call a coroner ?"

" An' is it no' a nat'ral death that he died ?"

CHAPTER V.

" Let us do justice."—JONES.

ARGUMENT.

Police.—Better Order of Things.—To be attributed to American Influence.—The Division of the City into three Municipalities.—Its Effects.—The Editor of the " True American."—*Saxon Race.*

THE incidents related in the preceding chapter naturally lead me to speak of the police of a city which enjoys, even at home, a rather questionable reputation for good order, and whose name abroad is held synonymous with midnight robberies and assassinations. That there was a time when much of what is said of the dangers of New Orleans—its desperate population, its inefficient police, the inactivity of the administrators of its criminal jurisprudence—was true, is proved by the very existence of prejudicial opinions now generally entertained, and not lightly resigned, by those who have not visited our city within the last ten years, and who were accustomed to see the gaming-table spread " by authority" at the corners of our principal streets, and to hear the ringing of silver, as the stakes were lost and won, at all hours of the day and night. But that time has passed by, and, as one somewhat acquainted with all the leading cities of our country, I hope I may be entitled to belief when I say, that I know of none whose citizens deserve a higher character for order and general propriety of conduct, or whose thoroughfares are stiller to the ear, and safer to the stranger after nightfall, than that of which I am writing.*

* Of the large number accused of every variety of crime, and annually arraigned before the Criminal Court of New Orleans, but a very small portion are connected with the city by residence or business. The darker crimes are mostly perpetrated by foreigners freshly imported from the prisons of Europe, or by such of the citizens of the river states as, having been long accustomed to a life subjected to little restraint, suppose that here even such slight checks upon vice as they have been made acquainted with are wanting. For the crimes of such persons, whose characters were formed elsewhere, the resident citizens of New Orleans are not answerable. The quiet and security of the city after nightfall is a subject

This extraordinary change of things is mainly to be attributed to the moral influence of that portion of the city's population which is strictly American, or of English descent. It will be seen, by reference to a note introduced in my first chapter, that the prosperity of New Orleans is to be dated from the day of its purchase from France; and that its progress in population, wealth, and good order, has kept even pace with American immigration. It is difficult to eradicate old evils, and it requires many years to correct the vicious habits of a whole people; it has not, therefore, been, until within the last ten years, that the city has been relieved from those scenes of violence whose memory even now colours its reputation, and makes vogue the reports of transient visitors, who judge without examination, and give to the world as facts the results of a morbid imagination.

No event has, of late years, so much advanced the prosperity of New Orleans as its division into three municipalities, giving to each a separate municipal government, with all its attendant powers. This partition has enabled the American portion of our population—whose interests lie almost wholly south of Canal-street—to transact business after their own way, untrammelled by French legislation; and to expend, in the erection of public buildings, in the improvement of streets, in a more effective organization of the police, those taxes which were before exacted without an adequate return. The gentleman who first projected an arrangement which has judiciously separated the clashing interests of the American and French population, and which gives to the rival energies of each free scope for action, has, as yet, received no reward adequate to his services—I speak of the editor of "The True American" newspaper—"Faithful and Bold"—a motto which possesses the extraordinary merit of being characteristic of the man who has adopted it. But it is of the nature of free institutions to forget the individual benefactor, in an anxiety for the general weal; and perhaps that quality in their constitution, which subjects them to the charge of ingratitude, is the sole source of those happy results which have rendered our history one of unexampled prosperity. The same power is everywhere at work; and if the march of improvement, which is so plainly observable at New Orleans, is not equally obvious throughout the state, it is because its effects are here compressed within a narrower compass.

There is among the moderns but one race of men who have shown a capacity

of surprise to every stranger, who finds all his preconceived notions in this respect falsified, and learns that the tales of violence so rife abroad are not less applicable to New York than New Orleans.

to perfect, by practical application, those great discoveries in science which distinguish the last few centuries: it is the Anglo-Saxon. That race alone colonizes with success, and never recedes from the soil upon which it has once placed its foot. The very spot upon which I now stand has felt the successive feeble rule of the Spaniard and the Frenchman, only to pass into the possession of a people who, unlike their predecessors, grow stronger with age; and who, rather than curtail their wants, create the means of supplying them. But if the Anglo-Saxon, like the ancient Roman, is remarkable for the development of those solid qualities which are the architect of national and individual greatness, he is wanting in the more delicate perceptions of taste, which refine the manners as well as perfect the productions of art and literature; and he seems to halt as far behind the Sybarite, in the conventional courtesies of society, as he outstrips him in action. I cannot better illustrate the above remark than by inviting the reader to dine with me at my hotel.

The clock is striking upon 3 P.M., and the passage leading to the dining-hall is filled, jammed, wedged in, with hungry expectants. The gong sounds, and the wedged mass shoulders itself into the room. If you step upon your neighbour's heel, there is no time for begging his pardon; and if he disarranges your dress, you cannot expect the compliment in return. The chairs of a very long table are all filled, and nothing is heard but the hurrying to and fro of servants, and the clashing of knives and forks, and the other collaborators of mastication. It is wonderful in how short a time these things may be done! Five minutes are long enough for a business man to devour his dinner; and it is not until his appetite is somewhat blunted that he indulges in the sweet enjoyments of table-conversation. Then, indeed, the intercourse of intellect commences, and continues to increase in a geometrical ratio, until a confused murmur, with a word, or even a whole sentence, at times distinguishable, alone fills the room.* The exemplification deserves a separate chapter.

* A late female writer upon the manners of the Americans has been accused of painting a caricature, and holding it up to the public as a picture of society as she found it in the United States. I believe no unprejudiced American who has visited the same places, and conversed with the same people which Mrs. Trollope visited, and with whom she conversed, will question the truth of her pencil. The men and the manners which she has so vividly portrayed exist; the error which she has committed is one of extension, springing out of an illogical reasoning from particulars to generals. She has asserted that to be common to our whole country, which is only to be found in confined sections, and drawn portraits of Boston after sittings at Memphis.

CHAPTER VI.

"Talking is not always to converse."—COWPER.

"Talkativeness is greatly to be preferred to taciturnity, both for our own and others' pleasure."—KNOX.

"I believe those men who possess brilliancy of conversation in the highest degree are such as do not advance beyond elementary truths."—STEWART.

ARGUMENT.

Table-talk. — The Respectable-looking-old-Gentleman. — Prospects of the City. — "Bob."—City of Alabama.—Town-projecting.

"BEANS!" says one.

"Sugar!" cries another.

"Lead—"

"Five thousand sacks of corn—"

"The Mogul, freighted with flour—" says a snub-nosed man, in a mealy coat, at the head of the table.

"Sold fifty hogsheds of medium tobacco, at one half per cent. advance," cries a long, thin-nosed man, with lips steeped in ambia, at the opposite extremity.

"What do you think of the ginseng?" asks a gentleman in red hair and whiskers, some six chairs off at my right.

"A better bargain than the furs," replies another gentleman, in a dirty shirt-collar and new stock, some six chairs off at my left.

"I trust that molasses was not sour," observes a neat, dapper, bandbox little man of forty years, with a very broad ruffle at his bosom, edged with thread lace, as were his wristbands.

"I knocked the hides down at twenty cents," cries a large, brawny, red-faced personage, bringing his fist down upon the table until it rings again, as if to enforce the fact.

"Can we trade for that shot?" asks a mere youngster of fourteen years, picking his teeth with a fork.

"I think I'll try the other speculation, and buy lard," replies an old, white-headed, greasy-looking gentleman of sixty.

"And how did you like the bagging?" cries a large-boned Kentuckian, in green, to his factor, in blue, hardly within hailing distance.

"The rope was better," replies Blue, "but don't touch bees' wax."

"Candles are running down, and soap is almost nothing," observes the dirtiest man at the table.

"Colonel, suppose we exchange; my lime for your shingles."

"Can't do it, unless you take the staves," replies the colonel, who might be taken for a carpet-weaver, and would sit a horse like a bag of wool.

"Lost a thousand on butter; but oats are quick."

"Feathers and flaxseed—"

"Pickles—"

"Cheese—"

"Sell your beer and castor oil to—"

"This is not much of a market for leather" remarks a long, thin-faced man, whose

skin hangs about his countenance in folds, and looks much as if it had passed through one of his own pits.

"And buffalo-robies merely stop to be reshipped," says a gentleman with a very ashy visage, and who is seized with a fit of the ague as he closes the observation.

"And what do you think was his first shipment?" asks a thick-set, coarse-looking fellow, with his knife and fork, one in each hand, upright, the butt-ends resting on the table.

"Wouldn't undertake to say," draws out his counterpart, sipping brandy and water.

"Hay and vinegar," replies the gentleman of the knife and fork. "The first musty, and the other as flat as my hand," suiting the action to the word.

"Rum," cries a man with a very brilliant countenance.

"Ale," says another, with a large belly.

"Coal—"

"Wheat—"

"Twine—"

"Iron—"

"Deerskins—"

"Will you do me the honour to drink a glass of wine with me?" said I, pushing my bottle towards a respectable-looking old gentleman who sat opposite.

The respectable-looking old gentleman accepted the compliment.

"Will you be pleased to inform me, sir, of the cause of this ceaseless reference to many of the articles of trade and staples of life, in which the whole table appears to be so intently engaged?"

"These men," replied the respectable-looking old gentleman, "are planters, farmers, merchants, and merchants' clerks, engaged in buying and selling the produce of the up-country and the coast, and are conversing with each other on matters of business."

"And does the country lying upon the Mississippi produce, and send to this market, all the products I have here heard enumerated?"

"Upon the Mississippi and its tributaries. But you, who have visited the Valley of the Mississippi but yesterday, and found the arts of husbandry already introduced, and in active operation throughout a great and fertile extent of country, have no reason to be surprised that this city, its natural outlet, should exhibit a population, a concentration of capital, an activity, a capacity for business unexampled in the history of commerce. Situated upon the largest river in the world, with tributaries having their sources in distant regions, commanding already the trade of twelve provinces, with a stretch of country from which may be created twelve more, its destiny is illimitable. The world has yet seen no city with its natural advantages; and the time will come when it will not

have seen one more numerous in population or greater in wealth."

"Smoke him," said one on my left.

"He's on his hobby," replied the person addressed.

"I have watched the growth of this city from its kernel," continued the respectable-looking old gentleman, "ever incredulous, astonished, and momentarily expecting a reverse. It has kept steadily onward, until no accident, other than a change in the course of the river which feeds it, can stay its progress."

"The old rat!" exclaimed the person on my left.

"How he soaps him," said the other.

The respectable-looking old gentleman scowled as if he had caught the last remark, and went on.

"Sir, I remember when the sites upon which now stand our finest buildings, and the very places over which now run our most business streets, were a mere mire, a bog, a frog-pond, sir; and might have been bought for a song. Had I then foreseen the things which were to be, I might, at this moment, have been the possessor of millions. The rising generation may profit by the short-sightedness of the past," said the old gentleman, drawing from his side-pocket a neatly-folded paper.

"Now for it," said the one on my left.

"A rare farce," replied his neighbour.

"This plan," continued the respectable-looking old gentleman, unfolding the paper, and spreading it out before me upon the table, "will convey to your mind a faint idea of what is to be the central point of the business of New Orleans. I may not see it; you will: yes, you will. I am an old man, without direct heirs; no other consideration would induce me to part with an estate of such immense value in prospect—mark me, in prospect—with the present I have nothing to do—it is the great future I look at."

The respectable-looking old gentleman paused, and contemplated with much apparent satisfaction the elegant lithograph which gave the metes and bounds of the landed estate he spoke of. It was a well-executed plan of a well-laid-out city. The streets had their names, even the houses were numbered, and the public squares shaded with a luxuriant growth of the most esteemed ornamental foliage; while churches and public buildings innumerable dotted its surface, like islets upon a mariner's chart. I had supposed I had already visited the different parts of the city, but the map before me induced me to conclude there was one, and that the most important portion, which had escaped my observation.

"Will you be so kind, sir," said I, "as to inform me whether these streets, squares, and blocks of buildings lie in the German, American, or French part of the city?"

"Excellent!" cried the man on my left.

"Sir, this is a map of neither of those suburbs," replied the respectable-looking old gentleman, "but of what is to be the heart of the city. That theatre, sir, *Le Theatre des Langues*, so called from its admitting on one and the same night representations in each of the five languages spoken by our motley population; that theatre will stand on the lot now occupied by the 'Red Church.'"

"The Red Church!" I exclaimed, in astonishment; "why, sir, that is twenty-five miles up the coast!"*

The one on my left, and his neighbour, burst into a shout of laughter. The respectable-looking old gentleman eyed me for a moment, shook his head, gathered up the map, refolded it, replaced it in his side-pocket, and, as he rose from the table, observed, "Some of us may live to see the city mingle with Natchez!"†

There was a great noise at the entrance of the Hall; a confused mingling of voices—loud talking: "How are ye, Ned?" "Right hearty, my dear boy." "Ah! how are ye, Bob?" together with many other similar interesting questions and answers. The noisy group ascended the room, and, as it approached the respectable-looking old gentleman, a young man, who wore his hat on one side, with an immense breast-pin, and a large chain hanging from his neck, and festooned about the button-holes of his vest, sprang from among his companions, and seizing the old gentleman's hand, gave it three hearty shakes.

"How are ye, old-stick-in-the-mud?"

* The banks of the Mississippi, within the State of Louisiana, are always spoken of as "The Coast."

† New Orleans is yet in its infancy: what may it not be when the States of the Valley of the Mississippi, its tributaries, have developed all their resources? Cordova, the seat of the Omniads, say the historians, occupied a space of twenty-four miles in length and six in breadth, along the margin of the Guadalquivir; and for ten miles the citizens could travel by the light of lamps along an uninterrupted extent of buildings. Surely New Orleans will some day be greater than Cordova has been. But we must distrust the historians when speaking of the extent, the population, or the wealth of ancient cities. El-macin computes the value of the gold and silver, the various wardrobes and precious furniture which fell a prey to Saad when he sacked the Persian capital, Madayn, at 3,000,000,000 pieces of gold; notwithstanding the Persian monarch, foreseeing the fate which awaited his metropolis, fled to Jelwallah, taking with him his family, and the more valuable of his effects. "If we take each of these pieces at the value of a dionar," says Crichton, "then the whole will be equal to £1,387,500,000 sterling, exceeding, by £139,159,375 sterling, the total value of gold and silver extracted from the mines of America between the years 1499 and 1803, a period of 304 years. But when we take into account the difference in the value of money then and now, the whole produce of all the gold and silver mines on the globe would not amount to that sum in 1000 years." A computation which, notwithstanding Crichton's sneer at the skepticism of Gibbon, effectually confutes itself. As a general rule, we should always divide by ten, when reading the historians of past centuries.

"Why, well—well, Bob, well. Glad to see you. Have you done anything?"

"Done anything! I should rather reckon I have, if fifty thousand dollars are worth looking at."

The respectable-looking old gentleman brightened up. "Fifty thousand dollars!" said he, examining the young man with the large chain and immense breastpin from head to foot; "did you touch any money, Bob?"

"All paper," replied Bob.

The respectable-looking old gentleman looked disappointed.

"Good, though," continued Bob. "Credit from one to twenty years, with a mortgage on the lots—purchasers must build before they die, or forfeit."

A crowd gathered about the two worthies, and the respectable-looking old gentleman thrust his hand into his side-pocket.

"Can you inform me, sir," said I, turning to the person on my left, "who that respectable-looking old gentleman is?"

"A well-known character in this city," replied the individual addressed, smiling condescendingly. "The projector of *Uncle Sam*, an imaginary town lying in the piny woods, some sixty miles to the north-east. A very healthy location, sir; fine water privilege in cold weather, and destined to become the 'Birmingham' of the South—at least the green-grocers on New Levee thought so, and were ruined by the speculation. He laid out 'Bath,' which was to be a noted watering-place; and is—for bullfrogs. He has lately got a new crotchet in his head, and proposes to destroy Mobile by building up a rival lower down the bay. 'Bob,' the swaggering young man who addressed him so familiarly as 'old-stick-in-the-mud'—a title, by-the-way, acquired in his vocation—is his factotum, or right hand. A neatly lithographed plan of the 'City of Alabama'—a mere sand-bank, sir, about as fit for a place of trade as the beach at Nahant—was struck off some months since, and disseminated through the country. At the appointed day 'Bob' repairs to the ground, and holds a sale; and returns, as he has just intimated, with paper to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, which will never be paid."

"That must be a losing business."

"Not at all, sir; on the contrary, it is considered thriving, and one half of our men of capital have gone into it. It is like shooting at a mark—you must sometimes hit. At the South, this kind of gambling works no permanent injury; for by some strange distortion of taste, or, perhaps, foresight, those locations are alone selected which, from their barrenness, or state of submersion, could not be put to any other possible use; but at the North, many a *fine farm has been turned out to commons*.

The old gentleman's history is somewhat curious, and if you are at leisure, and would be pleased to listen, I will recount it."

The noisy group had departed. The person on my left, with his neighbour, together with myself, and a man in black, with a ministerial air, were all that remained of the many who but ten minutes before sat at the same table.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE RESPECTABLE-LOOKING OLD GENTLEMAN.

"All is owing to the mercenary, low humour of the times we live in, who, grovelling in the baser modes of getting money by fraud and bite, by deceiving and overreaching one another, scorn the glorious ways by which our ancestors grew rich, when they pursued, together with their private advantages, the humour and interest of their native country, and of their posterity."—*Humorist*.

ARGUMENT.

His Debut.—Difference with his Consignees.—The Mayor.—French Language.—The Auction.—The Dancing-house.—The Swamp.—Brandy-cocktail.—Doctrine of Derivatives.—Slop-shop Bess.—Charivari.—Community of Acquits and Gains.—Another Rise.—Sues his Creditors.

"THAT man, sir," commenced the narrator, "came to this city in the fall of 1812, the captain of a flat-boat, freighted with tobacco. The freightage was to be paid by the consignees; but, after the delivery of the cargo at the Levee, a dispute arising as to the good and sound condition of certain hogsheads of the weed, they, after the most mild and respectful manner, informed the old gentleman that they could not, as honest factors of their principals in the up-country, pay his charges without making a liberal deduction therefrom for certain specified deteriorations suffered by the tobacco, and caused, as they alleged, by his neglect and want of good seamanship.

"Now, although the old gentleman had never before been at New Orleans, or transacted business with a commission merchant, yet, as he was of good parts, and naturally observant, he was not long in comprehending to how great an extent the factors' regard for the interest of their principals influenced their refusal to pay his charges; so he snapped his fingers in the face of messieurs the consignees, and cried out for the governor of the city.

"'I am de maire of dis city,' said a slim, bilious-looking, attenuated Frenchman, dressed, a dandy of that age, in the cast-off fashions of the preceding; 'I am de maire of dis city.'

"You must know, sir, that a Frenchman never speaks pure English. The race is constitutionally, physically, and mentally incapable of acquiring a foreign tongue.

It has been said that the Germans are good linguists, because, when they have mastered their own language, they have mastered the most difficult; perhaps it may, with equal truth, be said, that the French are bad linguists, because, when they have mastered their own language, they have mastered none at all; however, you may have your own opinion, I have mine: it is not the want of mind, sir; the *vis animi*, *furor*, they possess more largely than the English.

"The old gentleman made known his grievance; the mayor leaped upon a hog's-head of tobacco, and put it at once up at auction. 'Who bids for dis fine lot tobac! qui offre, qui offre—fifty dollar do I hears! cinquante piastres—going, allant—cinquante et une—going, allant—allé.'

"The gentlemen consignees, concluding this was nearly as strong a game as the noted 'open and shut,' or 'heads I win, tails you lose,' paid the disputed bill upon the spot.

"'You are a very smart man,' said the old gentleman to the mayor, pocketing his money.

"'Un beau garçon,' replied the mayor, 'will you join de guard?'

"'Don't care if I do,' said the old gentleman.

"'Vous parlez Française et Anglais aussi?'

"It is a city ordinance, sir, that a guardsman must speak the two dominant languages.

"'Ya, monsear.'

"The mayor shook his head.

"'That's a settler,' said the old gentleman, winking at the by-standers.

"The mayor looked doubtful.

"'Ya, monsear,' reiterated the old gentleman.

"The mayor, concluding that the words he found it awkward to translate were a Creole or negro corruption of 'la belle langue,' closed with the old gentleman and walked away, thinking he had done the city some service; and that was the first of the respectable-looking old gentleman's acquaintance with New Orleans.

"But the old gentleman was too shrewd to remain long in the service of the city. He soon discovered, in his capacity of lifter of odd characters, and visiter of respectable houses, that money might be made in a less arduous and more agreeable business. He therefore resigned his commission, and, with two others, one of whom is now among our largest holders of real estate, opened a dancing-house in what was then called 'the Swamp,' now — street. Were you ever in a dancing-house, sir?"

"Judging of its character from the locality you are pleased to give it, I most probably never was," said I.

"Ah! in the Swamp; eh! always in the

D

Swamp, sir. They move as that moves; or, rather, they keep upon the confines of the city, as your Western pioneer does upon that of advancing civilization. You must become acquainted. I shall be happy to give you an introduction some light night; don't like to visit such places without a good moon, for fear of accidents.

"The three worthies succeeded admirably; just enough in number to fill all the offices and save servant hire. One played the fiddle, another beat the drum, and the third dealt out nectar in the form of brandy-cocktail."

"Brandy-cocktail!"

"Ah! I see; not acquainted with the mixture! Boy, bring up four glasses of brandy-cocktail immediately!"

"To go on with my story, sir: the three partners succeeded so well, that at the close of a twelve-month they had grown beyond their business: always the way in this country—no man follows the trade of his father, or his own, longer than he can help it. You may find a man a shoemaker to-day, a dry-goods dealer to-morrow, a lawyer the next day, a divine the day after, and if he ends a state convict you have no cause for surprise."

The slave returned with four partially-filled tumblers upon a waiter, a spoon in each.

"Ah, this is it!" exclaimed the narrator, his eyes glistening with animation: "help yourselves, gentlemen; touch*—very fine. Now the difference between a brandy-cocktail and a brandy-toddy is this: a brandy-toddy is made by adding together a little water, a little sugar, and a great deal of brandy—mix well and drink. A brandy-cocktail is composed of the same ingredients, with the addition of a shade of Stoughton's bitters; so that the bitters draw the line of demarcation. Boy, bring up four brandy-toddies; you shall taste the distinction, sir."

I declined the favour of a second glass.

"You are new to the city, sir! We all drink; must do it. Nothing like keeping up a heat within, to counteract the heat without. It is in accordance with the doctrine of *derivatives*, and I never knew a prescription after that school to fail. Had a boy of some ten years under my charge—very bright—remarkable head—caught in a shower—took cold—fever set in—settled upon the brain—raving mad—sent for a physician—prescribed a pair of tight shoes and brisk walking, till the toes should blister—carried into effect—boy mended rapidly—second day, repeat—third day, as

* A late distinguished representative in the national council from the State of Mississippi nearly lost his life in complying with this Southern custom; his glass broke in his hand, and he swallowed one of the fragments.

clear-headed as myself—never sick afterward!

"The old gentleman stepped from the dancing-house to the slop-shop. It was rising a round on the ladder. He purchased out an establishment of long standing, next door to an elderly lady who kept a popular sailors' boarding-house. There was an advantage in it. The two proprietors might play into each other's hands: a deep game. They did so. This led to an acquaintance which, with the course of time, naturally ripened into mutual esteem. She was rather a large woman—couldn't have weighed much less than eleven stone—with a broad face, pock-marked, red nose, pink eyes, capacious mouth, double chin, pendulous cheeks, bull neck, beruffled and beflounced with costly lace, fine rings on each finger, bating the thumb, a watch at her girdle, and rejoiced in the name of 'Bess.' I think I see her now."

"Where?" exclaimed I, looking around the hall.

"In my mind's eye, sir. If you see her once, you never lose her picture. The extremes of beauty and ugliness meet. She was one of them. 'Tis said the old gentleman once begged a lock of her hair to string his fiddle-bow, and found it too coarse for his purpose! However, I never meddle with hearsay; it is not good evidence. How they were married, or when they were married, I would not undertake to say; although I have understood that the good lady wore two watches on the occasion, with extra rings on her thumbs; while the old gentleman indulged to such an extent as to mistake the sounds of tin pans, gongs, cracked bells, French horns, clarionets, and all other villainous instruments, made by a charivari of some thousand strings, for a common Jews'-harp which Bess had unaccountably resolved to play upon for his amusement. Were you ever at a charivari, sir?"

"Never," said I.

"Never! You should see one. Almost the only rational amusement we have. No fashions in the city. No style. Balls nothing; parties nothing. The theatre and the drinking-shop are, indeed, always open; but the last is too gross, and the first is not always intellectual: so we are, in a measure, compelled to resort to the charivari. You should have visited the city a year since, sir. An old gentleman, well known, wealthy, married a young wife: fine lady—handsome. We congratulated him upon his good fortune, and politely requested a contribution of five hundred dollars for the support of the Orphan Asylum. Old gentleman very crabbed; wouldn't do it. So we gave him a charivari, ten thousand strong; all kinds of instruments, from a table-bell to a steamboat; ten thousand musicians, and thirty thousand spectators!

We kept it up three nights, raising two hundred and fifty dollars each night to cover casual expenses; the third night the lady went into fits, and the old gentleman paid the thousand."

"It was an indictable offence."

"Indictable! Would you indict the whole community? We were, moreover, disguised: a perfect carnival. You would have been amused by the characters. I dressed as a cock; always dress as a cock on such occasions: can enact the part so perfectly. *Ecce!*"

The narrator gave a shrill, clear, well-modulated crow. Chanticleer could not have done the thing better.

"Cato! turn that cock into the yard," cried the landlord, thrusting his head into the door, which he happened to be passing at the moment.

"Admirable!" exclaimed the narrator; "that man ought to know chicken, since he purchases two dozen daily; yet he is deceived."

"The respectable-looking old gentleman and his wife joined capital; they became partners in trade: that is a provision of our law. Husband and wife are considered partners in trade, and divide the profits. You are worth fifty thousand dollars, and marry a woman not worth a cent. Subsequently to marriage you accumulate fifty thousand more. Your wife dies childless, without a will. Her fifteenth cousin, whom you never heard of before, comes forward and modestly demands an equal division of the acquits, and obtains it! An equitable law, that! However, such has not yet been the case with the old gentleman. Bess not dead yet, and bids fair to live a hundred years."

"The respectable-looking old gentleman joined capital, and opened a large grocery, ship stores, &c.: another rise! They succeeded. Luck is blind. I have resided six years in this city, and not made a farthing. An Irish lad, who polished my boots the first season, is now at the head of one of our heaviest houses! There must be a next world to correct the inequalities and oversights of this: the strongest argument I know of in favour of a future life. They succeeded; and in the course of five years obtained credit sufficient to declare themselves insolvent, sue their creditors with a good grace, and clear one hundred thousand dollars by the speculation."

"Sue their creditors!"

"Aha, you don't understand it! The thing is done in this way. You are a grocer, and hold goods on credit to the amount of fifty thousand dollars; you ship twenty-five thousand 'up river' on pretended sales, and dispose of the remainder, part cash, part time; the cash you put in your pocket, the time you transfer to your 'books'; all

plain and above-board. Should a friend have stored a few goods with you, all the better; they will quiet your landlord, and pay the last year's rent. You then write out two schedules, one containing the names of your creditors, with the amount due each—sum total, \$50,000; the other enumerating your assets, thus:

"Imprimis.—A little ready money, perhaps . . . \$750
 "Second.—Five hundred lots in a town laid out upon a quarter section of land lying somewhere, at 100 dollars per lot . . . 50,000
 "Third.—Notes drawn by individuals resident in Texas, and endorsed by ditto . . . 9,250
 "Fourth.—Claims upon that government . . . 15,000

"Total, \$75,000

"You put the whole into the hands of a lawyer; he takes you before the clerk of the court; you swear that all is right."

"Swear!"

"The swearing is nothing; oaths are as common as blackberries, and about as much regarded. I might trust in a man's word—his honour would bind him—but, when you require an oath, it is like taking a pledge for loaned money; the borrower will cheat you if he can. I knew a professor of metaphysics, who held that it was as morally impossible for one to lie as to jump one hundred feet into the air! That man was acquainted with human nature! An order of court is made, a meeting of creditors called, syndic appointed, proceedings homologated, and you step forth a new man, with a new credit, ready to renew the game, and run over the same track. Thus did the old gentleman. He mounted another round, opened a commission-house, received cotton on consignment, speculated in the article, and stopped payment a few weeks since for two millions! It was but the other morning that he purchased strawberries to the amount of eighteen dollars for his breakfast-table, and denied his cobbler on the plea of poverty. 'Bess' has grown magnificent, and is now refitting their residence, which covers a whole square. The old gentleman paid, in Paris, a thousand dollars each for his window curtains, and yesterday informed the upholsterer who put them up that he would find his name upon his '*schedule*!'" I think you will know the gentleman when you see him again," continued the narrator, rising; "permit me to leave my card with you, No. —. My friend here, the doctor, kills patients, and I wind up their estates. Good-evening."

The narrator bowed; his friend, the doctor, followed his example.

"Will you walk?" said I, addressing the ministerial-looking gentleman, who now sat alone at my side.

The ministerial-looking gentleman called for his hat, and put his arm within mine.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that there is in this town a greater mixture of races than can be found elsewhere throughout Asia."—SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

ARGUMENT.

The Levee continued.—Evening.—The Shipping.—No Twilight.—Spanish Colonists.—Livingston's Code.—La Hermosa.—The Quadroon.—The Place d'Armes.—Spanish Sailors.—Little Giovanni.

I AM again upon the Levee; my new-formed acquaintance, the ministerial-looking gentleman, walks at my side.

The sun is just dipping into the west, and the broad bosom of the Mississippi is bright with its departing rays, which dance upon its surface, as upon a mirror quivering in the breeze. The busy hum of life is hushing to repose, the whole scene grows mellow, and man, with all of nature, puts on a softer aspect with the closing in of night. A light south wind comes gently from the gulf scented with the sea. All that man has done, and all that man is, is before me. The merchantman and the steamship tell the whole story of art, of science, and of luxury; of discovery and invention; of the interchange between nations, imparting knowledge, harmonizing manners, creating refinement; of the exchange of the products of distant climes, supplying nature, and feeding artificial wants; of all that has been since 1492. The Cathedral bells are chiming to vespers; the flags of every nation—our own, the English, the French, the Spanish, the Dane, the Russian, the Swede, the Hollander, the Free Cities—are run to the mast-head to salute the setting sun. That custom speaks; the most ignorant sailor understands it; and, as he sees the shade cover the hull, and creep upward till the colours of his country are alone bathed in light, while all beneath is dark, his better feelings gush forth in worship without form.

I have chosen this hour to visit that portion of the quay which is appropriated to foreign and coastwise shipping, because it is at this hour that the *wharf* partially changes its character, and assumes the appearance of a *prado*. The dull, dusty, dirty routine of business is the same throughout its whole extent. The interminable chant of the negro, with its full, sonorous chorus, is here supplied by the hearty "Heav-yeo-up!" of the sailor; and the cotton-bale, tobacco-hogshead, and whiskey-barrel yield to bales of foreign and domestic manufactures, pipes of wine, and crates of ware.

The shipping stretches away from the point at which I stand as far as the eye

* He feeds his turkeys upon paccan nuts at ten dollars the barrel, and boils them in Champagne.

can reach, two miles in extent, three tiers deep, with their heads to the current, curving with the river—a beautiful crescent. The bosom of an American heaves with honest pride as he looks upon the city, and this, its chiefest ornament—the work of only thirty years! The last of sunlight has disappeared; the merchant, weary with the day's activity, thoughtful, stooping, his eyes bent upon the ground, hurries homeward, calculating his profits: "Y-augh! y-augh! y-augh!" a gang of negroes, ever merry—there is not a surer test of happiness than uniform hilarity. Next come some half dozen sailors, in tarred hats, clean check shirts, white trousers, and slippers. They have just arrived, have just received the little of money due them, and are just starting into the city, with a sober gait, and an honest, open face, to see life, and get rid of their sea-legs.

"Do you see something skulking, like a whipped hound, along the dark side of yonder building?"

"A thief!" said my companion.

"No; it is a land-shark, or sailors' landlord; the pimp and pander to all his vices. He is watching for, and will soon pounce upon his prey. Poor Jack goes into the city sober, honest, clean: how different will be his return! Is there no remedy for so great an evil?"

My companion shook his head. "I have been for ten years striving to dispel the moral darkness which obscures the minds of my fellow-men," said he, "and—have lost my own soul!"

I turned with surprise. My companion covered his face with his handkerchief.

* * * * *

There is no twilight at the 30th degree north latitude. That sweetest of the sister-hours—that hovering between light and darkness, in summer so mild, in winter so brilliant, at all seasons of the year so tranquillizing to those whose feelings have been set on edge by the past day's homely labours, is here unknown; and already the stars begin to twinkle forth, one by one, bright, and unobscured by vapour. New Orleans, though lapped in swamp, possesses a pure atmosphere. The stars come twinkling forth one by one; but there are those which shine in pairs, and of them, two are now beaming upon me with all the power of youth and beauty. The lady is a Creole, a native of the state, and is the first harbinger of the change now going on—of the metamorphosis of the quay into the Prado. The gentleman upon whose arm she rests is a descendant of Old Spain; his ancestors came over with O'Reilly; and he has been taught, from his youth, to speak of the days of the *Baron Carondelet* as the golden age of Lou-

isiana. He walks with a measured step, erect, proud, bewhiskered, and mustached; let him pass. It is, indeed, to be lamented that the weaknesses of men prove hereditary, while their virtues die with the possessors. There never existed a people more heroic in action than were the people of Old Spain; and there never existed a people more degraded in condition than are at this time their descendants. The enumeration of what has been but exposes the nakedness of what is.

The greatness of Spain has left its impress upon the institutions of Louisiana. Its laws, than which none are more simple in structure, more equitable in spirit, or better adapted to attain the end proposed, pervade and colour all her legislation. They compose the corner-stone whereon Livingston and his coadjutors raised their superstructure of codification; and they are the only valuable part of the whole building.* The Spanish colonists introduced the laws of Spain into Louisiana; and they made the colony what it was at the time of its sale to the United States.† The Spanish colonists were men of action; but their descendants, numbering about eight thousand, are fast decreasing, and are only not less than the Italians in the city's motley population.

But the lady—La Hermosa—God bless us, how they swarm upon one! The whole scene has changed while I have stood idly talking. La Hermosa passed by some ten minutes since; I can just see her mantilla floating in the distance. The sweet brunette! But others, equally pretty, are moving towards me with an even, sailing motion—illæ vel intactæ segetis per summas volarent arenulas—and I may pencil at leisure.

I stand, with my note-book in my hand, reclining against one of the piles which, driven deep into the earth, are fixed at short intervals throughout the whole length of the quay; my eye bent upon the passing crowd, endeavouring to catch the traits of La Hermosa. The moon, now mounting its eastern steep, pours its soft and silvery light full upon the open page. Have you ever seen a cloud of paroquets upon the

* There is a strange misapprehension existing abroad of the late Edward Livingston's labours in codification. His great and original work on Criminal Jurisprudence, containing "a Code of Crimes and Punishments," "a Code of Proceedings," "a Code of Evidence," and "a Code of Reform and Prison Discipline," never has been, and probably never will be, adopted by Louisiana. The "Civil Code" and "Code of Practice" of Louisiana are mere compilations—an attempt to amalgamate Roman, Spanish, French, and English legislation and customs, and the opinions of legal writers—hastily got up, crude, undigested, full of redundancies, and marred with omissions and glaring inconsistencies.

† Although the French were its first and last possessors, I believe history will sustain the text. France was never very successful in colonization.

wing, glittering and shining with all the colours of the rainbow in a noonday sun? And could Doughty select a bird from the flock, and picture its plumage upon canvas! All shades, from deepest black to purest white, are here so mixed and jumbled together, and pass in such close and rapid succession, as to produce upon one's vision an impression similar to that caused by a revolving cylinder with the seven primitive colours spread upon its surface.* I cannot, then, do better than to draw from the pages of a popular writer, whose pen is as true as it is graphic.† That sex, whose chief and more esteemed qualities are physical, never degenerates; and La Hermosa in New Orleans differs but little from La Hermosa in Madrid.

"She is rather under than above the middle size, with a faultless shape, which is seen to tenfold advantage through the elastic folds of her *basquena*. Though her complexion be pale, it is never defiled by rouge. Her teeth are pearly, lips red, eyes full, black, and glowing. Such is La Hermosa at rest; when she advances, each

* Domestic slavery is a great leveller. Throughout the South there are but two classes, the white and the black. Even here, upon the quay, moonlight, 8 P.M., the observation is most strikingly illustrated. When I passed through Tennessee, I travelled in company with a proprietor of the mail-coach in which I was riding. At Nashville one of his agents complained most bitterly to the great man, because "mine host of the Nashville Inn" would not suffer "coachee" to dine at the same table with his "baggage." "My drivers are gentlemen," replied the proprietor; "and if Mr. — does not treat them as such, I shall move the 'line' to another house!" "Slavery is a conservative of liberty," said Duff Green. If equality of intercourse is liberty, he might have gone farther, and made it creative. Yet there is much truth in the observation.

† NORTH, in the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," says, "The author of 'A Year in Spain' and Washington Irving are the only good writers which the American Republic has produced." And if good writing consists in imparting enjoyment, without that irksomeness which is attendant upon the laboured periods and measured rhythm of most of the fine writing of the present day, Lieut. MACKENZIE may well rank with the highest. Our modern traveller deals too much in generals; he is altogether too philosophical; and carries the admirable art of reasoning from particulars to generals into subjects where its chemistry cannot but be injurious. Endeavouring to impart much in a few words, he evaporates rather than consolidates his knowledge. Instead of giving the reader facts, he presents him with bold inferences, as the square and compass wherewith to measure the height and depth of the moral and political state of a people. The author of "A Year in Spain" judged differently of the duties of a writer of travel. He knew that one can learn more of men and manners by half an hour's living intercourse than from all the books that ever were written; and knowing this, he has given us a faithful picture of what he saw. With him all is life, action. His book is a continued drama throughout, and the interest is sustained as well by the freshness of the incidents, and the faithful delineation of character, as by the admirable ingenuity of the writer. We travel with him, enter into his perils, and rejoice in his escapes, and, at last, close the book almost persuaded that we ourselves have made the tour of Spain.

motion becomes a study. Her step, though bold and quick, is yet harmonious, and the rapid action of her arms, as she adjusts her mantilla, is an index of the impatient order of her temperament. As she moves forward, she looks with an undisturbed, yet pensive, eye upon the men that surround her; but, if you have the good fortune to be an acquaintance, her face kindles into smiles, she beams benignantly upon you, and returns your salute with the most inviting grace. Then, if you have a soul, you lay it at once at her feet."

This is a faithful picture of La Hermosa in youth. What is she in age? Perhaps, as a faithful chronicler, I should pencil her grandmother, who is now hobbling past, muttering maledictions upon the slowness of her foot, the hardness of the path, the gayety of others, and her own loneliness; but it may be sufficient to remark that, if the Spanish *señorita* is the most beautiful of women, the spell, here at least, is broken with marriage. The fine-moulded limb loses its roundness, the lips grow thin, even its lustre passes from the eye, and the donna sinks into the duenna.

The fair northerner, with the glow of health upon her cheek, regular features, and an eye which has more of intellect than of passion, asks no description; and *La Belle Française* will adorn another page. But there walks one, the representative of a class whose look and every movement, whose whole existence is love. Related by blood to two of the races into which the human family is divided, she is excluded from each, and stands alone. Her station in society is here by no means questionable. Her figure is perfect, and her face—sensuality moulded into beauty. She has known from childhood her true position, and might teach the Roman poet his own art. She is above the ordinary height, and moves with a free, unrestrained air, distinguished for grace and dignity. There is nothing of maiden coyness about her, while she looks upon the passer by with an eye which invites curiosity. She is a Creole, and, perhaps I need not add, a quarteronne. Her caste is numerous in the city, and is now referred to, because it, at this hour, forms the chief attraction of the quay; its origin and manner of living will be considered in a future chapter.

Jews and Gentiles, the Frenchman, Italian, Spaniard, German, and American, of all conditions and occupations, with their wives, or daughters, or mistresses, are moving to and fro, turning to the right and left, winding their way through labyrinths of merchandise, unmindful of dust and dirt, and chatting of all that occupies us mortals here below. What a hubbub! what an assemblage of strange faces, of the representatives of distinct people! What a contact of beauty and deformity, of vulgarity

and good-breeding! What a collection of costumes, from the habit of the German boor, just imported, to the toilet of the *petit maitre, a la Paris!* And here we are at the market, surrounded with fruiterers, the venders of oranges, pineapples, cocoa, monkeys, parrots, and ladies' lap-dogs. The open square opposite is the *Place d'Armes*, once the centre ornament* and boast of the city, now the field wherein "The Legion" delights to amuse itself with military evolutions. It is now occupied by a few persons, who are sitting upon the green-sward near the *jet-d'eau*, seemingly enchanted with the sounds of a guitar which rise soft upon the ear. My companion, the ministerial gentleman, who had been hitherto taciturn, gloomy, and distracted, appeared enlivened by the music, and proposed that we should enter within the paling of the square.

The group is composed of Spanish sailors, in the every-day dress of the ship-board, arranged in a circle about one of the company, who is both playing and accompanying his instrument with his voice. The listeners keep time with their hands, and join in the burden, which returns at the close of each strophe of four lines. The words are a lively, but rude romance, in *redondillas* metre, made up of the usual quantity of love, jealousy, and revenge.

"A pretty story, very prettily told," said I, addressing the musician in Spanish, as his last strain died upon the ear.

"I am glad you like it," replied the sailor.

"And who is the writer of the romance?"

The hardy tar hung his head in all the modesty of authorship.

"It is one of Jack's own," said a brother of the fore-castle.

"Indeed! is Jack a poet?"

"A bit of an improvisatore," replied Tar. "A small gift from the Virgin, which enables him and his friends to while away an idle hour."

"I am but a poor rhymers," said Jack, "and hold but lightly a quality which is not rare among my countrymen."

"Yet you are the first of your caste I ever met with."

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "But if your honour is truly not in jest, where can your honour have passed all the days of your life? certainly not on the broad plains of Castile, or among the green vines of Italy!"

I assured Jack I had never seen the sun rise on the other side of the water.

"Then you must listen to little Giovanna, the Italian improvisatrice; she was lapped in song, and pours forth verse as a

boatswain pours out grog—all the freer for gold."

"She does not prostitute her inspiration, Jack?"

"She's no prostitute, your honour, but turns an honest *real* by her gift."

"And I know no reason why she, more than the nobler bard, should be debarred from bartering rhyme for food. So play the pilot, Jack, and I will settle the bill of our night's entertainment."

The man of the guitar rose, and led the way; his companions followed, while the ministerial-looking gentleman and myself brought up the rear of the procession, listening with much pleasure to a light impromptu, which the gifted sailor poured forth in praise of the little Giovanna—starting the stillness of the night, and often bringing us in near approximation to the watch-house.

CHAPTER IX.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

"And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first when she beginneth sing,
When that she heareth any heedless tale,
Or in the hedges any wight steering,
And after siker doeth her voice out ring,"

CHAUCER.

ARGUMENT.

Locality. — The Bargain. — Little Giovanna. — The Improvisation.

We halted before one of those hovels, to be found in every city, which often lead one to ask why it is that men are to be found who prefer poverty in a crowded town, with all its attendant evils, want of every kind, impurity, disease, to the noble independence of the wild woods, where there is room without rent, and food, to be purchased at a less expense of labour than the hard-earned pittance which half supplies the diurnal cravings of appetite! The whole structure of society is built upon the shoulders of the poor: take away poverty, and wealth grovels in the dust. It is a long time since a wise and a holy man asked, "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" but who among the proud has learned humility of this question!

Jack threw open the door, and showed us in, as if it had been his own house. And well he might, for we were warmly welcomed by a dozen human voices, without enumerating the more questionable salute of dogs, monkeys, and parrots, a beastly collection, which is invariably to be met with in the dwellings of the lower French, Spaniards, and Italians. Twelve in a room of twenty feet by twenty-four, with all the means and appurtenances of living—chairs, tables, beds, and cooking

* "The old city, properly so called"—now included in the first municipality—"is built in the form of a parallelogram, of which the longer sides are 1320 yards, and the shorter, or the depth of the city towards the swamp, 700 yards."—*Encyc. Amer.*

utensils, with sundry heaps of West India fruit, our Italian's staple in trade. After a hasty introduction, we seated ourselves as we best might, while Jack, in his own diplomatic way, entered upon the object of our visit. The terms were mutually agreed upon, and the contract closed. The father measured his daughter's inspiration by time, and trafficked in it at so much the "quarter of an hour." I bargained for *the duration of a story*, a sort of wholesale purchase, in which I might be gainer or loser, according to the violence of the afflatus.

"Giovanna," cried the father, in Italian, "here are two gentlemen who wish a touch of your quality. They pay well; sing sweetly, and you shall have an hour of holiday in the morning."

My eyes had twice circled the room in search of the sibyl, but had fallen upon no face which bore traces of the poetic fire, always excepting my cicerone, whose features, though ridged with many a tempest, and blackened by a thousand tropical suns, exhibited, as some one has said of Dampier, that delicacy of contour which is always the accompaniment of genius.

A girl of some fourteen years, who sat in one corner of the apartment almost buried amid a heap of oranges, the rinds of which she was most industriously engaged in polishing, rose and presented herself in answer to the call. She was poorly, very poorly clad; her feet uncovered; her hair dishevelled, torn, entangled; and her whole person exhibiting palpable evidence of an utter ignorance of water. It was the little Giovanna! Her form was good; her face possessed of the fulness of youth; her forehead oval, and projecting; her eyes—but I could not see them, for they were bent upon the floor. The father spoke some words of encouragement, kissed her forehead, and placed her in the centre of the room.

"Will the gentlemen give me an argument?" asked the little Giovanna, and, as she spoke, she raised her eyes and looked upon us. They were like the vault of heaven, when clear, without a cloud; it justifies all our young hopes, and is the home of all we love.

I hesitated.

"It is a better test of my child's power," said the father; "select yourself the subject of the story you wish woven into verse, and you will be sure she does not draw upon memory."

"David in the cave of Adullam," said my ministerial-looking companion.

"That will never do," said I. "Italia's poesy is so redolent with Holy Writ that the young sibyl will find her path a travelled one. Let us seek in our own wilds a theme new to her genius."

But the breath of inspiration was strong

upon her, and the little Giovanna waited not for our seeking. Her eyes glanced rapidly from us to those of her friends who surrounded her, and it soon became apparent that she was strongly affected by the contrast which our outward appearances exhibited. Her form dilated; her face became flushed, and the veins of her neck were filled near to bursting; then, closing her eyes, as if in sleep, she poured into our ears a song of verse so sweetly modulated, yet in a voice so low that it seemed like soft music heard at a distance—almost inaudible. It spoke of charity for the poor; their wants, their sufferings, and their crimes, more than half excused by their temptations. It drew a picture which, like all the pictures touched by genius, is daily to be seen among men, a picture of utter deprivation; but the good Samaritan stood not by, for she had met with none.

My ministerial-looking companion covered his face with his hands; and I saw a tear trickle down from between his fingers.

"It is too true," said he, mournfully.

"True!" The sibyl caught at the word; it turned the current of her thoughts; it planted passion where before was resignation, and excited anger and the hope of revenge, where before seemed only deprecation and desire of pity. "True!" and throwing her arms into the air, and unclosing her eyes, which glared as if starting from their sockets, she burst forth into a flood of invective clothed in verse of the wildest and most varied measure. We started with astonishment; it was passing from the lute to the trumpet; it was hearing words of defiance when most we looked for peace! The miser would have trembled. How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of Heaven! "And in hell, he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." We were hurried irresistibly along with the torrent; our feelings caught the contagion, and the excitement of attention, expectation, and wonder had become painful, when the sibyl's own powers of endurance appeared exhausted, and, descending gradually from the height she had attained, she sang of Ruth gleaning in the fields of Boaz till she sank calm and helpless into her father's arms, with words of universal love dying upon her lips.

We turned from the house as we had approached it, with honest Jack leading the way, and singing aloud to the praise of the little Giovanna, while the remainder of the company joined ever and anon in a chorus wishing long life and a happy one to her who had sung so divinely. We parted at the square; but not before the hearty tars and the landsmen had poured a libation together.

CHAPTER X.

ANNA.

"This example was shewed to teache vs howe the teachers of God's Worde should not gruche to descend from their highnes or perfection, and abase themselves euen to the lowlines of the weake, thereby to wyinne very many to theyr Lorde."—*Udall*.

ARGUMENT.

Anna's Dwelling.—Anna.—The good Samaritan.—Anna's Story.—Anna's Apostrophe.—The good Samaritan's holy Exercise.—Anna's Burial.

"It is, indeed, horrible," remarked my ministerial-looking companion, as we passed up — street, on our return from the visit to little Giovanna, "it is, indeed, horrible to find society so constituted that nothing can be obtained without money."

"Yet the evening's amusement was not dearly purchased," said I, supposing my companion alluded to the improvisation we had just witnessed.

"It is not of the Italian girl that I am thinking," replied my companion. "The observation was suggested by the present condition of one to whom I am about to introduce you. Yes, this is the place; she lives, or, rather, is dying here," he continued, halting before one of those small, low, French-built houses of one story, which, in — street, are usually habited by a class of females more sinned against than sinning. "Yes, this is the place;" and he grasped my arm as if fearful I should leave him. "Now you will feel the force of my observation. It is, indeed, horrible to find society so constituted that nothing can be obtained without money! Virtue may starve in the midst of a populous city; want subdues honesty, and chastity immolates itself to supply the cravings of hunger! Come, come in; you shall not hear, but see my story. It is good to humble one's self before men."

I followed my companion.

A single candle burned upon the hearth, throwing a dim and flickering light about a room which had been once, in the palmy days of its inmates—if any of the days of wretchedness may be said to be palmy—richly furnished. But sickness came, as it always will come; disease in its most loathsome form; and the forced laugh, the wild cry of riot, the seeming of hilarity were gone. How soon do even our co-workers in iniquity discover the footsteps of misfortune! No suiters came; the weekly bills of rent, for food, for the very water which cooled a feverish tongue, brooked no delay; and tables, sofa, chairs, ottomans, carpets, curtains, mirrors, pictures, were sold, one after the other, until the room's emptiness looked chilling. The bloated bed of better days had not been spared, and upon a miserable pallet now lay the wreck of what had been the *habitation of beauty, of refinement, of purity, and*

all maidenly virtue. How rapid is the race of vice! How wonderful its alchemy!

"It is Anna," said my companion, in a low whisper, and pointing to the pallet.

Upon a crazy trunk—Anna's initials were upon it; it had known her in her childhood, had held her first wardrobe, accompanied her in all her wanderings, and might have told many a tale of pride, of vanity, and of sorrow—sat a good Samaritan, who daily called and endeavoured to smooth the poor girl's passage to the grave. In learning to cure the body, he had not forgotten the soul, and could pour words of hope into the ears of one who seemed fluttering just above despair.

My ministerial-looking companion approached the pallet, dropped upon his knees, and sobbed aloud. It was the first intimation Anna had of our presence.

"Ha! are you there, devil!" she exclaimed, in a shrill, yet hollow tone; there was death in it. "Get up, get up, and look upon the work of two short years!"

My ministerial-looking companion rose, and bending over the sick girl's pillow, muttered something which was to me inaudible. He faltered in his speech, his knees shook, his whole frame was violently agitated; large, heavy drops rolled down his face: he was in prayer. "Father, forgive—"

"Forgive! never!" exclaimed Anna, in a quick, hurried cry, as if fearful lest the request might be granted before she could interpose an objection. "Forgive! and shall you rise while I sink! you, the seducer! No, no, no; no, no, no."

My companion again sank upon the floor, and covered his face with his hands.

* * * * *

"Did you ever hear a woman curse? it is fiendish."

"Forgive!" continued Anna; "I cannot ask forgiveness; yet I was innocent till you came. Ah, how sweet do the scenes of childhood rise up before me! My old parents; poor, honourable: the neat farmhouse; the country church, with its hoary pastor: then I felt strong in virtue: O God, is it possible! The aged saint was removed from among us, and you took upon yourself his holy office. 'Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing!' I should have pondered upon that text. You took upon yourself his holy office, and a look, a whisper, and I fell. Yet you might have saved me, but would not. I was nothing; you, all in all. And have I not concealed your guilt, traitor—traitor to Christ—as none but woman could have concealed it? When my time came, your name was never upon my lips. When my friends looked cold upon me, I did not murmur. When my aged father drove me as a contamination from his threshold, and my mother, who had borne for me the pains I was about to bear, turned from me as from a stranger,

I did not seek your roof, but wandered, without food, without shelter, day and night, through the open fields. Without money, without friends, the world would not pity my wants—go starve, strumpet! What could I do but what I have done? O, curse, curse, curse upon the serpent that beguiled me.”*

My companion cast himself along the floor. He moaned aloud, “Guilty! guilty! before God and men.”

The good Samaritan took a small volume from his pocket, and ran his eye vacantly over its spread page. Anna was silent from exhaustion; the moan of my companion alone filled the room.

“It is not for us to measure the wisdom or justice of the Creator; neither shall our soft affections judge the stern decrees of Heaven,” commenced the good Samaritan, “but Christ—”

“Christ!” exclaimed Anna.

The good Samaritan gave way to the interruption, and turned over the leaves of his book as if in search of a passage not readily to be found.

“Christ! purest of created beings; without sin; Son of God! How mild in temper! how meek in deportment! how sublime in morals! He taught without ostentation; he rebuked without severity; he cheered the penitent, he confirmed the good, and wept over the iniquity of those who hearkened not unto his doctrines. He did not anathematize the guilty, but with words of love strove to win the sinner from his ways, and to save a soul of more value than the temporal wealth, the earthly pleasures it sought, and in seeking lost: lost wealth, lost pleasure, lost itself! The bruised reed he did not break, the smoking flax he did not quench, and the poor he had with him always. He loved the poor, and he loved the rich also; he loved the just and the unjust, for all were his brothers, and he would have saved all. Did he sit among the wicked? it was to purge them from their wickedness. Did the weeping penitent of pleasure bathe his feet with her tears? she went her way reformed, blessed with the forgiveness of her sins. How I love thee, bright visitant of this benighted world! Thou shalt be to me a father and a mother, a sister and a brother.

* The lover of German literature will be reminded of one of its most truly natural and pathetic pages.

“Wil.—Jenes Dorf, dessen Kirchthurmspitze Du hier von feine sichtigst, ist mein Geburtsort. In jener Kirche ward ich getauft, in jener Kirche empfing ich die ersten Lehren unsers Glaubens. Meine Aeltern waren fromme gute Bauersleute, arm und ehrlich,” u. s. v.—Das Kind der Liche: von August von Kotzebue.—*Erster Akte, Achte Scene.*

At all hours I will think of thee: at the opening morn, at high noon, and at closing eve. I will contemplate thy character, I will love, I will adore. Thou shalt be my support in adversity, and should prosperity come—which may never come—thy calm influence shall temper the extravagance of success.”

Anna was silent. Who could have listened to the poor girl's words unmoved? The good Samaritan renewed his examination of the small volume, which he had involuntarily closed, and held with his forefinger gently inserted between its pages; and observing that Anna, the ministerial-looking gentleman, and myself were mute with sorrow, he first attracted our attention to the exercise he was about to perform, and then read, with a voice sweetly modulated to the tone of deep depression mingled with high hope, the following appeal to the Lord of Hosts:

“O most mighty God, and merciful Father, who hast compassion upon all men, and hatest nothing that thou hast made; who wouldst not the death of a sinner, but that he should rather turn from his sin and be saved; mercifully forgive us our trespasses; receive and comfort us, who are grieved and wearied with the burden of our sins. Thy property is always to have mercy; to thee only it appertaineth to forgive sins. Spare us, therefore, good Lord; spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed. Enter not into judgment with thy servants, who are vile earth and miserable sinners; but so turn thine anger from us, who meekly acknowledge our vileness, and truly repent us of our faults, and so make haste to help us in this world, that we may ever live with thee in the world to come; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

* * * * *

On the second day subsequent to the events just related, the ministerial-looking gentleman, the good Samaritan, and myself followed Anna to the grave. The good Samaritan performed the usual rites; the ministerial-looking gentleman, clothed in habits of mourning, kneeled by the bier in silence. He had selected one of the many tenements for the dead of which the wall which surrounds the Protestant burying-ground is composed, and Anna was lifted softly into that home which, to her, was indeed a home of rest. The good Samaritan is willing to go about doing good unknown. I left the ministerial-looking gentleman still kneeling by Anna's tomb, while the mason was busily at work closing up its mouth.

DAY THE SECOND.

"And every person of judgment, who loves a sincere relation of things, would be glad, if it were possible, to have the writer of them abstracted from all kind of connexion with persons or things that are the subject matter; to be of no country, no party; clear of all passions; independent in every light; entirely unconcerned who is pleased or displeased with what he writes; the servant only of reason and truth."—WILLIAM SMITH, D.D.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SABBATH.

"Those Sabbath bells I love to hear,
Ringing merrily, loud and clear."

"Aha! are you there, you old Puritanical!—'Ringing merrily,' eh? Why not ringing merrily and dancing merrily? Is it not strange that there should be found, among the followers of every religion, those who would draw the thick cloud of their own dark bigotry over the bright sun which God has placed in the heavens to enliven and fertilize the earth?"—*The Cavaliers.*

ARGUMENT.

Sabbath Morning.—The Cathedral.—The good Samaritan's Discourse upon Religion.—La Belle Créole.—The Militia.—Pietro.—The Levee.—The Battle.—Little Giovanna.—The Young Huckster.

It is the Sabbath! A Sabbath in New Orleans! here the noisiest day of the week—so full of strange contrasts, of lights and shadows, crossing and recrossing each other; of the grave and gay, saints and sinners, each engaged in his vocation—that he may well tremble for his art who attempts to fix it, living, upon canvass. It is not the Sabbath of New England—there all are church-going from habit. Neither is it the Sabbath of Italy—there, too, custom has moulded the manners of the people, and mirth and laughter usher in and close the jubilee of the poor. But here there are no manners, no customs, no fixed habits; all is unsettled, chaotic; the elements of society, as parti-coloured as the rainbow, but waiting the passage of years to blend them into one harmonious whole.

I was dreaming of poor Anna, whose spectre haunted me as if I had myself been the ministerial-looking gentleman who had wronged her past forgiveness, when the roar of cannon dispelled the vision, and reminded me of an appointment I had made to meet the good Samaritan at matins. And yet he is not a Catholic; why should he have selected the Cathedral in preference to the market-house, when both are equally well attended, and the last the more interesting of the two? A drum and fife, which suddenly struck up the lively national air of "Yankee Doodle" just under my window, turned the current of my reflections, and, leaping out of bed, I thrust my head into the open air, in search of the cause of so unseasonable a mustering of armed men in my immediate vicinity. Two lusty blacks, in full regimentals, were playing a duet to a solo audience of their own colour, while a casual passer-by bestowed upon the group a grin of approbation.

The gray streaks of morning were fast thickening in the east, when I sallied forth from my hotel, with a curiosity raised on tiptoe by so unusual a commencement of the first day of the week. The morning was delightful—the atmosphere clear and bracing; yet, except a lady, whose hurried steps, followed hard by a female slave, bespoke an amateur of mass or marketing, and a straggling citizen-soldier, whose martial propensities must have been roused thus early into action by the same pleasing strains which had persuaded me from my couch, I met with no living soul during the whole of my walk from above Canal-street to the Cathedral. The Americans* sleep late, for they have a notion that the rising sun is the only sovereign protection against miasma,† and their morning slumbers are not yet broken by the harsh cries of the venders of milk, fresh butter, and eggs, which scare the matin hours of a northern city.

The Cathedral. Let not the reader, who has been accustomed to associate the most gorgeous of all the religions with architectural excellence in its most imposing forms, expect to find here the lofty spire and growing dome, the fretted portal and painted ceiling, the "long-sounding aisles,"

"Where awful arches make a noonday night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light."

In this, the richest of all the Catholic dioceses in the United States, the church has no temple worthy of her ancient greatness; and the Cathedral, the boast of the city's Creole population, is the poorest patch-work of bastard orders which brick and mortar were ever made to assume. Its utter insignificance as a work of art would deprive it of all claim to notice, were it not that in the earlier and best points of New Orleans it occupies a position so prominent as to induce one to suppose the Orleanois had put their best foot foremost, and were willing to make the most of a doubtful ornament. Time, too, hallows all things, and the touch of his hand is more potent to beautify than the painter's pencil: he mellows the colour-

* That portion of the population of New Orleans whose mother tongue is English, whether of native or foreign birth.

† There is not in the whole range of science a greater bug-bear than this same miasma—a word borrowed from the Greek, for the purpose of concealing the ignorance of Dulness. As applied to an unknown cause, it signifies nothing, and gives birth to a multitude of errors, by presupposing that to be tangible which is not known certainly to exist.

ing of Raphael, and sheds a grace over the monuments of Wren. The Cathedral's old age is honourable, and he who is curious in such matters will be as well pleased with the bare, dilapidated condition of its inner economy, as with its weather-beaten front, seamed with scars which mark the passage of years.

I arrived before the hour; the bell had not yet tolled to matins. But, with the Catholics, the house of God, like the kingdom of heaven, is always open to the poor in spirit; and I found a side portal, leading to the altar, inviting every passer-by to enter freely and commune with his Maker. A small marble vase, filled with holy water, stood upon the right, just within the portal; and as I never enter a church without conforming to its customs, I immersed the tips of my fingers in the fluid and made the sign of the cross. If there is any virtue in such things, I would wish to receive the benefit of it; if there is none, a little salt and water cannot be otherwise than harmless. The good Samaritan stood beside a lady, who knelt in prayer, as if weighed down with sorrow; he observed my devotion, and advanced to meet me.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind," said he. "The great Church of Christ is divided into many families; and it becomes a true disciple to conform to the honest prejudices of all his brethren. I worship as often before this altar as within the more Protestant walls raised by that sect in the reformed religion to which I belong: they are holy places, all. Yet I have requested you to meet me here, not for the purpose of compelling you to join in the ceremonies of a ritual which may be a stumbling-block to your faith, but that, as a stranger to our city, you might see it on every side—the darkest as the brightest. The house of mourning is more instructive than the house of joy; but we should become familiar with both if we would learn truly to appreciate life. I have resided many years in this city, and have long since accumulated a large estate; yet it is but a short time since I learned how to enjoy it, or discovered that the luxury of ameliorating the sufferings of the unfortunate was superior to the luxuries of the table and the wine-cup. I am, perhaps, too well known to justify feelings of false delicacy on my part; yet the lady whose side I have just left, and who still kneels, absorbed in prayer, is too young and too beautiful for me to follow where she will lead the way, unattended by a friend of either of the parties."

The good Samaritan bowed respectfully as the officiating priest of morning passed us on his way to the altar, and, bending his knee before an image of the Virgin, he resumed his former position beside the fair woman, whose half-stifed sobs gave utter-

ance to a grief which had other origin than her own venial sins. The matin bells now rung out the accustomed peal, and, roused from a short revery into which the good Samaritan's last words had thrown me, I found the Cathedral fast filling with sweet faces, subdued by the occasion and the place to the Madonna style of beauty. Fashion pervades everything in this artificial world of ours; and the fair descendants of the French colonists choose to attend mass before sunrise, and then, like the first Christians, return to their usual avocations. And when is woman more lovely than at this early hour, with all her native charms fresh from the couch—like Venus from the wave—and just enough of sleep hanging upon her eyelids to dull the brilliancy of the orbs which roll beneath into just harmony with the mellow light of opening day! *La Belle Française!* How perfect her figure; and then her walk; grace and love combined in motion! With what taste she wears her dress. Mind presides over the arrangement of every fold—the poetry of the toilet! She makes use of no illegitimate means to captivate the heart. Her features are classic even unto sameness, with, perhaps, a little more of embonpoint than would be found in a statue of Praxiteles. The general expression of her face is rest. Her large black eyes are soft as the gazelle's; neither possessing the fire of the Spanish señorita, nor rolling like those of the mixed race I have already described, liquid with love. The dark tresses of her hair are carefully arranged, and motionless as chiselled marble. Of quiet manners, she neither seeks nor rejects attention; wins without effort, and wears without arrogance; secure of a homage which is the more readily paid because seemingly unsought. Her small hand and tapering fingers, her "little feet," which, in the exquisite verse of Suckling,

"Beneath a petticoat,
Like mice, steal in and out,
As if they feared the light,"

and finely-turned ankle—if you catch a sight of it—complete the picture. She is irresistible, and even in church steals us from our devotions; for while the good Samaritan, and all about me, have been saying their prayers, I have stood, rapt in admiration, before *La Belle Française*, and, instead of soberly repeating a "pater noster," have unintentionally put to flight the object of my admiration by repeating in an audible voice the following lines of the poor Elvira:

"I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear,
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
The thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight."

In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze and angels tremble round."

"That will do," whispered the good Samaritan, tapping me upon the shoulder, and meeting my stare with a smile; "you appear absorbed in thought; let us walk a while; the lady, at whose command I am, desires an additional hour for the confessional."

The good Samaritan, like all those who to a native benevolence of character have added a thorough knowledge of the world, was of a liberal mind, and therefore not disposed to quarrel with the customs of the people about him.

"The Christian Sabbath," said he, as we passed down the aisle, "seems to have been instituted, in the early days of the Church, for the benefit of the working classes, whose limbs, wearied and cramped with six days of labour, need, not only rest, but the revivifying influence of out-door sports: they occupy a vacant mind, and fill the heart with laughter, the best physician for a sick body. We will visit the market; it is best seen at this early hour; and as we pass along the Levee, you will find it, if not as busy as upon the other days of the week, at least stirring with life in a more joyous form."

The deep-toned notes of the organ had not yet died upon the ear, when our attention was attracted by a well-dressed company of "Native American" militia, which, preceded, followed, and hemmed in on every side by a motley collection of all colours, sexes, and conditions, marched hurriedly along to the old familiar tune which had so unceremoniously serenaded my bedchamber. Drum and fife were now more fortunate in their audience, and consequently played with a corresponding addition of spirit. Bond and free were equally happy, and danced, sang, shouted, poked each other under the ribs, and played at shuttlecock with their neighbour's heads in the true equality of the Roman saturnalia. This is the Sabbath of the slave.

Though the "Place d'Armes" was as yet vacant, the venders of fruit were busy arranging their wares in pyramidal forms along the iron railing which surrounds it. "That man's story is curious," said the good Samaritan, pointing to a greasy, overgrown merchant in the trade. "He has sold fruit, just where he now stands, for more than twenty years, and has grown both rich and learned, without desiring to change his condition in life. His numerous customers of every clime induced him to master all the languages of Europe; and the character of the commodities in which he deals enticed him into botany. Once fairly in the world of knowledge, he found each path leading to another still more beautiful; his love of travel grew with the space passed over, and he has gone on

until there is not a sunny spot in literature or science with which he has not made himself familiar. And then he bears his acquirements with such meekness! those of his trade about him will never suspect that he is other than one of themselves. I never pass him without raising my hat in homage of his worth; and sometimes while away a pleasant hour in his company, eating oranges, and discussing the merits of the different schools in therapeutics, or threading the intricacies of the rival systems of Linnæus and Jussieu. Buena Matina; you are early at work, Pietro," continued the good Samaritan, as we approached the vender of fruit. "This attention to business is praiseworthy; but we should give the first hour of this day to our great Benefactor, in acknowledgment of the many favours received at His hands."

"I am within reach of the bells," replied Pietro, "and can send up a prayer here as well as elsewhere; besides, the best proof of gratitude in the receiver is his enjoyment of the good things received; so put two oranges in your pocket, one for yourself and another for your companion—they are best eaten with a rising sun—and come along with me. An enmity of some standing has broken out afresh this morning, and bids fair to become epidemical among the *marchands** who sell between the two markets. I have, indeed, exerted my influence, without success, for the restoration of peace; but the mad-caps will listen to your voice, for they know it was never heard except upon the right side. So, begging your pardon, doctor, let us hurry on; I would not that a portion of our population usually so peaceable, and among whom I count myself, should loose caste through the foolish differences of two hot-heads."

We crossed to the Levee. It was occupied by such Creoles of both sexes as love early walking, with now and then a quarteroon sweeping majestically by. Little coteries of Jack Tars, in neat blue jackets and trousers, clothed its surface, taking observations of the rising sun, whose upper limb was just clearing the horizon. All were alike indifferent to the hum of distant voices, which bespoke the usual "row upon the Levee." The market-house—which, as a public building, is unworthy so large a city—was well stocked with all a gourmand delights to find in a second and third course; and as we passed down its centre, many a bright eye flashed upon us, justifying the remark of one of my city friends, that the market of a morning was not the last place to visit in search of beauty; and proving that les belles Creoles are not unworthy of the reputation of

* Hucksters, pedlers of small wares, venders of tape, pine, ribands, and fruit. They are of both sexes and colours, bond and free, and are divided into two classes, the sedentary and the peripatetic.

their great-grandmothers for superior excellence in all that relates au ménage de la maison.

We now entered upon the scene of strife. What a hubbub! Men, women, and children; black, white, and mixed; carts and go-carts, horses, mules, and asses—the last the more comprehensive genus—are jumbled together in one glorious “hotchpotch,” which word, my Lord Coke says, signifieth “a commixion of divers things together.” The greater number of the combatants appear not to have a very distinct idea of the origin of the quarrel in which they are engaged; and while with one hand they return a blow received, they expose their wares with the other—following up each *sacré* with a complimentary observation upon the quality of the goods they wish to put off, clothed alternately in each of the five languages of the city.

“Take that, you old scoundrel,” cried a fat dame of some sixty years, bestowing upon a youngster of fifteen a coup de pied par dernière, which quickened a sort of dog-trot into something more than a run. “Six bits, six escaliers; only six bits; tres fin, very good, bon;” and she closed with thrusting into my face a pair of coarse woollen hose, which, as the weather is rather warm during the month of April in New Orleans, I declined purchasing.

“Der teufel!” exclaimed a German; “wie up-down mein show-case, and alles meine beauties gespielt!” and, by way of making sure of the offender, he dealt out a couple of blows to an ill-starred wight who stood near him in the act of trying on a shirt, in order to convince a chafferer that the article was large enough for a man of his size. The first stroke threw the poor fellow off his perpendicular, but the second brought him up again, so that he could not well complain, and finally concluded to let the matter pass as a joke. “Will he puy a razor? sin paby fur die kleins kinder!” continued the German; “Ein thaler vun dollar sallein, huit arcalin, une piastre, pour les de—” a stray projectile meted out poetical justice, and stretched the huckster senseless among his wares.

“Stop thief! Arrêtez le voleur! Sacré nom de Dieu! le cochon!” cried a black wench, who sold potatoes, with sausages to match, served up warm; while a sly rogue, who, in a moment of forgetfulness, had helped himself, made headway for the thickest of the crowd. He was a disciple of Zimmerman, and loved solitude; but the fates overtook him. The rogue, in his haste to put the spoils he had won extra postliminium, had not counted upon their artificial heat, and the consequence was no less injurious to himself than were his antics diverting to the sable dame, who saw her right thus summarily avenged.

“My eyes!”—“Foutre!”—“Who bids?”

“Schwanhund, trois scalins!”—“Give it to him!”—“Schurke!”—“Only a dollar!”—“Good fit!”—“Salope!”—“Bloody old villain!”—“Real habeneros, two for a picayune!”—“Whiz!”—and thus they have it, pellmell, the moving mass swayed to and fro, while Jack and his messmate, mounted upon the rigging of the neighbouring shipping, overlooked the field, and cheered on the combatants, well pleased to see their old friends, who had often squared their accounts with a night’s lodging between two *gens-d’armes*, fitting themselves for a similar enjoyment.

The good Samaritan stood calmly contemplating the scene before him, seemingly waiting for one of those lulls which serve as resting-places to the tempest, and prepare it for new efforts of violence. He soon caught the eye of one of the most sturdy and active among the combatants, and the lion cowered into the lamb.

“Make way! make way for the governor; God bless your soul, doctor, it does my eyes good to see you. The Tower of Babel has here a representative for every tongue; and they are belabouring each other for want of an interpreter: and then it is all about a silly woman!”

The good Samaritan moved forward, and, uncovering his head, bowed alternately from side to side as he passed through the crowd, which opened to admit him into its centre.

“Conspexere, silent, arrectisque; auribus astant; Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.”

His mild voice fell like oil upon the troubled waves, and of all the angry multitude which stood thick around him not one was found who did not acknowledge the good man’s influence. Finding that the fruiterer had not over estimated the moral power of my companion, I ventured to force myself within the circle which had closed about him, for the purpose of learning what could have excited to such a pitch the passions of a class of people who usually err on the side of blandness, and, from long practice in the art of putting off bad wares at high prices, exhibit more of the Jew than of the Irishman in their character.

The Little Giovanna stood quietly in the midst, her eyes bent modestly upon the ground, and, judging from the roseate hue which mounted even to her temples, rather ill at ease as the cynosure of so numerous a company. Like Helen, she had waked a storm which no spell of hers could quell. Near her stood one of those awkward, ill-shapen, antiquated market-carts used exclusively by the *Islenos*—a portion of humanity with whom the reader will be pleased to be made acquainted hereafter. Attached to the vehicle were a yoke of bony oxen, ruminating upon past events,

and exhibiting all that soberness of character so typical of the Evangelist.

The Little Giovanna, now tricked out in far different habiliments than when I first saw her upon a former occasion, had been accustomed to visit the populous area between the two markets at an early hour on the morning of the first day of the week, for the purpose of exposing to envious eyes the finery with which the exercise of her gift enabled her to deck her person. On this occasion an admirer, distinguished among the Islenos for his wealth, with great gallantry requested the fair improvisatrice to mount his cart, and, after the manner of the earlier Thespians, favour his wondering countrymen with a specimen of her art. The little Giovanna unfortunately yielded to the youth's soft persuasions; nothing loath to ensure a victory which, with a woman's penetration, she perceived was already more than half won.

And there she stood; her flowing tresses not now neglected, but nicely bound in parti-coloured ribands, and twisted into a knot behind. Her dress was neat and becoming, dashed with a little of coquetry about the waist and neck. Her complexion, too, now discovered its tints unobscured, clear and sunny as an Italian sky; but her eyes, thank Heaven, were unchanged. The song commenced. The rich Islenos and his friends smiled, then shouted, then stood entranced; while Giovanna, like her own native "Rusignuolo," poured forth music which thrilled the soul. As her voice rose upon the morning air, then died away in all the ecstasy of the passion she described and felt, the trial was too much for one who had long hoped, but feared to tell his love.

A young vender of petty finery upon the Levee, who carried his little show-box strapped about his neck, with so unobtrusive an air as to have gained many friends, even among those of his own craft, had, in an unlucky hour, listened to the fair Pytho-ness in one of her happiest modes of inspiration; and what could he do but love! Once the merriest of the marchands, he became moody, lost in thought, forgetful of the passers-by, and retired at eve with his case of wares unsold. The world went badly with him; his friends fell off; his small stock of wealth, un replenished, wasted away. He became negligent, uncleanly, even in his habits; his neat jacket and trousers fell into rags, and those who had known him in better days said he was crazed. In return for all this loss, a rich return to him, he was accustomed to steal of a Sunday morning into some obscure stall near the market, and watch the little Giovanna as she fluttered by with mincing steps, conscious of her worth. That morning he was observed gliding to his post but

a few moments before Giovanna made her appearance, seemingly labouring under some late cause of excitement. He gesticulated violently, and muttered to himself, while his eye wandered as if in search of some object on which to fasten its hate. A kind old lady, who sold essences and peppermint drops, interspersed with moral instructions in verse for the instruction of youth of both sexes, and to whom I am indebted for the whole story of the young man's love, suggested, with a sigh, the possibility of his having summoned up sufficient courage that morning to waylay Giovanna as she left her father's house, for the purpose of making an unrequited declaration of his love. Be that as it may, the young marchand was seen to tear his hair with rage when Giovanna, acceding to the Islenos' gallant proposal, leaped fawn-like from the ground, and stood erect in the centre of his queer vehicle, a vision just lighted from above. As the song progressed, and the afflatus grew stronger upon his heart's choice, the tortures of jealousy became insupportable, and, rushing from his hiding-place, he fell, like the maniac of the tombs, upon all indiscriminately. The Islenos were men of metal, and resented so unlooked-for an intrusion upon their pleasures. The marchands were unwilling to stand by and see one of their own number drubbed, however deservedly, and thus the *melée* became general.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LADY IN TEARS.

"Oh, thou hast touch'd upon a dreadful ill,
Forever open to the light of heav'n,
Inexpiable, monstrous, from the mind
Never to be effaced, our mournful lot."

SOPHOCLES.

"Her eies full swollen with flowing streams afloate,
Were with her lookes throwne up full piteously,
Here forcelesse handes together oft she smote,
With doleful shrieks that echoed in the skye."
Mirror for Magistrates.

ARGUMENT.

Grief.—The Brother's Story.—The Prison.—The Interview.

The good Samaritan and myself returned to the Cathedral. The lady in tears had just left the confessional, and joined us at the portal.

"I am ready," said she, addressing the good Samaritan, "and may God support me in this hour of trial!" The good Samaritan would have said amen; but, although his lips moved, he made no audible reply. The lady thanked me when the good Samaritan informed her that I was one of his friends, who would also accompany and sustain her in the difficult duty she was about to perform. Her large blue eyes were turned searchingly upon me, as if to inquire whether I was equal to the

task, and then were again suffused in tears. "Does he know all?" she asked, sobbing aloud. "Oh, my brother! and must he die? is there no escape? Good God, that I should have lived to see this day! Oh, that I might lay down my life a ransom for his; how sweet would be the refuge of the grave! Peace, peace; be still—I shall go mad!" and she wrung her hands in the extremity of grief. Her moans attracted the attention of the passers-by; she saw it, and with an effort repressed the passion which seemed ready to deprive her of reason.

"Forgive this forgetfulness," said she; "yes, I know you will forgive me, for you know the terrible affliction which has overtaken me. My brain is racked with doubt. I resolve, then waver in my resolutions. I know not whether it is a crime or a virtue; yet, it was a virtue once—and has Christianity wrought a change in the character of the act, or in the opinions of men? 'This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.' Christ said it to the thief upon the cross; and will he not say it to one who is less a criminal, though a greater in crime?" Her voice became husky—her words choked in the utterance—she walked forward, making a sign for us to follow; but her steps were uncertain, and she would have fallen, had not the good Samaritan hastened to her support. He drew her arm gently within his, and they walked on in silence together. It is good to be made acquainted with grief—it wins the soul from the grosser things of this world. But what are the ordinary ills of life, that we should bewail them? How do they dwindle in comparison with the magnitude of the evil which Heaven, in its providence, poured upon the head of one so young, so beautiful, so capable of the refined enjoyments of the domestic circle! My heart sank within me as I contemplated the mental agony of the mourner, forced into harsh contrast with the piercing fife, and rattling drum, and wild laugh, and coarse jest, which now filled the air, as squad after squad of citizen soldiers, on foot and on horse, passed in front of the Cathedral, and filed off into the Place d'Armes upon our left—yes, the good Samaritan had told me all.

A young man, a resident of the country, liberally educated, of extensive connexions, and fair prospects in life, had visited New Orleans a few months previous for the purpose of passing a week with his city friends. At a dinner given by an acquaintance, the guests found each other's company too agreeable to separate at an early hour, and the wine-cup circulated too freely to suffer them to do so in a sober mood. Light with wine, merry, boisterous, they sallied forth in quest of adventures; and many a watchman sprang his rattle as the revellers swept, with shout

and song, through the most populous streets of the city. The night was well advanced, when, weary and fleeing before the guardians of the city, they entered a drinking-house, an evil which, in New Orleans, is to be found at every corner. An affray was the consequence. The manner and cause of its commencement, by whom instigated, all were too inebriated to explain. It closed with the death of one of the servants of the establishment, who was struck down by the young man from the country. The guilty youth was arrested, arraigned, tried, condemned, and adjudged to suffer the last penalty of the law. His widowed mother and a sister—she who leaned upon the good Samaritan's arm—hastened to the city when the story of the son's misfortune burst upon their ears, which listened only for his voice telling of a happy return. The mother came stupefied with grief; the evil was too great for her to bear. She would sit for hours gazing upon vacancy; then wonder what could have brought one of her years to town, for her days of vanity had passed away; and then, when memory returned, and the reality of the dreadful calamity forced itself upon her, she would burst forth into the wildest woe, calling upon death. And what had this poor old woman done, that she should be thus visited upon the very brink of the grave? Why should not the sun of her existence, just sinking beneath the horizon, be suffered to go down undimmed by a cloud? And is the policy of that people who visit the crimes of the child upon the head of the parent founded in the eternal principles of justice? The ways of Providence are, indeed, past finding out! But the sister, she had youth, and youth is ever accompanied by Hope. Up to that day her courage never wavered. Though the body wasted away, became weak and sometimes failed, the soul within nerved itself against the assaults of fate, and grew stronger in the contest. Her voice was often heard in the still hours of night at her mother's bedside, in prayer, soothing her sorrows; but never in empty lamentation. She ministered daily to her brother in prison—put to flight his fears—pictured safety in the future—sat at his side in the court-room—searched the countenances of the jury; and as witness came forward after witness, whose every word heaped proof upon proof which fastened the dead man's blood upon her brother, she probed the testimony, and searched for innocence where, alas! nothing was to be found but guilt. The battle was for life, and she was equal to it. The evidence closed—the argument of counsel was heard—the judge delivered his charge—the jury left the box, and retired; as the last retreating form passed from the view, all eyes turned upon the prisoner—

upon the brother and the sister: there they sat, side and side. His countenance changed—his head fell and rested upon his breast. How much of life was crowded into those few moments of expectation! It was too much for him to bear. Not so the sister. Her face still beamed with hope—she seemed an angel, with a message of mercy to fallen man. The crowded court-room was still as the chamber of death. Many a tear flowed, but her eyes were undimmed. Many a half-stifled sob was heard, but it was not her breast which heaved. The ticking of the clock upon the wall became painfully distinct, and seconds were lengthened into minutes, as each one counted the passage of time. The jury returned; twelve honest men drawn from the body of the people. "Jury, look upon the prisoner. Prisoner, look upon the jury. What is your verdict?" The prisoner rose, and leaned over the dock towards the foreman. How fearful were the changing passions which chased each other over his face! "Guilty." The blood, which had mounted to the brain, rushed back upon the heart, and the prisoner fell heavily and senseless at his sister's feet.

There was yet a power greater than the court—able to save. The sister embraced the knees of the executive; she literally bathed his feet with her tears. She asked for mercy, and was told that the law must take its course. Then it was that hope took a last farewell; and the woman, half unsexed, assumed a sternness of character which sat strangely upon one of a make so delicate. Her tears dried up in their sources, and from that hour to the morning of the Sabbath when I first met her at the Cathedral was never seen to weep, never heard to complain. Her days she gave to her brother in prison, preparing him for his approaching passage from this world to the next; and her nights she passed with her mother in prayer. She was then to visit that brother for the last time—the morrow was appointed for his execution.

We stood before the prison door—a long, low, dingy-looking building, upon the same square with the Cathedral, but fronting on a cross street. It was built of brick, of the same order of architecture, and apparently of the same date with the church. Many a queer story is told of its first uses, when the priest, under the Spanish regime, was more powerful than the civic authority; yet it has probably always filled the same office, since a similar building, which flanks the Cathedral on the opposite side, is occupied by the courts of justice; so that law, religion, and crime, the judge, the priest, and the criminal, are here, in their dwellings, made to typify that close juxtaposition which is known to exist in society.

The old gray-headed turnkey bowed re-

spectfully, and, used as he was to such scenes, a shade of sorrow settled upon his countenance as he recognised a face which had so often presented itself before his grated portal. He even endeavoured to throw something of kindness into his manner of turning back the rusty bolts, and swinging open the iron door which closed the entrance.

We passed through a narrow, damp passage-way to a small cell upon the ground floor. The old turnkey hobbled after us and drew the bolts, although it was the office of another, for he said he loved to wait upon the lady. The door swung heavily back, and we stood in the presence of the condemned. There he sat, upon a pallet of straw, in the centre of the cell, gyved, manacled, and chained to its stony floor. His head was bowed down and rested upon his knees, which were drawn up so as to serve for its support. How changed from the youth of eighteen summers! A few short months of mental torture had already impressed upon his vigorous frame many of the marks of age. A pitcher of water and a loaf of stale bread, his daily allowance, remained untouched. What a mockery! Do hunger and thirst follow us into the grave!

The lady withdrew from the good Samaritan, and beckoning the old jailer to her side, whispered with him apart; he nodded assent, and left the cell. The good Samaritan and myself would have followed, but she arrested our steps, and, as the door closed upon us, pointed to a small, narrow aperture which opened into the passage, and was designed for the purpose of enabling the sentinel to watch, unobserved, the movements of the prisoner within. We placed ourselves before it. The lady advanced, and stood before her brother. He moved not, unconscious of her presence. Where were his thoughts—in this world, or in the next? How much was to be left—the whole of this busy life, its evil and its good, its joys and its sorrows, crowded into a few brief hours! How much was to be entered upon—the mighty hereafter, vague, uncertain, terrible, also crowding in, and claiming a divided empire over thought! The sister stood—also motionless—and looked down upon her brother with the cold, still, fixed face of death-despair copied in marble. It was a fearful sight; yet I gazed till her features grew rigid to my imagination, shadowing forth some stern resolve of the mind within. "George?" The condemned sprang to his feet. "My sister!" She clasped him in her arms—hung upon his neck—glued her lips to his—their hearts were in their mouths, and choked the sobs which might have given a relief to grief. The good Samaritan turned to the wall.

"And I heard a great voice out of heav-

en, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

"George," said the lady, tearing herself from her brother, and resuming her former self-possession, "you have endured much. Those sunken cheeks and that wrinkled brow should have come with the flight of years; but sorrow changes more rapidly than time. You have suffered much; but there is one last shame which you must not suffer. For yourself, for me, for the mother who travailed with you in pain, be equal to the occasion. George, it is finished; we part to meet no more. Have you prayed?"

George raised his manacled hands. "May God forgive me, and have mercy upon my soul."

"Amen," responded the sister; and taking a small dirk from her bosom, she inserted the hilt between the iron and his wrist, with its point turned towards his breast.

"Hold!"

The condemned extended his arms to their full length, then drawing them quickly back, he buried the blade in his heart, and fell without a groan.

The good Samaritan bent over the poor youth, drew the weapon from his body, felt his pulse, turned aside, and wept like a child.

I called to the keepers without; the old turnkey and his assistants rushed in; it was too late: their office with the prisoner was at an end.

But the sister? She stood, as before, looking down upon her brother.

The old turnkey approached, and began, in a querulous tone, to complain of the deception she had practised upon him. She put him gently aside. The good Samaritan offered his arm to conduct her out of the prison. She raised her large blue eyes, and scanned his face as if it had been that of a stranger.

"My God! she has lost her reason!" exclaimed the good Samaritan.

"Hist! my brother sleeps," said the lady; "do not wake him. He has returned from a long journey. How sweetly he rests; yet how changed! When he left us, that form, now so emaciated, glowed with health; but he shall leave us no more." And she knelt down by her brother's body, and kissed his forehead, and smoothed back his hair, and whispered soft words of endearment in his ear. "He will dream of me," said she, "and will know that I am with him."

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That was the last that I saw of the lady in tears. She was led out a maniac from the cell, and died a few weeks after, raving of her brother. A sister's love, who can define it! Less selfish than a mother, more pure than a wife, she possesses the warmth and devotedness of both. She has the softness without the grossness which springs from the distinction of the sexes, and is like the spirits of Heaven, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CEMETERY.

"Let every one, physician or not, freely declare his sentiments about it; let him assign any credible account of its rise, or the cause strong enough, in his opinion, to induce so terrible a scene. I shall only relate what it actually was; and as, from an information in all its symptoms, none may be quite at a loss about it, if ever it should happen again, I shall give an exact detail of them; having been sick of it myself, and seen many others afflicted with it."—THUCYDIDES.

ARGUMENT.

The Sabbath in New Orleans.—A Festival for the Poor.—The Cemeteries of New Orleans.—Meet the Biographer of the respectable-looking old Gentleman.—Epitaphs.—Yellow Fever.—Contrast between January and September in New Orleans.—New Orleans visited with Yellow Fever.—Its Approach, Attack, and Possession.—The readiness with which its Ravages are forgotten.—Solomon Moses.

THE good Samaritan and myself parted at the prison door. We both desired to be alone. He sought his closet; for such events, as he afterward told me, induced feelings which could be relieved only by prayer. I turned to the crowded thoroughfares of the city, and strove to dissipate among the light of heart the gloom which oppressed me. The Levee was active with life. The merchant was there, engaged in his usual pursuits; and the man of pleasure, whiling away a vacant hour. But the merry laugh, the buying and selling, the parade of dress, the vacant stare of idle curiosity, the sober, anxious look of business, the rattling of drays, the song of the negro at his never-ending task, all ill accorded with my feelings, and I sought another quarter of the city.

New Orleans cannot be said to "groan beneath the weight of churches." With a resident population of more than one hundred thousand, one half of which is of the reformed religion, it possesses but eight Protestant houses of worship. These ought to be well filled; yet one is closed for want of patronage, another—the Episcopal—is but thinly attended, and a third is the private property of a wealthy Jew, who, with a liberality never looked for among those of his tribe, has bestowed the usufruct of his temple upon the natural enemies of his faith. Such facts justify, to

the casual observer, opinions unfavourable to the morals of the city; but their causes lie deeper than the surface, and spring from the peculiar structure of its society. The Sabbath, throughout much the largest portion of Christendom, is regarded more as a festival than as a day for severe religious discipline, strict quietude, and formal manners; and it may be doubted whether that change in the mode of its observance, which was first introduced by the Puritans of England, has been favourable to virtue. The earlier Christians appear in no way to have distinguished the first day of the week from the five which immediately follow it, excepting as being that upon which their great Master rose from the dead. A convert to Christianity was then necessarily also a convert to Judaism, for one is based upon the other; and if we take away the Prophets, the Evangelists fall to the ground. But as the new religion extended itself and acquired strength, the first day of the week naturally grew in favour, while the seventh dwindled in consideration until it wholly lost its pre-eminence. The great Church, called the Catholic, whose history is so full of wonders that we should deem it fabulous, did we not know the machinery with which it wrought—means equal to its ends—soon learned to turn to its own advantage the respect felt for a day distinguished by an event so important as the first resurrection; and with an admirable policy, which consulted at one and the same time its temporal and its spiritual interests, it gave a festival to the believer and a holyday to the poor. The poor, wearied with six days of labour, need recreation as well as rest; and a comparative view of the statistics of crime proves mirth to be a better guardian of morals than the ascetic institutions of Protestantism. The earlier settlers of Louisiana brought with them the liberal opinions of Catholic Europe, and, whether right or wrong, those who have come after them, from whatever quarter of the globe and of whatever sect, have deemed it wise to adopt the sentiments and the manners of their predecessors. If, then, there is less of church-going in New Orleans than in any other city of equal magnitude in the United States; if hilarity and lightness of heart take precedence of soberness and sectarian severity, the diversity arises, not out of any inferiority in virtue, or lack of those moral qualities which render man acceptable in the eyes of his Creator, but from a difference of education, and consequent philosophic view of religion and its institutions. It would be difficult to choose between the comparative excellences of the Sabbath in New England and the Sabbath in New Orleans: both are fitted for the people by whom they have been respectively moulded and made to assume their sev-

eral characteristics, and both possess an admirable moral influence. If the New-Englander is more strict in forms, and hedges himself about with outer barriers against vice, the Orleansian gains in liberality—in that charity, without which all else is but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. The wealthy Jew, spoken of above, is a fine illustration of the truth of my observations; and were additional proof necessary, I might refer to a well-known invitation proffered by a Protestant governor to a Hebrew friend, requesting his attendance at *Te Deum*. The Protestant and the Jew entered the Cathedral side and side, and were by no means among the least edified by the service.

As I passed along the thoroughfares of the city I found them crowded with walkers, and children playing before every door. It was a beautiful sight; and on the Sabbath, too! the innocent gambols of youth are a sweet hymn in praise of the beneficence of the Creator.

I sought the homes of the dead.

New Orleans has five cemeteries; of these, the Catholic and two Protestant are unique in plan and method of interment. Each is enclosed with a brick wall of arched cavities, or ovens, as they are here called, made just large enough to admit a single coffin, and raised, tier upon tier, to a height of about twelve feet, with a thickness of ten.

The whole enclosure is divided into plats, with gravel paths intersecting each other at right angles, and is densely covered with tombs, built wholly above ground, and from one to three stories in height. This method of sepulture is adopted from necessity; and burial under ground is never attempted, excepting in "the Potters' Field," where the stranger without friends, and the poor without money, find an uncertain rest, the water, with which the soil is always saturated, often forcing the coffin and its contents out of its narrow and shallow cell, to rot with no other covering than the arch of heaven.*

* When burial beneath ground is impossible, sepulture above must, it would seem, be resorted to from necessity. But it may be questioned whether the effluvia necessarily arising from the decomposition of the dead of so large a city, more especially during the hot months, is not one great source of the fever that frequently scourges New Orleans, and is now the only obstacle to its assuming, at an early day, its natural position at the head of American cities. It were well for the Orleansian if long custom and the prejudices of education did not forbid a resort to the most ancient and reasonable mode of interment: I allude to the funeral-pyre and the urn. Interments within the limits of the city, at least, ought to be forbidden. In *urbe sepelito, neve urito*, says a law of the twelve tables; and the fourth article of a decree of the 23d Prairial, in the twelfth year of the French Republic, wisely prescribes that, *aucune inhumation ne peut avoir lieu dans les églises, temples, synagogues, hôpitaux, chapelles publiques, et généralement dans aucun des édifices fermés*

The cemetery in which I now stand looks as if modelled after a growing city. The tombs have an air of freshness about them which betrays their newness—nothing seems of yesterday—the peculiarity of their structure, their close juxtaposition filling the plats like blocks of buildings, the well-gravelled paths between, the wall about the whole, with its numerous receptacles for the dead rising story above story, check the fancy, and almost persuade the visitor to believe he stands in the midst of a panorama of what the great mart which feeds it is to be. Even the little slabs of black and white marble, affixed like door-plates to the mouths of the tombs, carved with the names of their occupants, giving dates of birth and death, help out the illusion—they were all so young, one can hardly believe them to be of the dead! Yet that fact tells a world of sorrow, and discourses more eloquently than could the most gifted tongue, of the true character of that city, which here finds its final resting-place—its comparative newness, its advantages of trade, the great influx of aspiring youth, the periodical visit of the destroyer; the periodical passing away of thousands in the bloom of life, while more than thousands rush in to fill their places, again to pass away—again to be more than supplied by new adventurers: thus running a continual round; a race after death, while New Orleans, unchecked, strides onward towards the goal of its destiny. Is man, with all his intellect, a playing in the hands of fate? Mephistophiles would laugh till his sides cracked amid the tombs of the cemeteries of New Orleans.

I sat myself down by a tomb newly raised, and read the inscription: "Died of yellow fever, 17th Oct., A. L., a native of Hamburg, aged 28."

"The dead speak to us more eloquently than the living," said one at my elbow. I turned, and recognised in the speaker my late-formed acquaintance, the biographer of the "respectable-looking old gentleman," accompanied by his shadow, the doctor.

"Those who are buried here do, indeed, warn us of the shortness of life; yet they speak to us of but one disease," said I, inviting the two friends to take a seat at my side.

"Yellow fever—yes—ah, it makes the heart bleed to read these dates," said the doctor. "Life was with them, in truth, but a span, yet how crowded with activity and hope—Hope! where is it! all buried here. Cast your eye along that wall; of the hundreds who now rest within it, not one saw fifty years! They were all foreign to the state; and each came an ad-

venturer—a man of promise, freighted with the good wishes of friends, the prayers of relatives, and hoping—what? to amass wealth, return, and die, full of years, at the same hearth which knew their boyhood. The pestilence came; the little marble plates tell you much, but they do not tell you all. The man dies; but where are parents, brothers, sisters, wife, children, friends! The blow which struck him down planted a thorn in their several breasts. The relations of society are more numerous than the nerves of the body, and are equally the recipients of pleasure and pain; multiply their number by three thousand, and you will arrive at some estimate of the sorrow consequent upon one season of pestilence in New Orleans. Were you ever in the city during an epidemic?"

"Never."

"Then you do not know it. The pendulum vibrates equal segments on each side of its point of rest; and our eight months of bustle, business, joy, fashion, and dissipation are followed by a season of corresponding quiet, stillness, death. A stranger passing down Chartres-street on a warm sunny day in the month of January would imagine that he had at last found the El Dorado of Francis Orellana, so happy looks every face, so crowded are its walks with the beauty of every clime. Hours from Paradise, decked with all that is rare and costly, shows on every side, the manners, dress, luxury of every people, crowded into one narrow street, with the polished, fastidious taste of France presiding over and harmonizing all. Walk through the same street on a hot, sultry day in September. Where now are the crowds that blocked your path, the man of pleasure and of business, the beauty that demanded homage and received it, the costly stuffs, the roll of carriages, the busy shopman; life as civilization has made it, as the congregating in cities has made it? A pestilence stalks through the city, and you start at the sound of your own footfall! A solitary passenger hurries past, giving a wide berth lest contact might contaminate; or if he speaks, it is only to inform you that the friend you parted with in health but yesterday, he saw huddled into his grave to-day. The shops are closed, for there are no buyers; and a bit of black crape tacked to a panel of the door tells you that the destroyer has been within. All is solitude; the solitude of the city, not of the forest. The deep forest! there is a luxury in its solitude; a returning to a state of nature; an independence of all beings save one; a liberation from conventional restraints; the mind is at rest; the heart, the whole body dilates; we become familiar with every stream; the trees know us, the wild flowers are our friends, and the green leaves seem like old acquaintances.

où les citoyens de réunissent pour la célébration de leurs cultes, ne dans l'enceinte des villes et bourgs.

We look in every sunny spot, and stretch ourselves beneath every shady copse; we grow better and milder of spirit, so that even the little birds feel conscious of their security, and chirp and carol about as if to give a merry welcome to one who loves what they love, and enjoys what they enjoy. But the solitude of the city, the living, growing city, is terrible! The traveller who visits the seats of ancient greatness, Thebes, or Tyre, or Babylon, finds but what he looks for. He peoples their deserted places with generations whose names are blotted out with the passage of centuries; imagination rebuilds the gorgeous palaces which have crumbled beneath the touch of time, and the busy hum of multitudes rises up in their midst; the prince, the slave, the proud soldier, the wealthy trafficker in barbaric commerce, each in his appropriate costume, are there, and he lives in an age of three thousand years ago. The spell breaks; the picture which fancy limned passes away like vapour, and the desert is again present to him; but it is not unpleasing; it does not depress, for it is natural. Nations, like men, have their old age, decay, and death. The places they occupied are full of poetry; to stand upon their grave is sublimity. Such are not the feelings of one who finds silence where he expected noise, and vacuity where he looked for a crowd. I describe what I have seen."

"I fear," said I, "what you have said will not induce me to run the risk of acclimation; do, then, my dear doctor, tell me what yellow fever is. Is there no escape? Must all pass the ordeal?"

"Yes; persons of every age, colour, and condition; even Creoles of the state are not exempt from its attack. But do not ask what yellow fever is. See it, and you will know it, at least in its effects.* We of the profession define it, and no two

agree in the definition. Science! Physical science! It may be in the books; what is it in practice? utter darkness. We grope about like blind men, and find our way, if at all, by accident. Thucydides has described the plague at Athens; Boccaccio, the plague at Florence; De Foe, the plague at London: read them, they are admirable; and when the horrors they portray take a form and a reality—are around and about you—when you find yourself in their very midst, then do you stand in New Orleans contending with its scourge. Misery, when described, needs only to be added to; its recital is less appalling than its reality. Look above you; the air is clear, the sun goes down unobscured even by vapour. One would not look for pestilence in such an atmosphere; yet the sky is as pure, the verdure as fresh, the breeze as tranquil, in our season of sickness! All is deception; you stand in the midst of dangers you know not of, and, with the soft air you breathe, inhale a poison destructive to life!"

"And can there be happiness in the life you describe?" said I. "A large city's population in health looking forward to the annual return of sickness! A sickness which comes, not as it comes elsewhere, in various forms, scattered through all the seasons, intermingled with health, a gradual march from the cradle to the grave, imperceptible, and therefore unnoticed, but of one form, certain; certain as the travel of the sun through its course; universal, striking down all. Such a life would be well bartered for a seat with Damocles at the banquet-table. I should sit, like Faust, and count the hours, as they fled, till the destroyer came."

"Is there anything more terrible than the certainty of death?" said the doctor. "It is an evil we cannot escape; it must pass upon us all! Yet you mingle with the busy throng of men, labour, get gain, riot in pleasure, laugh, grow fat, and die. Such is the constitution of man; and it is wise. The thousands who yearly crowd our city to find a grave, are like the thousands who crowd the cities of the Levant, Constantinople, Alexandria, Cairo; the cities of British India, Calcutta, Bombay: each hopes to live where he knows that another will die. Stay with us, and see the change from health to sickness. As the hot months draw near, the city's dense population grows sparse, like the moon waning from her fulness. The visitants of a season, and the rich, who love life, leave us. As the summer draws to its close, anxiety increases; and our citizens congregate in the public places and at the corners of the streets, like the Athenians of old, inquiring after some new thing. 'Has it come?' 'Will it come?' Rumours start up, are entertained, contradicted, and

* The common course of the fever is to commence, often without any preceding indisposition or premonitory warning, with a chill, which lasts sometimes half an hour, usually less; though sometimes it is absent. This chill is followed by high fever, with an intense super-orbital pain, apparently unconnected with great disordered action of the brain, as the intellectual functions are generally unimpaired, though occasionally there is delirium; a peculiar inflamed, glossy appearance of the eye, easily recognised, but difficult to describe, a strange compound of muddiness and lustre; pulse 120°; great thirst, and desire for cold drinks, with occasional vomiting; pain and heat of stomach; tongue white on surface, with red edges; this generally continues, with more or less intensity, from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, when there is a remission of all the symptoms, and the patient often feels very well. There is often an anxious expression of the countenance, and jactitation. This condition continues from twelve to twenty-four hours, depending very much upon the treatment; if it recur, fever returns, with vomiting or delirium; pain in the head; often suppression of urine; hæmorrhages; extreme sensibility of stomach; black vomit; death.

die away; the city gradually sinks into a state of repose, and a feeling of security takes possession of all. Then it is that the pestilence strikes, like an armed warrior in the midst of a sleeping camp! A victim falls—the fearful fly, but fly too late! One hurries on shipboard, with the vain hope of reaching a distant port; another trusts to the power of steam to bear him beyond the reach of disease; each yields to his fate midway his journey to a healthier clime. One mounts a noble steed, and the horse and his rider are seen flying as if from a battle-field; fear sits at his back—death follows hard at his heels—safety in the distance—but, alas! that goal is never to be attained. Death bestrides a courser which knows not weariness, and the speed of the racer is vain. Another stands still, stupified with terror, and dies without an effort made for self-preservation. Another shuts himself up, resorts to a system of non-intercourse, enforces the laws of quarantine among his own household, and dies of fright. The pestilence, which at first selected here and there a victim, as if to awaken a general terror by the suddenness and desultory method of its attack, now assumes a more regular mode of warfare, and passes through the city by sections; slow and sure in its march, the door-posts of the acclimated are alone passed by. The city is hushed and quiet as the house of mourning; silence reigns through all its streets, undisturbed except by the rattle of the hearse and physician's gig; even the Levee, that busy mart of the products of so many climes, is deserted, and presents to the eye a long, narrow strip of hot sand, unobstructed by a single proof of the wealth which now covers its surface. New Orleans is in the midst of an epidemic, and the young giant of the West stands shorn of his strength, feeble, tottering, wrestling with his enemy for existence!

"And within one short month all is forgotten!" said I. "Affliction, when passed, usually leaves the prints of its footsteps behind; but one would look in vain for a trace of them about the streets of your city. Time ordinarily brings with him forgetfulness, but forgetfulness here anticipates his coming."

"We become blunted to sorrow," said the doctor; "we see too much of it to permit ourselves to brood over its effects. We learn to forget from a principle of self-preservation, and fly to Democritus, lest Heraclitus drive us mad. Were we to mourn, we should scarcely doff the weeds of one season before we should be called to put on those of another. Use changes our natures most strangely; yet there are scenes which cannot be forgotten. I wish it were otherwise, and the fabled Lethe a reality; I would suffer an immersion, were it only

to blot out the memory of the poor wretch who lies there. Read the inscription.

"S. M."

"Yes, it is he—Solomon Moses. I was his physician; the only patient over whose death-bed I have not wept. A physician, like a lawyer, takes a personal interest in his case; and as he watches the progress of a disease through all its different stages to its crisis, when the principle of life, like the lambent flame, hovers upon a point, uncertain whether to part or not, the man subdues the profession, and something more than practical skill is concerned in the result. But his death was to me a relief; and I would barter my doctorate in exchange for utter forgetfulness of that small portion of his life, perhaps not the saddest, with which I am acquainted. He died of the last epidemic. I will tell you his story. You may consider it fiction; it will be the better way to brush it from your memory, should you find occasion. Solomon was a Jew, a Hamburg Jew. Do you not hate Jews? I do. It is an acquired prejudice, of late date. I was born in New England, where a Jew is a natural curiosity; and, until I came to this city, was disposed to compassionate a race whose present condition is a miracle, more strongly evidencing the mission of Christ than the many he performed while a pilgrim upon earth. But here one comes in continual contact with these outcasts of heaven, and we soon learn that their moral, as their physical character, is little changed from what it was in the days of Pharaoh. Let me tell you a secret. Never trust a Jew until you know him to be a holder of real estate; he cannot put that into his pocket."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE JEW'S STORY.

"Note how, even with the point of a diamond, by what oblique steps and imaginable preparations the High Disposer sometimes contrives the secrets of his will."—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

"Allmächtig ist doch das gold,

Auch Mähren kanns bleichen."—SCHILLER.

"Tu me demandes s'il y a des juifs en France. Sache que partout où il y a de l'argent il y a des juifs."—MONTESQUIEU.

ARGUMENT.

Solomon flies Hamburg.—Arrives at Charleston.—Migrates to New Orleans.—The Doctor makes his Acquaintance.—Solomon's Stock in Trade.—Solomon's Tale of his Brother.—Solomon's Criticism of Smollett's Count Fathom.—Solomon's Anxious Inquiries after the Yellow Fever.—Solomon's Speculation.—Solomon finds the Yellow Fever.—Solomon sells his first Coffin.—Solomon visits the Doctor at Night.—Solomon takes the Fever.—The Doctor's Practique.—Solomon's Death.

"Solomon was compelled to leave Hamburg, in consequence of being detected in an attempt to cheat the customs by intro-

* Qui nunquam quievit, quiescit.—TAC.

ducing loaf-sugar within the city free of duty. He cut it into small pieces, and concealed the lumps in his mouth; the loss by dissolution was more than compensated by the escape of the excise. He fled; and, concealing himself on board an American ship—it is a wonder she did not founder at sea—reached Charleston, South Carolina, in safety. The first person Solomon met, on landing, was a Jew; and he used to say that the streets of that city so swarmed with those of his tribe that he was half inclined to believe himself not yet clear of the justice of Europe. Were you ever in Charleston? The people are hospitable, noble, generous; but the city, now much fallen off from its former importance, is in a state of gradual decay, and may be best described as a town noted for the size of its private dwellings, the number of its negro population, its numerous private carriages, its poverty, pride, and Jews—the last the greater evil of the catalogue. Was it ever supposed that that city was the appointed gathering-place for the race? No other hypothesis will account for the multitude we find there. However, the opinion, if ever entertained, has been rejected, for they are fast emigrating to every other section of our country, and the largest stream appears to have set in this direction. Solomon was a man to scent poverty as far as a crow will scent carrion; and, soon taking leave of his newly-acquired friends, he made his appearance in this city in the spring of —. It was on the twentieth of March of that year that I formed his acquaintance. The date is fixed in my memory, for he made a strong impression at our first interview. I was strolling about the city in search of chambers, and entered the open hall of a house in — street, to make inquiries. ‘Come in!’ said a shrill, piercing, pipe-like voice, in answer to my knock upon an inner door. I accepted the invitation. A little, thin, shrivelled-up man of some fifty years—you know his features; a Jew’s face is a Jew’s face all the world over; pure blood theirs, unmixed since the days of Abraham—poorly clad in a dress made up of the odds and ends of a slop-shop, presented himself before me. He bowed with fawning reverence, and hoped he might ‘ave de ‘onour von do me vun leetle service.’ I made known the occasion of my visit.

“Vill de gintleman sit vun five minute!” said Solomon, handing me the only chair in his room; ‘I vill write his name on dis leetle paper!’ and he drew a pencil from his pocket, and stood before me in the attitude of an amanuensis, awaiting the words he was to inscribe.

“Do you keep an intelligence office?” I inquired.

“Anyting, ev’ryting, for get monish!”

said the little Jew, his small, dark, sunken eyes twinkling in their sockets with the idea of adding to his scanty hoard. ‘I hunt monish all my life; dis vun goot chity—I look ev’ryvere—do anyting—fill all commissions, von cotton to ol’ clo’—shave note—hire monish mit deposit, only fifty per cent. per monsh—find lost tog; goot teal tog lost in dis chity—very poor; always poor—vill you puy a vatch!’ and Solomon drew from his breeches pocket an old time-keeper of Romilly’s make.

“I declined purchasing.

“Puy anyting else—penknife, razor, pen, seal, finger-ring, breast-pin, fish-hook, tog-collar, slipper, tooth-pick, handkerchief, comb, soap, pomatum!” continued the Jew, producing all the different articles enumerated, one by one, from about his person. It was astonishing how he could find stowage for so much, and yet look so attenuated. It was a secret he had learned, as he afterward told me, in cheating the customs of Hamburg. Not at all disconcerted by a second refusal, Solomon again renewed his attack upon my purse, by attempting to underlease me the chamber he occupied at an advance upon his own rent.

“And what will you do with all this lumber, Mr. Moses?” said I, looking around the apartment, which was more than half filled with the mixed stock in trade of all the different departments in business he aimed to fill.

“Plunder! plunder!” exclaimed Solomon, with the affrighted air of a rogue detected in his villany, ‘I plunders nobody. Dis ish mein lawful gains—anyting you wants?’ and he commenced turning over and exhibiting the inner parts of heaps of rubbish which the poor of the city would have spurned to collect for comfort. Solomon, as he subsequently told me, was surprised to find, in looking about him in New Orleans, what he called an immense extravagance among the rich, and a corresponding blindness among the poor, and he at once resolved to profit by the oversight of both classes. He had, in Europe, known immense fortunes amassed by traffic in the scrapings of the streets of its cities; and when he saw the sweepings of our stores waiting the public carts, when he walked upon the Levee, and saw its surface white with flocks of cotton which lay unheeded until trodden into the dust and mud, his heart beat with the bright hope of an old Spanish adventurer, when, amid the mountains of Peru, he discovered a virgin mine, which only needed working to ensure wealth. But Solomon looked upon the surface of things. He did not understand society as it exists in this new world of ours. Our population is not yet sufficiently dense, the rich are not yet rich enough, nor the poor poor enough to sustain that

branch of the business of life which, like a mule, feeds upon the offal of all the others. Solomon's merchandise found no buyers, and often did he curse that newness of the country, that sparseness of its population, that facility of gaining a livelihood, which rendered his pursuits not only worthless, but a nuisance. I declined bargaining for any part or parcel of his gatherings; but observing a richly-mounted fowling-piece standing in one corner of the room, inquired the price of it.

"'Vat, mein gun!' exclaimed Solomon; 'I no sell him, nein, not for vun thousand tollar. He save mein life.'

"'Then you have some fear of burglars, Mr. Moses,' said I, smiling at the idea of thieves pouncing upon such treasure.

"'Ich verstehe, I understand,' said Solomon; 'leettle danger of tief mit such goods. But 'tis not for dat I love him; 'tis for vun sarvice he do me in mein vater land;' and the little Jew's eyes glowed with an expression of mingled revenge and satisfaction, and his swarthy features grew blacker, as his memory turned back to the event to which he alluded, and brought it in review before him. 'Harkee!' said he, approaching my side, and bringing his mouth close to my ear. 'Mein bruder, mein only bruder would rob me, and I shot him!'

"'Murdered your brother!' exclaimed I, starting from my seat.

"'Nein, nein, not murdered, not murdered—quite; yet it vere vell to do it—rob vun of de tribe! 'tis deash by de Talmut.'

"Solomon, when in his palmy days at Hamburg, kept his money and most valued jewels in belts, which, during the day, he wore about his person, but at night deposited in a small iron box concealed behind a moveable wainscot near the head of his bed. His brother discovered the secret, and resolved to possess himself of the treasure. 'Dat,' said Solomon, 'vash not vun easy ting for to do; for I sleep mit vun eye open lookin' dis vay—d'ye see!' and the Jew composed his features to a state of rest, closed his left eye, and imitated sleep; the right, which was open, remained fixed and motionless. 'It is a false one,' said I; he immediately reversed the experiment. It was an art which he had acquired after long practice and much suffering, and was resorted to as the only safeguard to one who lies down amid the starving thousands of a European city. Bolts and bars—what are they against the attempts of men whose wits are quickened by gnawing hunger, or avarice, or a desire to obtain the means of slaking those artificial appetites for pleasure which luxury first created, and long use made necessary. Straws—mere straws—worse than straws; for they induce a false security. The brother knew of Solomon's acquired facul-

ty, and leaped upon him at midnight, with a drawn dagger in his hand. Solomon eluded his grasp, sprang from his bed, and fled to the opposite extremity of the room; the brother pursued him. Solomon had that day purchased the gun I wished to bargain for of a young spendthrift, a lover of sporting; it was the last wreck of his fortune. 'He vash starving,' said Solomon, 'and I gave him a ducat for it. De poy said it vash true, ha! ha! ha! it vash so.' He made the young spendthrift charge the piece as if to give it a trial, and then declined the experiment to save the powder and lead; 'dat vash clean gain.' Having deposited the weapon in his bedchamber, he now found an earlier use for it than he had looked for. He had merely time to seize, raise it, and fire; the brother fell a cripple for life. 'Ha! ha! ha! yesh, vun cripple forever,' said Solomon, and his lank sides shook with laughter. What a fiend! thought I. Solomon had been too much among men not to read the thoughts in their index, the face, and assuming a serious air, 'Vash it not right?' said he; 'it vash for mein life.'

"One may do that from necessity, which he will grieve over afterward,' said I. The Jew did not choose to understand the allusion.

"'And what became of your brother, Mr. Moses?' said I.

"'He still at Hamburg,' said Solomon, 'de richest 'Ebrew of de Jews' quarter.'

"And well he might be; for, as Solomon said, shortly after the attempt made upon his life, his brother cheated him out of his whole estate in a business transaction. But for this last act of kindness he bore him no ill-will. Solomon would have done the same thing. When two expert gamblers sit down to play, honesty is out of the question—to cheat is a part of the game. Solomon had purchased of his brother a hundred packages of diamonds, which, on being opened for manufacture, proved to be spurious; Solomon's venders returned them upon his hands, but the transaction between himself and his brother had, for certain reasons connected with the customs, been a secret one, and he was ruined.

"I often met with Solomon subsequent to this interview. His estimation of the morality of others was based upon a consciousness of his own utter want of integrity; and nothing could be more bitter and general than his denunciations, of which his own nation, as they are the most deserving, so they received the largest portion. Unfortunately, if ill-success, adduced by vice, may be called misfortune, an emigrant, poor, with the debilities of age creeping upon him, he had settled down into a fixed hatred of his species. For what end was such a being created? From his cradle to his grave a lie had been more familiar to

his lips than the truth; and as he had been taught that virtue had no beauty, he could see in vice no deformity. He sometimes came to my rooms for a hereditary complaint he had, and would sit till late in the night, recounting stories of the dishonest practices of his brethren, and the means by which such immense fortunes have been amassed in Europe, from sources seemingly the most humble and insignificant; and, after relating some act of superlative rascality, requiring for its design, conduct, and final completion tact and physical courage, as well as utter dereliction of principle, he would rub his hands, laugh, and wish he had been made such a man. He had a German translation of Smollet's *Count Fathom*, which he made his inseparable companion, and was the text upon which all his discourses and tales were a running commentary. He used to say that Fathom was the most admirable character in the whole world of fiction, and that Smollet's novel embraced all those principles and maxims of conduct which are best fitted to ensure success. That Fathom was made to be finally unfortunate, he attributed not to a just delineation of the natural consequences of crime, but to the policy of a writer, who wished to conciliate the foolish prejudices of his readers. One who knew so well how to delineate a villain, he thought might have imparted much useful knowledge to a friend, and often wished he might have received the benefit of his instruction. I hated him. I believe I have a proper charity for my species—may Heaven forgive me if I am wrong—but I hated the little Jew mortally. He seemed so much to resemble an incarnation of those lesser and more malignant fiends Asmodius speaks of. I avoided him; and for three months the reptile never crossed my path.

"It was in the latter part of the month of July, when rumours of the expected epidemic became rife, that, passing along—street, I saw Solomon coming hurriedly towards me, with an anxious look, as if he had some important inquiry to make, or communication to impart.

"Ah, toctor, no tead yet!" said he, drawing up so immediately in front of me that I found it impossible to pass.

"Is there such a report, Mr. Moses?" said I.

"Oh, mein Got, no; but the tam fever ish come! You no see him yet, toctor?" and the little Jew looked up into my face with the expression of one who wishes that his question may not be answered in the negative.

"Do not be alarmed, Mr. Moses," said I; 'if the epidemic comes at all, it is yet too early for its appearance.'

"Alarmt! early!" exclaimed Solomon, *echoing my words in a tone of disappointment.*

"Me no alarmt, toctor; no, te tam fever no touch me. I vash porn in te filth of Europe—lived in it—'tish mine element—should 'ave died long go, but 'ave not blood enough to feed him—noting but skin and bone—I vish he vash here—too early, did you say, toctor? But he will come.'

"Why do you think so?"

"'Because ev'rybody say sho.'

"And what reasons do they give for their opinion, Mr. Moses?"

"Te best in te world, toctor; 'tis sho very dry, and 'tis sho very vet—'tis sho very 'ot, and 'tis sho very colt—he must come. Vat you say, toctor?"

"This is the season for rumours. When the active business of the city is over, and men have nothing else to do, they speculate upon a possible evil; but, judging from my experience in these matters, I think we shall have no sickness this year, Mr. Moses," said I.

"Vash! no shickness, toctor! Mein Got, I pe vun ruined man!"

"Ruined! How! You have not turned physician!"

"Pysic! tam pysic; pegging your pardon, toctor. No, no; you may kill," said Solomon, 'I vill pury. Come vun five minute; look in mein room, den you see vat for I vish him here, dat tam yellow fever. He no come, py Got, I go bring him,' and Solomon continued muttering and gesticulating as he walked like one ill at ease with himself, from some recent disappointment. 'Dere, dere,' said he, throwing open the door, 'he no come, I be vun ruined man.' I started back with surprise. The room in which we had held our first interview was now nearly filled with coffins of all sizes, packed in nests, one upon the other, from the floor to the ceiling.

"You have caught the facility as well as the infection of the country, Mr. Moses," said I. 'We do not continue long in a sinking business, and thrive by change. Something of a leap from the man of all business to the undertaker.'

"I vill undertake to pury de whole of dis tam chity for half price, and clear vun million py de speculation, dat I vill, toctor," said Solomon. 'Let me she: vun thousand coffin, one thousand people, twenty thousand tollar; twenty thousand dollar ish fifteen thousand ducat: vun goot leetle sum for nine monsh in dis tam country, toctor. Den I go back and pribe dem tam officer of de excise, and cheat mein bruder for mein property. Ha! ha! ha! Goot!' And the little Jew slapped his breeches pockets as if he had already won the money he so unholily craved, by putting one half the city's population under the sod.

"But, toctor," resumed Solomon, assuming an air of seriousness, 'spose me die! It may pe! 'tis possible! Ve vill all die

sometime : it ish too true. Vash you say, toctor ?

"From the great progress made of late years in the science of chemistry, one may be justified in believing," said I, "that a medicine will soon be discovered capable of counteracting the effects both of disease and old age ; in that case, there would be no reason why a man should not live forever."

"D'ye tink sho ? Hope you not find dat secret fore next year. Shouldn't like to live mitout monish. Ah ! monish ish dat means. Mit monish ve can puy anything. Mit monish I vould pribe death, and puy out his kingdom. Ah ! get monish, toctor ; get monish."

"I turned from the Jew with disgust.

"Vun minute, toctor," said he, detaining me by the button. "Your friend die ; he vant coffin ; I sell him cheap. Only twenty tollar."

"And in what did the Jew differ from the busy population of this great city ! from the thousands who lie here, his fellow-sleepers in the grave !—the reward of avarice ! Money, what a god ! How potent to transform ! Beneath its touch, ugliness becomes beauty ; vice, virtue. Even nature looks doubly graceful when gilded by its pencil. What is sunshine to the poor ! What the bounteous profusion of Providence ! Tantalus, standing in water to his throat, dying of thirst. What to the poor man are the beauteous tints of the flower which springs up at his feet ! the cheerful green of the even plain ! the soft murmur of the waving forest ! the more grand and sublime forms of nature ! The mildest breeze is to him a cutting wind, piercing to the heart. Hunger is within, and all without is dark, dreary, desolate. Life to the poor is a mystery ; a pilgrimage, crowded with trials, wants, sufferings, from its beginning to its end. Life for them has no happiness : why were they born ! Why do they live ! But to the rich, winter is summer ; the rose looks up where thorns meet the tread of wapt ; all created things, even man, put on a smiling aspect ; the world, to them, is a garden made for pleasure. Why do they live ! Why do they not live forever ! Gold, thou art, indeed, worthy the homage of the millions who daily bow at thy shrine, for thou art all powerful, and alone, of all the divinities of earth, receivest a universal worship. Solomon, you were right. Get money. I can more than half pardon the errors of the Jew.

"Solomon, counting upon the possibility of himself falling a victim to yellow fever, had sought out an undertaker, to chaffer for a coffin before an increase of demand should induce a corresponding increase of price. The sum asked for so indispensable an article surprised him, and excited

his cupidity. After revolving the matter in his fruitful mind, he took his resolve, gathered up his effects, left the city, repaired to Cincinnati, and bargained for a thousand. They were made, and he had just returned with his adventure, ready to take advantage of the first rise in the market.

"Soon after this interview, the fever made its appearance. Solomon was the first to inform me of its arrival.

"I've seen him, toctor !" he exclaimed, bursting into my bedchamber in the morning before sunrise.

"Seen him ! Seen who ?

"Vy, te tam fever. He ish come ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! You say he no come ! ha ! ha ! ha ! He ish here, in dis tam chity. I see him mit mein own eye ; ha ! ha ! ha ! I shall die for laugh ; ha ! ha ! ha ! Drizig tousand tollar, dat ish fifteen tousand ducat. I bin sick ; ha ! ha ! ha ! How de peoples fly ! Vun dis vay, vun dat. Mein Got ! mein Got ! vat a very queer place dis New Orleans ish ! All drink, laugh, sing, and dance in vinter, as if he live forever ; and in summer all tink he die in vun minute ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! I vish I vash executor of de chity."

"Who is sick, Mr. Moses ?

"Te pig merchant in — street. He die, certain : te first vun always die ; and I sell mein first coffin."

"The Jew did, indeed, sell his first coffin. The merchant was taken sitting by the side of his wife, playing with his children, and died in three days. I saw Solomon at his funeral, which he attended in order to observe the good appearance made by his ware. The fever now increased daily ; and in the course of my professional rides through the city, I always met with Solomon, among the sick, the dying, and the dead : active, full of business, lively, and as happy as a Jew can be when making money. He gained the earliest intelligence of every fresh case. A recovery covered his countenance with gloom ; a fatal termination filled it with joy ; and when the mortality amounted to 200 a day, he was in ecstasies. Whenever I met him, the salutation was, 'Ha ! ha ! ha ! toctor, I've sold an-oder coffin !' Neither rich nor poor escaped his attention ; and I met with him as often watching at the straw pallet of some miserable outcast, that he might chaffer with the authorities, he knew would order the burial, as in the apartments of the rich, bargaining with a fresh-made heir.

"It was late one evening early in October, when the fever, which had reached its height, began to decline for want of subjects on which to feed its insatiate appetite, and when, as if enraged, it assumes a more virulent form, and relaxes its hold with less willingness, that I returned to my rooms, weary, broken down, from a day actively passed in the duties of my

profession. I had scarcely retired—I needed rest; I felt my constitution sinking beneath the fatigue of the past two months—when the door of my chamber was thrown suddenly open, and Solomon stood before me: his face flushed—I did not suppose his thin body contained so much blood—his eyes fiery, glowing like a maniac's, and his whole frame violently agitated as if by extreme terror.

"Ha! ha! ha! toctor; he! he! he!" he commenced, with a wild, hysteric laugh; 'I got him! ha! ha! ha! he! he! he.' And he laughed, and grinned, and drew his face into all sorts of distortions, and rolled himself from side to side, as if subject, at one and the same time, to titillation and torture.

"The man is mad!" said I, leaping from my bed.

"Ha! ha! ha! toctor; he! he! he! I got him!"

"Got what, Mr. Moses?" said I.

"Te tam fever," said Solomon.

"And where did you find him, Mr. Moses?"

"Fint him! ev'ryvere; dere ish no lee-
tle hole in dis tam chity vere he ish not
fint. Fint him! ha! ha! ha! he fint me.
Mein Got, vould it no be vun goot joke to
pe puried in vun of mein oun coffins!
how queer I vould look! Biter bit. Ha!
ha! ha! vat vun good story to tell mein
bruder; how he will laugh—he! he! he!
ah, oh!" and he writhed with pain.

"How long since you first felt the at-
tack, Mr. Moses?" said I.

"Not vun minute; I vash vell—always
vell; goot appetite; happy; I make mon-
ish; had just put vun poor tevel in mein
coffin; screwed him town—all goot—te
monish in mein hant—never trust—never
trust him live—vont trust him tead! ha! ha!
ha! goot, dat, toctor. Ah! oh! vat shootin'
in mein pack! te monish in mein hant,
ven, pop, te tam fever got me. First, he
cover me all over mit ice, den he ran up
and town mein pody mit mealtead lead, mit
te gout, mit te stone, mit ev'ry pain in te
vorld. "Mein Got, you got te fever, Massa
Moses," say te old nigger who vash mit
me. "Aha, I tink sho too," say I; put he
no sho-cunning ash he spouse; catch a wea-
sel asleep! ha! ha! ha!" and Solomon shut
one eye, and then the other, alternately.

"I asked if I should send for his assist-
ant.

"He be here soon," said he; 'can't run
sho fast ash me; I started, nigger after—
stop him—mad tog—fire—stop tief—mur-
ter, cried nigger. Mein Got, vat a hubbub!
how dey turn out! up dis street—down dat
—couldn't catch me! ha! ha! ha! ah! oh!"
and Solomon sunk, exhausted, into a chair.

"The negro now entered, followed by a
crowd, breathless, and reeking with the an-
imation of the chase. The negro had, in-

deed, from the sudden manner in which his
employer took leave, supposed him to
have been struck daft—which often hap-
pens in the onset of the disease—and fol-
lowed hard in his wake, giving the alarm
for the purpose of arresting his progress.
I formed a bier of two chairs, and the ne-
gro, with his companions, removed the
Jew to his lodgings.

"Solomon was one of the sudden cases;
he was taken with a chill, immediately fol-
lowed by fever, and pains in the head, back,
and limbs. I found his skin hot and dry;
pulse 110; occasionally delirious; tongue
white, with red edges; eyes red and glassy;
bled him twenty ounces; ordered cold ap-
plications to the surface generally; must-
ard bath to the feet; injections of oil and
salt, and left him for the night. On my re-
turn in the morning, he had slept but little,
yet felt better; pulse 98; tongue as be-
fore; skin generally hot, though soft; rather
more feverish, with increase of pain in
the head; ordered cups to epigastrium and
neck; he lay very quiet; spoke not at all,
and seemed to have forgotten his coffins.
Thus he continued during that day. On
my next call, I found he had passed a bad
night. Ordered fifteen leeches to epigas-
trium, and two cups behind the ears, which
gave great relief; he soon fell into a gen-
tle sleep; a free perspiration; his eyes
were clear, and his expression—if such a
thing can be said of a Jew's expression—
good. The third day, at ten o'clock in the
evening, the negro came to my rooms and
called me to see his master. He was
worse. On entering his chamber, I found
him sitting up in his bed, looking steadfast-
ly at the wall opposite. He was rational.
I approached the bed, and remarked that I
was glad to find him so well.

"Tector, vash ish dat?" said he, pointing
to some dark flaky matter, like coffee-
grounds, sticking to the wall.

"I endeavoured to withdraw his attention
from the object upon which it was fixed.
The fearful truth flashed upon me, and I
wished to conceal it; but without avail.
The Jew turned, and looked fixedly at me
with an eye which seemed to penetrate my
inmost thoughts. 'Tector,' said he, in a
slow, sepulchral tone, 'tish finished mit
me and mein coffins; dat ish te plack vom-
it!'"

"The negro afterward told me that Solo-
mon, a short time before I was called,
ejected the matter from his stomach, and
threw it that distance without strain or ef-
fort.

"You vill not deceive me; you can't
deceive me, toctor," continued Solomon;
'mein time ish come; I must die; no
more speculation; no more ducat. I pid
goot py to te vorld, and Moses vill lie town
ash his faters laid town von te tays of
Abraham, to sleep forever;' and he sank

calmly back upon his pillow, folded his arms upon his breast, and seemed composing himself to pass from this world to that which is to come with the dignity and resignation of a philosopher. I endeavoured to awaken hopes of recovery; my efforts were answered with looks of incredulity and displeasure.

"Can I do anything for you, Mr. Moses?" said I, seeing a rapid change coming over him, which told too certainly of approaching dissolution.

"Toctor," said he, 'I tie mit sunrise; vill you perry me?'

"I will."

"Und in vun of mein own coffin? he! he! he! how mein bruder vill laugh! ya, in vun of mein own coffin; it vill to; 'twill cost noting."

"Will you lie in the Jews' burying ground, Mr. Moses?"

"No, mit te Christian," said he; 'I von mein monish from mein enemy, und I would like get vun leetle bit of lant von him too, he! he! he! pesides, te Christian vill always keep te ground, put te Jew—' and Solomon opened and closed each eye alternately.

"I promised that all should be done as he desired.

"And put mein gun py my side in mein coffin, vell sharged; should vun person mettle mit mein poddy, it might go off! he! he! he! vun goot idea. Mein bruder, if he come, vill open mein coffin to fint te pelts I veers, he! he! he! it would make me laugh in mein grave; he look for monish, und fint ball! he! he! he! Now, toctor, vun last request: vill you write mein vill?"

"I will call a notary," said I.

"Vill te notary take vun coffin for his pay?" said Solomon; 'ah! te tam coffin. If I live for pury five hundret more, I would die mit satisfaction; put ve never prepared. No, toctor, you shall write mein vill, and pe mein executor.'

"Who are your heirs, Mr. Moses?"

"I've put vun, and dat ish mein bruder."

"What, the cheat! he who would have robbed and murdered you at night! you will not give him your property?" said I.

"Toctor, you ish no Ishraelite," said Solomon; 'you not understand mein feeling. For zwei tousand year mein race is vun outcast on te face of te earth; if ve hate te Christian, 'ave we not cause! Te Christian taught us to scheet to live, and ve are lived to scheet vun anoder—he! he! he! I nevar repent put vunce, und dat vash ven I give alms to vun starving Christian—vun curse upon te race! I vill give all to mein bruder; it ish vun goot consolation to know dat mein heir ish rich.'

"He will take it by right of succession, without a will," said I.

"You vill promish to teliver it into hish hant, toctor?"

"I promised.

"Take hish terection, toctor: Levi Moses, No. 164 — strate, Hamburg; und here ish mein monish, mein all, pesides te tam coffin—he! he! he! Moses 'ave done vell, goot, very goot!" he continued, raising himself up; and with a trembling hand he drew out from within the mattress on which he lay a well-filled canvass bag. He held it up, and examined the tie of the string about its mouth. It was all right; he sank back upon his pillow, and clasped it to his breast. 'Ah! mein Got! mein Got!' he exclaimed, 'must ve part, mein pest, mein only frient!'

"I endeavoured to call his thoughts to a contemplation of the next world.

"I die vun Sadducee!" said he.

"The first ray of the rising sun entered the bedchamber. The Jew drew the bag to his lips, kissed it, and mourned aloud. His breathing became difficult; I ordered the negro to take the bag from him.

"Murter! mein bruder! give me light! ropper! mein Got! die! Moses vill not die!" he exclaimed, leaping from his bed, with the bag clutched by both hands, with the firm hold of death. He stood for a moment, his eyes fixed and glaring, as if upon an object of terror. 'How dark it grows!' said he; fell back, and expired. May God have mercy on his soul.

"I obeyed Solomon's instructions. He lies there, with the gun at his side. The canvass bag contained near five thousand dollars, mostly in gold, the result of his venture in coffins. I wrote to his brother, and put an advertisement in the Hamburg newspapers. Six claimants started up, all asserting themselves to be Solomon's brother, and each backed by proof enough to hang a hundred innocent men. The matter has gone into our courts of law, and when litigation is ended little will be left of Solomon's ill-gotten gains."

"The doctor sometimes tells that story differently," said the lawyer.

"It is horrible enough as it is," said I.

"He did say," continued the lawyer, "that he forgot the Jew's gun at the burial, and afterward carried it to his grave, with the intention of laying it upon his coffin; when Solomon knocked off the lid, seized the weapon, carefully stowed it away in its place, and calmly resumed his former position."

"Let us go to the theatre!" said the doctor.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

"Fond worldlings there, involved in vain delight,
Who to the senses fraile indulgent are,
And (as soft sounds the courage do invite),
With measured madness march upon the air."

STEELE.

ARGUMENT.

Music.—The Theatre.—The Strange Gentleman.—An Accident.—The Strange Gentleman at Home.—The Opera.—Léonie.—Music and Poetry.—The Marseillaise Hymn.—The Supper.—Good Breeding.—Poets and Philosophers.—Historians and History.—The Dance.—The Judgement of Paris. La Sylphide.—La Cachuca.

FROM the cemetery to the theatre! and of a Sabbath evening, too! Both the time and the contrast are equally characteristic of the city I describe. So true it is, that the manners and opinions of a people are best studied in the most common and every-day acts of life. Neither the doctor nor the lawyer was of that portion of the population of New Orleans whose distinctive character has coloured that of all the rest. So true it is, again, that emigrants, however diversified in extraction and education, soon mould themselves to the customs of a new home, put off old habits, and receive, instead of giving a tone to society. In the French quarter it is fashionable to go to the opera on Sunday evening. Then it is that the "dress circle" is most graced, and the players excited to emulation by a crowd which fills the "Temple" from pit to ceiling; but the Americans retain many of the scruples of an early education, and their theatres are then patronised almost entirely by strangers.

The doctor was a lover of the opera, and kept his "box." "Music," he said, "was the most refined, subtle, and pure of all the pleasures of the senses; and, as he could not conceive how an enjoyment which depended so much upon the physical structure of the body could exist in our spiritual state, he thought it wise, and to be in a measure his duty, to secure as much of it in this life as possible." He never missed the leader's first note, and sat, during the whole performance, with his eyes closed, and his head reclining upon the cushioned rail, wrapped in elysium. The pantomime of an opera was nothing to him. He said "that the gestures and grimaces of the actors interfered with and lessened the effect of the music; that it was impossible to gratify, to their utmost capacity for pleasure, any two of the senses at one and the same time; that the words of an opera, however admirable as a poetical composition, added nothing to its effect, and were of use only as being the model upon which sounds are constructed." He made the poet subservient to the composer, and esteemed his verse merely as the setting which held together and exhibited to the best advantage the diamonds of his collaborator. The doctor possessed the two opposite passions of love and hate in an extreme degree; the first he gave to music; the other, judging from the story he had just told, to the Jews. The lawyer was the opposite of his friend. His sympathies were with Sol-

omon, and he was accustomed to say that, throughout the entire history of the conflict between the Jew and the Christian, the Israelite was the wronged, as well as suffering party, with scarcely a shadow of justification for those whose religion professes to be founded in charity. He could not distinguish one note from another, and said that the doctor's passion for music was to him inexplicable; for he played upon no instrument, and would probably fail if he should make the attempt.

The doctor ridiculed the objections of his friend, and explained the mystery by saying, "That there were two qualities requisite for the appreciation of music; one physical, and seated in the ear, the other purely mental. An artist may perform well, and yet not be so exquisitely sensitive to the pleasure of the tones he produces as one who is incapacitated, by physical defect alone, from performing at all. It is only when both qualities meet in the same individual that a Paganini or a Mozart is found. The magnificent rhythm of Thomson's verse," continued the doctor, "proves that he had a fine mental perception of music, yet he was not even a tolerable reader of his own 'Seasons.' The first of English actors could modulate his voice to the expression of every passion, but he could not compose a song."

We now entered the theatre; it is in Orleans-street—a small building, without any pretensions to beauty or regularity of style in architecture; but, as New Orleans is the only city in the United States where French plays and the French Opera are performed, we cannot ask why its patrons have done no more. The hour was early, yet we found pit and boxes already filled with the élite and beauty of the French quarter, interspersed, here and there, with a representative from the American. When the opera commenced the whole audience seemed composed of amateurs, so profound was its attention, and so much enjoyment was depicted upon the faces of all. I felt transported to a European city—the language sung was foreign to my ear, and the features and dress of those about me equally foreign to my eye. The mustached lips of the men, the richness of their toilet—which had neither the plainness nor that nice keeping in colours which mark the American or English gentleman—the dark hair, dark eyes, and somewhat dark complexion of the women, with the exquisite taste and set of the French millinery, carried me to Paris; everything was Parisian about me, and I was, in spirit, three thousand miles distant from American soil: so easy it is in this, the most unique of cities, to pass, in a walk of five minutes, from Dover to Calais, or from New-York to Madrid; even the German boor may find the clogged pattens and guttural patois

of his own Dorfschaft without wandering far in the search. But Creole beauty loses by collection. The same embonpoint of feature, the same bright black eyes, and the same smoothly-combed, dark, glossy hair, produced a uniformity of expression—a strong family likeness—and might induce a stranger to suppose their fair owners all sisters: like the peach, the most luscious of fruits, it shows to the best advantage in the single specimen, and clogs the eye when exhibited in clusters.

More attracted by the novelty of the show about me than by the music of the opera—for in such matters I possess a taste much similar to the lawyer's—I passed the evening in scanning the new world of fashion in which I found myself. A gentleman who occupied a box opposite our own most strongly fixed my attention. Although the house was otherwise crowded in every part, he sat alone, unobtruded upon, recognised by, and recognising no one. His dress, though rich and in high fashion, was plain, and had an air of neatness which eschewed all attempt at show or dash. Of a tall, slim person, with dark brown hair, combed rather carefully back from a high, marble forehead, with marked, heavy features of a pale cast, he had the appearance of a man of wealth, refinement, and ton; of one who had gained much from education, and more from nature. Born, perhaps, to fortune, and familiar with high society from his birth, he had, by the aid of good taste, corrected the *grosièrétés* which are to be found even there, reduced good-breeding to a science, and, having systematized its somewhat arbitrary laws, applied them to their legitimate end—the securing of happiness to ourselves, and the imparting it to others with whom we come in contact in the interchange of the business and civilities of life.

I asked the lawyer who the gentleman was—the doctor was too much wrapped in music to answer my questions.

"No one knows who he is, that ever I could find out," said the lawyer. "As you see him now, so you might have seen him for more than a year past—lounging in his box, himself the sole occupant—listening to the music and watching the movements of the opera with an air of nonchalance, as if he had studied of Epicurus, and pleasure with him was not a matter of excitement—noticing no one, although many a glass is turned stealthily upon him, in hopes to solve the mystery. He is called 'the Strange Gentleman.'"

As the doctor, the lawyer, and myself were leaving the theatre at the close of the night's performance, we saw the strange gentleman enter a light phaeton, which stood among a crowd of carriages at the door. The horses were restiff, and getting entangled among the city cabs, be-

came frightened, and refused to obey the bit. The altercation of the cabmen had no tendency to quiet their fears, and the phaeton, notwithstanding many skillful attempts made by the stranger, who had assumed the reins to extricate himself, was soon overturned. The doctor, followed by the lawyer and myself, hastened to learn the consequences of the accident, and, pushing through the crowd which had gathered about him, we found the stranger lying upon the pavement, insensible. The doctor assumed the authority of his profession, put back the throng, felt the gentleman's pulse, ordered him to be carried into a neighbouring house, bled him, and, by application of the means ordinarily used in such cases, soon restored consciousness and health. The gentleman had, in reality, suffered but little injury by the accident, and after expressing his gratitude for our kind services, he warmly pressed us to accompany him to his house and sup with him. It was already past eleven, but he said it was his hour; and although the doctor excused himself on account of a patient he wished to call upon, and the lawyer on account of a brief he was to argue in the morning, I accepted the invitation.

The strange gentleman's house, which is in — street, is the only pure specimen of a peculiar style of Spanish architecture, called the "*entre suélo*," now remaining in the city. The first, or ground floor, he appropriates exclusively to his horses; the second, or "*entre suélo*," to the stowage of grain and hay, and for servants' rooms; while the third, or upper story, contains his own private apartments: thus retaining, in the disposition of the different parts of his house to their several uses, the original design of its architect. The same economy of arrangement is still retained in many parts of old Spain and the south of France, and elucidates numerous passages of the older Spanish romances which would be otherwise inexplicable. The first and third stories are high and airy, while the second is but a half story thrust in between the other two. An iron balcony projects from the third floor, and encircles the house; a promenade from which a lady may look down upon the streets below without being subjected to the gaze of the passers-by. It must, indeed, have required a silken ladder of some length to mount to such a height, and much caution on the part of the venturesome lovers to escape the observation of vigilant servants below; while the old don, on discovering the flight of his bird, might easily descend, saddle a steed, and follow in hot pursuit, without allowing time for an English squire to pass from his house to his stables.

The strange gentleman drove within the building, and we alighted at a marble step, leading by a side door into a narrow hall,

at the end of which a steep flight of stairs ascended, without break or resting-place, from the first to the third floor.

"You live in a fortified place," said I, as we reached the landing half out of breath; "one might as easily scale a wall as this staircase."

"It does, indeed, little comport with our ideas of comfort and convenience," replied the stranger; "but it is significant of the character of the people who introduced and use it. No man would live upon the top of his house who was not jealous of his wife, nor willingly subject himself to such an ascent twenty times a day, did he not think the fatigue more than compensated by the capacity of surveying at a glance the whole extent of so efficient an aid to an intrigue. This would not do for a man of family; but a bachelor, who loves retirement, cannot be better situated; the very difficulty of getting to you keeps out intruders," continued the stranger, showing me into a large, well-proportioned room, furnished with whatever the wit of upholstery ever invented to pander to ease and sensual enjoyment: luxurious chairs, sofas, and ottomans, cushioned with tapestry representing the history of Cupid and Psyche; a magnificent Turkey carpet, soft as eider to the tread; pictures old enough to be by the old masters; while four large mirrors, hung opposite each other on either wall, multiplied the apartment in every direction, until it was lost in distant perspective.

My host conducted me to a seat, and, reclining languidly upon a sofa, ordered a slave who stood in waiting to bring a bottle of hock wine.

"Hock, like olives," said he, "quickens the sensibility of the palate, and it will give me much pleasure to be permitted to drink a glass with you prior to supping."

I alluded to the opera.

"The opera," said the strange gentleman, "combining, as it does, two arts proceeding from the loftiest qualities of the mind, is at once the most artificial and most perfect of man's intellectual creations. Music, like poetry, is incapable of being defined. The difficulty consists partly in the barrenness of language, its inability to give expression to many of our highest thoughts and feelings, and partly in ourselves. One who is devoid of musical taste would hardly understand what it is were it most clearly defined, and he who is blessed with the Divine gift needs no other definition. Language is not subtle enough nor flexible enough to comprehend it; nor does the resemblance end here. Poetry is one and the same to all, as the sun is one and the same to all; seen with a clear or more obscure vision. It is confined to no class of objects, and dwells equally with life, decay, and death; music walks hand in hand at her side."

The slave returned, bearing the wine and three appropriate glasses upon a silver waiter. My host's luxury extended even to his wine cups: they were cut of an octagon shape, and upon each face was ground a scene from the Orgia of Bacchus. Men and women, sileni, satyrs, and Mænades, crowned with vines and ivy, brandished the thyrses, and danced around the soft and graceful form of the naked deity to the tones of flutes and tymbrels.

"The third glass is for Léonie," said the strange gentleman, filling it with wine; "though she seldom touches the nectar to her lips, I always pour a libation to her; and here she comes to acknowledge my worship."

As the stranger spoke, a beautiful woman of some eighteen summers entered the room, and walked hurriedly towards us.

"John, I was told you were hurt!" said she, in a tone of mingled anxiety and surprise, while she contrasted the stranger's disordered and soiled dress with the pleasurable occupation in which he was engaged.

The strange gentleman rose, and introduced me as one who had extended to him much kindness on the occasion of the late accident. "Will mademoiselle sit?" and he handed Léonie to a seat at his side upon the sofa.

Léonie was a brunette, with just enough of colour to give ripeness to her beauty. One would have said that she was a native of the south of Italy, or those parts of Spain which yet retain a mixture of Moorish blood. In stature rather above the medium size, her form was full, round as chiselled marble—perfect; perhaps I might better express its effect as a whole, set off as it was by a richness of dress and superfluity of ornament which was far from being attic, by saying it was magnificent. Her features, although a little irregular, approached the Grecian nearer than any other model, and her large dark eyes, finely arched brows, and straight jetty hair, put up à la grace, improved the resemblance. Her hands were rather too small to be in just proportion with the other parts of her person: a fault which, if it is one, she was not unwilling should be observed, for her little taper fingers were loaded with precious stones, showing that the stranger, for whom she dressed, approved in woman a departure from that severity of taste which regulated his own toilet, and that his mind was not wholly free from a stain of Asiatic barbarity, which loves to heap pearl and gold upon the soft object of its pleasures.

"I was in truth not much hurt, Léonie," said the strange gentleman; "though the accident was an awkward one, and threatened more serious consequences. Had you have been with me, you might have

managed the horses better; for one who knows so well how to curb a more intractable animal should hold the reins with no unskilful hand. Come, you will take wine with my guest; he sups with us to-night, and I do not wish to see you with too dainty an appetite at the table," continued my host, presenting the glass.

"I rule by following where you lead, and drink wine that you may learn abstinence," said Léonie, smiling archly, while she touched the divine Johannesberg to her lips.

"We were speaking of the opera, Léonie," said the strange gentleman, returning to the conversation which her entrance had interrupted; "and you will permit me to run on in my way upon a subject which we both love so much. The foundation of music is rhyme and harmony: of poetry, beauty; beauty as abstracted from all objects, feelings, passions, thoughts," he continued, resuming the parallel he had drawn between the two arts. "There can be no sublimity without beauty; or, rather, sublimity is beauty of the noblest kind. Harmony is beauty—I speak of abstract qualities—true passion is, therefore, beauty; for we perceive its harmony with the cause which gave rise to it, and the character in which it is exhibited. The intimate connexion existing between music and poetry may be traced in all their various exhibitions, showing that they are indeed so nearly allied in nature that we must wonder, not that they were in the beginning invariably joined together, but that the perfection of the compact was attained at so late a date. There is a poetry which seems not of this world, but to be altogether of heavenly birth; a song to be sung where all is pure and holy. It has no sympathy with the realities of life, sickens in our murky atmosphere, and flies the haunts of men. Its sweetest notes are heard in the retired vale, or on the tops of distant mountains, where the busy hum of men does not come up and mingle their evil passions, desires, gains, losses, and cares, with its strains. There is a music, too, which delights in retirement: the shaded walk at noon, the lonely grot, whose tones seem attuned to the twinkling stars, and to love the wild and fanciful creations of nature. Is it not so, Léonie? No one can better appreciate what I am saying than yourself; do, then, please me, lend me your aid, and exemplify to our friend the truth of my remarks."

Léonie rose, and seating herself at the piano, struck the keys. It was a short Scottish air, so pure, so soft, so clear, so mild and gentle in every tone, that I feared lest a breath might break its melody, as the notes floated upon the air like the single web of the spider—too delicate for other touch than that of vision.

"But poetry has a wider range," continued the stranger. "It proceeds from all nature, and is a part of all her works. Every object, animate and inanimate, every passion and affection of the mind, all the different states of created things, are its subjects. We find it in the crowded assembly, mingling in the occupations of men, rejoicing in their success, and mourning over their misfortunes. The same may be said, with equal truth, of music. There is a poetry which is purely didactic—listen to the compositions of Henry Purcell. There is a poetry which is purely imaginative—Léonie has given us a specimen from a similar department in music. There is a poetry distinguished for grace, expressive taste, and sensibility; so also is the music of Tartini. There is the poetry of Ariosto's great poem; it stands alone, protean in its character; of no school, yet embracing all. Such, also, is the music of Rossini. There is a poetry of manners, of men, and society, which correctly depicts the customs of the times, and satirizes with an even stroke its foibles; which delights by its humour, and satisfies by apt illustration; the poetry of Chaucer, of Hudibras, of Pope, of Boileau, of Horace, and of Aristophanes; such, also, was the music of Damon, which Plato asserted could not be changed without changing the constitution of the state. Again, there is a poetry of empires and kingdoms, which sings their rise and fall, with their causes; the strifes of the ambitious, the triumphs of the successful, the utter ruin of the conquered—is there not a corresponding class of music? Léonie, play the Marseillaise Hymn."

Léonie passed from the piano to the organ. The music rose and filled the room; the full notes pealed upon the ear, crowding upon each other in hurried succession, varying with the passions of the stern republicans who, goaded to madness by the sting of tyranny, poured out blood like water, now swelling with triumph, and now sinking, not with fear of defeat, but in low, plaintive tones of evils endured. The whole history of the French revolution passed in wild and gloomy review before me, act by act, called from their graves by the sorcery of association. The stranger sat looking out upon vacuity—his lips firmly pressed together—his features pale, fixed, stern; he felt as the actors in that great drama felt: how deep and fearful were the emotions which then held sway in his breast! Such is the power of sounds. Even Léonie's dark eyes flashed with the excitement, and her heaving bosom bespoke the furor which is caught from sympathy. There is indeed "a music of empires and of kingdoms, which sings their rise and fall, with their causes."

"Music and poetry are twin-sisters, born

in the same hour," said the strange gentleman, as the last note died upon the ear. "Ah! it was too much for me. Léonie, you play too well; you move the passions, destroy the appetite; our friend will not do justice to our hospitality."

Léonie rose from the organ, and tears stood upon her eyelids.

"Come, come to me, poor dove," said the strange gentleman: "your extreme sensibility will destroy you;" and Léonie sank down at his side, and buried her face in his bosom.

"It is strange," said she, raising her head after a short interval, and a little abashed by the weakness she had discovered; "of what material are we made? John would have me read to him the dark story of that terrible revolution in a hundred books, and I cannot play the hymn but its tragic memories rush back upon and overwhelm me. Yet philosophy tells us it is but a dream that is past, and I will learn to forget it. John, you will arrange your toilet for supper?"

The strange gentleman ordered a slave to conduct me to my room, while he retired to make those changes in his dress which the late accident had rendered necessary.

Perhaps it is well that wealth induces luxury; the poor are benefited when the rich seemingly squander. A bottle of wine puts a thousand hands in motion, and gives bread to a hundred families; I will not, then, complain of the luxury of my host, which grew upon me at every step, and was not least to be seen in the completeness of the garniture of the dressing-room, and the costliness of the material of which the several articles of the toilet were formed. In a niche in the wall was a marble bath, surmounted by a crouching Venus. The slave offered to fill it, but I declined using it, and, as I am not nice in my dress, was soon ready for the call to supper.

The slave ushered me into a third apartment—the library—where I found Léonie and the strange gentleman waiting my coming; the latter *en dishabille*, in a green velvet gown, spotted with gold tags, and worked slippers of the same material, fastened upon the foot with ruby clasps. The walls of the rooms were hidden by books, while many a musty tome in folio lay in heaps about the floor.

"I always sup here, I feel so much at home and at ease among my books," said the strange gentleman, as we sat down to a light supper: it should not have been otherwise, taken at midnight. The changes were few, but of exquisite choice; and it was upon this occasion that I first tasted the *Lacrima Christi*. Léonie presided with a simplicity of manner that won my heart.

Curious to learn something of the life

and habits of my host, I spoke of society in New Orleans.

"I do not mix in it," said the stranger. "The society of New Orleans, like its population, is of a composition too heterogeneous to be agreeable. Civilization necessarily creates distinct classes among men, differing in knowledge, in refinement, and in manners. Can the illiterate find pleasure in the company of the learned, or a boor enjoy the conversation of a man of the world? You may depress the one, but you cannot raise the other.

"Good breeding and vulgarity are like oil and water: every attempt at amalgamation will prove futile. Good breeding, or propriety of manners, address, and conversation, is as much a matter of the understanding as any science or learning whatever. Some minds acquire knowledge by their own internal efforts, without the help of outward aids, and this we call genius. Some men are by nature graceful and polite: their conversation is never gross, their carriage always correct, all without the tutoring of much or high company; and this, too, is equally genius. There are other minds which acquire knowledge from books, and there are other men who acquire politeness from observation; the operation which brings improvement is in both equally intellectual. There is a beauty in good manners, which, to be seen and understood, requires the same delicacy of taste that is necessary to perceive and feel the beauty of a landscape, a picture, or a piece of statuary. If we were all masters of the propriety of speech, knew what words to receive and what to reject, we might all be good writers; but it is not so; neither is it otherwise in good breeding. But here the *élite* are of a different opinion, and I busy myself among my books, with Léonie, a perennial flower, to smile upon my waking, and shed sweet odours over my sleeping hours."

The cloth was removed, and upon the small round table of polished ebony, around which we sat on circular seats, cushioned with scarlet-coloured damask, were placed baskets of wrought silver, loaded with fruit that might have closed a regal feast. Flagons of the same rich material, curiously embossed with scenes from the vintage, and filled with choice wines—Madeira, it is my favourite—stood on ivory stands, while slaves served the grape in small goblets of cut crystal. The stranger grew eloquent, and Léonie's wit enlivened many an anecdote of her residence in Paris. She had been educated there.

"You give your days to the poets and the philosophers," said I, looking around upon the crowded shelves which were on every side of us.

"No!" said the stranger. "There was

a time when I loved them ; and consulting the pleasures of sight as well as those of the mind, I purchased the most rare and elegant editions ; but my taste has changed of late, and Léonie, who now differs from me in such matters, has become heir to all these treasures. History and biography are the only true wells of knowledge, apart from personal observation. It was not truth which inspired the ancient philosophers, and created those systems of Ethics, so grand in their conception, so varied in their doctrines, so imposing in their pretensions, and so beautifully imbodyed ; which fed the vanity of those who taught, blunted the moral perception of those who heard, and have been the source of that strange obliquity which characterizes the larger portion of modern literature, and pervades its more serious compositions, even in theology ; which taught the wise of those days to reject the religion of the people, and have affected with unbelief the minds of the learned from their age to the present. Truth did not inspire the poets : the bacchanalian, the erotic, the comic, the epic, and the tragic, all are imbued with error. Instructed by truth, does the tragic muse clothe deformity in verse sweeter than the honey of Hybla or Hymittus, moving the passions of men with a pathos which forgets the crime in compassion for the criminal !”

“How changed !” said Léonie. “There was a time when John carried a poet in each pocket : now he sits in judgment upon them all, and condemns all. The Grecian comic, the Roman lyric, the luxurious stanza of Italy, the wild imaginings of Calderon and De Vega, the broad humour of Jonson, the pastorals, rondeaux, fableux, and chansons of France, all of ancient and modern poesy, he, like the licentiate Pero Perez, would now devote to the flames, did I not interpose and save them. Philosophy ! he will not even listen to the divine discourses of Socrates.”

“Who, in his last hour, ordered a sacrifice to Esculapius ; thereby assenting to the superstitions he had spoken against, and destroying, at a blow, the sublime fabric he had raised, and which but waited its consummation in the poisoned chalice,” said the strange gentleman.

“Art ! He speaks against the inspired sculptors, who fixed in marble those perfect conceptions of ideal beauty which animate the Venus and the Apollo—”

“And which slowly but surely corrode the virgin chastity of her who gazes upon their voluptuous forms,” said the strange gentleman.*

* “The ancients,” says Hazlitt, speaking of the Greek statues, “excelled in beauty of form. The interest which they excite is, in a manner, external ; it depends on a certain grace and lightness of appear-

“Eloquence ! He closes his ears to the wonderful cadence of the orators of Athens—”

“Which sustained their power, and filled the city with the dissipation consequent upon refinement and luxury ; luxury in buildings, luxury in dress, luxury at the table, luxury at the bath, luxury at the theatre, and luxury at the public shows, till the people were contaminated, their character debased, honesty trampled upon, patriotism fled, and it sunk beneath a power, then more virtuous, but alike destined to tread the same steps of decay,” said my host.

“Alas !” cried Léonie, laughing, and pointing to a volume in vellum which lay open, turned upon its face, on a side-table, “old Philip de Comines engages all his waking hours, to the exclusion even of myself ; and, although he has read the book a hundred times, he says he still finds new interest in its pages.”

“There have been but few historical minds ; that is, among the many who have written, few have handled the subject with success,” said the strange gentleman. “Fine writing you may find everywhere ; genius you may find everywhere ; but the historian requires something more. He should understand men ; possess the power to analyze motives, as well as to enumerate effects. His must, indeed, be a mind of many and rare qualities, which encircles poetry, learning, philosophy, and political acumen ; for he who would succeed in historical writing must be a poet, qui nascitur, non fit ; a man of learning, qui fit, non nascitur ; a philosopher, qui non fit nec nascitur ; and a man, especially a politician, qui nascitur et fit. Yet all of history, whether it comes in the legitimate form of a Thucydides, a Tacitus, an Abulfeda, a Machiavelli, a Mariana, a Ferreras, a Thuanus, a Clarendon, and a Hume ; or in the more questionable shape of a Herodotus, a Nepos, a Khondemir, a Pulgar, a Zenoras, a Comines, and a Froissart ; or with the tittle-tattle garrulity and old grannysm of a Plutarch, a Maximus, a Vopiscus, a Procopius, a Turpin, and a Smollett, is the mirror of truth. The immutable past is its theme ; the changeable present, the dubious future, it scorns to place upon its truth-telling page. The present it leaves to the prejudiced writer of the memoirs of a party ; the sycophantic biographer of living greatness ; the credulous traveller into distant lands, and the fantastic sketcher of living manners. The future ; where is it ? The Chaldees ! the Egyptians ! the jugglers ! vain pretenders ; it is their history : thou teachest the present by the past, and foretelles that which is to be by that which has been.”

ance, joined with exquisite symmetry, and susceptibility to voluptuous emotions.”

"And can I not prove that all are a part of the study you love?" said Léonie. "The venom of the writer of memoirs is the acrimony of his party; the adulation of the biographer is the corruption of his age; the marvellous of the traveller is the ignorance of his readers; the fantasy of the sketcher is the sickly taste of a morbid refinement; and the Chaldee, who reads the distant stars, the Egyptian, who traces the lines upon our palms, and the juggler, who mingles his cups, are emblematic of a rude and superstitious people. But its sphere is still wider; for its subject is man, and embraces all that acts upon him, or he, in return, acts upon," continued Léonie, her dark eyes kindling with animation, while all her features beamed with an intelligence which subdued the voluptuous expression they wore when at rest. "It is philosophical; for man has created a philosophy which has ascended to his origin, laid bare the causes of his advancement and retrocession, and made known his final end. It is learned, for man is learned; learned in the usages of the past, learned in its literature, learned in its politics, and learned in its science; a learning which has reacted upon its possessor, and produced effects which it is its province to chronicle, that afterwards may ascend from them to their causes. It is poetical, for man is poetical; his existence is poetry, and his passions are its expression; the twinkling star, the fiery sun, the gentle moon, the blue arch of heaven, vapour and cloud, the mountain top, the extended plain, the broad ocean, river, torrent, and rill, tree and herbage, all are poetry; and the balmy air, which is around all, above all, and beneath all, is also poetry; acting upon man, affecting his being, refining his nature. It is critical; for man is a critic, extracting from surrounding objects the forms of beauty, of strength, of majesty, of grandeur, and of sublimity; and embodying them in marble, upon canvass, and in language."

"Léonie, you have conquered; poets, orators, philosophers, and historians, all are yours," said the strange gentleman, rising from his seat, well pleased with the enthusiasm with which his fair antagonist had urged her argument; "history is something more than a barren catalogue of events, and he who is ignorant of the manners, costume, religion, literature, and private life of the people whose story he writes, wants the key to all its mysteries, finds an enigma in every character, and will search in vain for the causes of the effects he enumerates;" and drawing a string of pearls from his pocket, he put them about her neck. "I reserved them for an occasion like this," said he, "when the gift might seem more the reward of intellect than of love. Let us return to the drawing-room, Léonie, and you shall

discourse to our guest in a language yet more eloquent, which speaks to the eye, is superior to painting and statuary, and is only not higher than music or poetry."

"John alludes to the dance," said Léonie, examining the pearls in a small mirror which a slave presented for that purpose. "Dancing, he says, is coexistent with language, if not the elder-born, and is equally a medium for the interchange of thought—in some respects inferior, but in many much superior to its more popular rival. Adapted to the expression of the higher and more severe, as well as the softer sentiments, each motion, like the articulations of speech, is an emanation from the mind, more or less perfect, possessing more or less of grace, energy, or grandeur, and, consequently, more or less significant, in accordance with the intellectual excellence of the artist by whom it is exhibited. Motion is not more evanescent than sound, and if painting and statuary could do as much for the dance as the invention of the alphabet has done for language, its influence would be as permanent."

"Léonie has correctly translated my ideas into words, she shall now illustrate them by action," said the strange gentleman, gently inserting his arm about the beautiful brunette's waist, and leading the way to the apartment I first entered.

Léonie walked to the centre of the room; the strange gentleman handed me to a seat, and then threw himself upon a sofa, assuming a reclining position, so as best to surrender himself to the half intellectual, half sensual pleasure which springs from the poetry of motion. A young female slave, whose personal charms would have been acknowledged by that portion of the human family which delights in a sooty complexion, sat on a cushion upon the floor, with her feet drawn up and crossed after the Oriental style; a small French lute* rested upon her lap. She was the musician; and the quiet, easy assurance with which she bore herself, showed that she was used to the part she was required to perform, and that it was her peculiar office in the strange gentleman's household. Léonie stood for a few moments motionless, her hands resting at her side, her head bent slightly forward, and her eyes cast modestly down, as if waiting that inspiration which alone stirs the powers of genius in whatever department of the knowledge or arts of life they may be exerted. How like a sibyl of the ancient days, waiting the advent of the mysterious influence which was to invest her with superior gifts, did that beautiful woman then look. The slave fastened her eyes intently upon her mistress;

* The Saracens, to whom we are indebted for the invention of the lute, considered it the most beautiful of all instruments.

Léonie raised her head—the slave struck the lute; it was an air from the ballet of “The Judgment of Paris.” Léonie moved over the floor the queen of the gods.

“Vera incessu patuit Dea.”

The proud competitor for the reward of beauty was there; noble in every step, stately, relying for victory more upon her rank above the powers of Olympus than upon those external allurements of form which had been great enough to conquer Jove. Dignity and grace in every movement—blended together—striving joyously with each other—the weaker and more effeminate subdued by the stronger quality. “She did not sue for, but demanded the golden prize: if she had assented to the contest, it was from humour, or the certainty of success, and not because any claims she might assert could be questioned by mortals or immortals of inferior birth.” I did not know that motion could say so much: it said all this, and more. The apple was hers; I would have given it to her, and half rose from my seat to make the award.

The strange gentleman lay, still reclining, his eyes following the extraordinary being, who passed before him seemingly scarce of earth: the expression of his face was rest, quietness; for his mind drank, without emotion, of an enjoyment to which it had become used.

The air changed, and Léonie was the mother of love as she rose from the wave, pure, in all her virgin modesty, as she afterward sprang from the hands of Praxiteles, blushing, trembling, frightened at the kiss of the air which surrounded her. Grace now obtained the mastery, and avenged itself. Half retiring, half advancing, she pleaded her cause the more eloquently, because she seemed to fear to plead it. Every gesture, while it strove to win the good opinion of the judge, deprecated the anger of her rival. “She had not sought the trial; she would have avoided it, had she not, even from her birth, been pronounced the paragon of beauty; she was compelled to sustain the judgment of the gods.” The dance said this too; but there was an undertone, a whispering in the ear of Paris, which urged arguments of persuasion more irresistible than the faultless person—she, with well-feigned reluctance, exposed naked, unencumbered even by the girdle, to the eye of earth. The trees saw her, the hill upon which she stood, the bright orbs that travelled their courses in the blue empyrean, the cloud which encircled the court like a wall, hiding its mysteries from the curious who watched upon the towers of Ilion, saw her, and she shrank from the exposure. Woman mingled with divinity, and mortality triumphed. She addressed the passions; her large, liquid eyes

danced to the soft measure of the music, every motion distilled love, and told the son of Priam that Venus, the Aphrodite, would willingly expire upon the lips of the fairest of the youth of Troy. She conquered. The strange gentleman pronounced the judgment.

“Venus is greater than Juno among mortals; her reign is from the beginning, and will continue unto the end. All that is of earth is hers; even the soul, that higher principle, surrenders itself, not displeased, to the chains which her roseate fingers fasten upon it.”

The music again changed, and Léonie hovered over us as La Sylphide, the most ethereal of all the creations of fancy, a spirit of air, how light, just rising, ever threatening to mount to a more attenuated and congenial atmosphere. In her met all that poets have imagined, or the credulous believed, of those shadowy beings which, too pure for earth, too gross for heaven, ride upon a moonbeam, and pillow their heads upon the down of sleeping flowers. How perfect, how exuberant of grace, how exquisitely beautiful was each attitude; like the prismatic colours of the dew-drop glittering in a rising sun, changing with the rapidity of thought, each worthy to be caught in marble and made immortal, each rivalling the master-works of art, all composing a series which the united excellence of Italy’s statuary would not parallel; while her many-twinkling feet passed through the transitions with an ease we wondered not of, for their hold was upon air. On how lofty an eminence shall we place an intellect which can thus create, instantaneously and without end, forms of such infinite sweetness and variety of contour!

Again the music changed, and again did Léonie undergo another transformation. The demi-divinity of the sylph fell from her like a garment, and she stood forth a woman—full, ripe, glorious woman—woman as she is found upon the sunny plains of Castile, born for dalliance. The castanets were upon her fingers, and she moved through the intoxicating maze of Spain’s most national, most voluptuous dance, La Cachuca. The loftier, but colder charms of intellectuality were exchanged for the softer characteristics of the Spaniard and the Moor. La Cachuca! it was all that passion ever said, all that passion ever wrote; now pure as the aspirations of Petrarch, and now glowing with the questionable warmth of Anacreon—the coquet, the tempter—with more than a maid’s coyness, and with more than the boldness of Phryne. There he lay, the stranger, like an Eastern sensualist, stretched upon silken cushions, while dancing girls swim before his dreamy sight, assuming as they move such postures as may best rouse his flag-

ging passions, and stimulate to new acts of love. Léonie approached with that short, quick, sidelong, rolling, ambling step, which, when once seen, is never to be forgotten: it was the voluptuous of motion. She sank upon the floor before him, threw back her head, and, raising her arms, wove them into a wreath which floated upon the air like the circle of Urania, while the merry castanets rang out a peal of joy: *intextas habebat cupiditates, voluptates, delicias, illicibras, suspiria, desideria, risas, jocos, blanda verba, gaudia, jargia, et hujusmodi, quibus amatorum vita constat.* The smouldering fire burst into flame: a storm now swept over his late quiet face, the flush of desire came and went like shadows of summer clouds chasing each

other, and every nerve trembled with emotion. The picture was complete.

"I cannot wonder," said I, as I entered my host's carriage at the foot of the long stairway; "I cannot wonder that for you society has no attractions, since you possess more than it can give, in one who is—"

The strange gentleman did not finish the sentence.

"Boy," said I to the slave, as I alighted at my hotel, "who is your master?"
"Massa Jack!"

And this was all I could learn of the strange gentleman.

DAY THE THIRD.

"My relation, because quite clear of fable, may prove less delightful to the ear. But it will afford sufficient scope to those who love a sincere account of past transactions, of such as in the ordinary vicissitude of human affairs may fully occur, at least be resembled again."—THUCYDIDES.

"Mendez Pinto, though one of the most fabulous among the travellers of these latter times, has yet preserved many important facts."—*Modern Universal History.*

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COURTS.

"Who so vpon himselfe will take the kill

True justice unto people to diuide,

Had need of mighty hands to fulfill

That, which he doeth with righteous doome decide,

And for to maister wrong and puissant pride."

SPENSER.

"The place of justice is a hallowed place; and therefore not only the bench, but the foot-pace, and precincts, and purprise thereof ought to be preserved without scandall and corruption."—BACON.

ARGUMENT.

Judicial System of Louisiana.—The Young Lawyer at his Chambers.—His Character and Personal Appearance.—Equality of Remuneration of the Northern and Southern Practitioners.—The Lawyer's Library.—Civil and Common Law.—Supreme Court.—The Inferior Courts.—Multiplicity of Languages.—The Bar.—Criminal Court.—District Court.—A Suit at Law.—The Parish Court.—John Gravier.—Insurance.—Court of Probates.—Practice.—Oceanus.

On the morning following my introduction to the household of the strange gentleman—having first, as I have before intimated, followed Anna to the grave—I called upon the lawyer at his office, for the purpose of accompanying him on his rounds in the courts. He had promised to act as my cicerone, and to aid me in gaining some knowledge of the judicial system of a state which is as unique in its laws, and their practical application, as in the character of its population. Based upon the labours of the Roman jurists, they partake largely of the modifications which the wisdom of Caius, Papinian, Ulpian, and Paulus has been made to undergo in order

to adapt it to the genius of modern barbarism and modern civilization as found during the last seven centuries upon the Continent of Europe, and more especially in the kingdoms of France and Spain. Exhibiting, too, many traces of innovation springing from the laws of the Anglo-Saxon race, introduced by immigrants from what are here called the common-law states, the whole structure is a sort of mosaic work, not the less durable, nor less fitted for the ends proposed, because the materials composing its several parts were cut from different quarries. Such a body of laws discovers, at least, a wonderful spirit of compromise, and says much for the good feelings of the heterogeneous population of the state, and the durability of its institutions.

I found my friend surrounded by his clients; for in New Orleans a young lawyer may have clients; and it is not necessary that he should pass through a disheartening novitiate of two lustrums before being thought capable of holding a brief. He was tying up his papers with what Lord-chief-justice Somebody said was the *sine qua non* of a lawyer's success—red tape; and as he contributed much to my happiness, and will be hereafter often introduced to the notice of the reader, I cannot do better than give a short description of his person, together with such leading traits in his character as will render him more familiar to those who, if they follow me through these pages, will show me the courtesy to love what I love.

To find one who is worthy of our affections is the best gift of life; and such was

the lawyer. He was a young man of about twenty-five years, of a tall, thin person, slender make, with blue eyes, high cheek bones, a Grecian nose, slightly inclining to English, an exceptionable mouth, the chin of a sensualist, dark auburn hair, and a forehead which, rising full and round, fell suddenly back, betraying the promise it had given, and exhibiting no extraordinary development of the higher faculties. In disposition he was as mild as a spring morning in the month of May, when blossoming trees smile upon the Giver of all good, and little birds send up from their topmost twigs songs of unalloyed joy. He loved everybody and everything; Heaven knows how he happened to select a profession so ill calculated to foster such a temper. If he had enemies—and who has not!—he had the satisfaction of knowing that their hatred was without justification, and commiserated rather than resented the error into which they had fallen; thus, stained with many of the foibles of humanity, he was, without any pretensions to religion, more than half a Christian.

His mental, like his moral qualities, were of a gentle character; without severity, nor exhibiting much of energy in their action. Educated at the first of our universities, he was much given to books, placing his delight in the older English dramatists, as Marlowe, Webster, Decker, Ford, and Massinger, with their more than half brothers, the Chroniclers. He was a man of sympathies—one whom the outward forms and appearances of matter much affected: a circumstance which he turned to account in rather an odd way, and was thus enabled, by the power of association, to live in times long since passed, and to enjoy the scenes depicted upon the pages of history as if he himself was an actor in the events he read. You might sometimes find him at his rooms of a Saturday evening, after the business of the week had cleared away, sitting with a volume of old Ben Jonson, or, perhaps, Sir Walter Raleigh's History, in his hand, lost to the life around him, and looking, for all the world, like a resuscitation from the grave of centuries.

In his ordinary toilet he was neat, without anything like ornament, excepting a broad, plain gold ring, which he wore upon the third finger of his left hand, the pledge of a love long since broken, and a mummy gold pencil-case, set with a cornelian, which projected conspicuously from his vest pocket. During the warm months, when it is the fashion here to dispense with the vest, the eye of an observer might be attracted by two heavy gold suspender-buckles, which proved that their wearer carried weight, and set off to advantage the white braces to which they were attached;

and sometimes a large gold chain, and corresponding ponderous seal, hung from his watch: adornments which he usually dispensed with, and never assumed excepting, as he said, when he felt unusually poor. There was another peculiarity about the dress of my friend, which sometimes led to ludicrous mistakes; when in the streets, he always wore spectacles; at his rooms, never. So that a casual introduction in one place would not enable you to recognise him in the other.

Those who are acquainted with the straitened circumstances of my young friend's brethren during their apprenticeship in other cities, will draw, from the cursory description which I have here given, conclusions favourable to the profession in New Orleans; and many facts, which I shall hereafter set forth, will tend to confirm such an opinion; but as it is generally found that the goods and evils of this world are pretty equally distributed, so, where most money is received, most is necessarily expended, and, at the close of a twelvemonth, the northern practitioner will probably find as large a surplus in his pocket as will his seemingly more prosperous brother of the South. If the sum laid up, forming the "capital" of life, is the true test of success, which is to be farther graduated by the wants it will supply in the country in which it is used, we may safely conclude that, at the close of a series of years, the northern lawyer will prove to be a richer man than he who has received more, expended more, and is in possession of only the same numerical wealth.

The lawyer welcomed me to his office. For one so young in the practice, it was well supplied with what the profession term, by way of eminence, "The Books," or *les livres*; a department in learning which, if we confide in the eloquent eulogium of one of its most brilliant ornaments, is "worthy of being studied even by scholars of taste and general literature, as being authentic memorials of the business and manners of the age in which they were composed. Law reports," continues Chancellor Kent, "are dramatic in their plan and structure. They abound in pathetic incident and displays of feeling. They are faithful records of those little competitions, factious, and debates of mankind that fill up the principal drama of human life; and which are engendered by the love of power, the appetite for wealth, the allurement of pleasure, the seduction of self-interest, the melancholy perversion of talent, and the machinations of fraud." "The office was otherwise furnished with not only the necessary apparatus of such an establishment, but with many things which looked strangely out of place; it was the least pretentious workman of luxury.

While my friend was listening to the

thrice-told tales of his clients, probing the testimony they offered to sustain their allegations, and giving opinions which were received as oracles, I ran my eye hastily over the contents of his library, induced by a curiosity to learn in what it differed from those I had examined elsewhere, in places which "continue wedded to the use of the common law." I found its works upon the legal science, as well as the languages in which they were written, as mixed as the people among whom he found his patrons, or the sources from which their jurisprudence is drawn. The perspicuous style, philosophical arrangement, and plain common sense of the marvellous *Cujus* stood side and side with the involved periods, undigested learning, and pedantry of Coke. Merlin was superior to Bacon in the number and cumbersomeness of his tomes, and Pothier, the Fenelon of lawyers, stood quietly by Blackstone, his superior in elegance of diction, his inferior in the perception of the principles of justice. *Las Siete Partidas*, and Chitty's *Pleading*, Murillo's *Cursus Juris Canonici*, *Hispani et Indici*, and Starkie on Evidence, the whole body of the *Corpus Juris Civilis*, with its interminable commentators, and the Elementary Treatises of the English Lawyers, the "Arrêts" of Dalloz and of Tirey, and the reports of the Sister States, Emerigon, Benecke, Stevens, Bowlay, Pety, Frebrero, and Jacobson's *Sec. Laws*, Corvinus and Perezius, with hundreds of foreign and uncouth titles, deployed rank and file before me, themselves seemingly wondering at their own juxtaposition, and the strange judicial organization of a country whose jurisprudence is a patchwork of laws and opinions drawn from opposite sources, and imbued with principles both of liberty and despotism. What can be more antagonistical in their nature than a system of civil rules based upon the codifications of a courtier lawyer, acting under the commands of the most tyrannical, ungrateful, mean, and debased of monarchs, who, according to a contemporary historian, sold equally his judgment and his laws,†

* "Les décisions des cours souveraines s'appellent Arrêts," says M. Dupin, "parceque, n'étant pas susceptibles d'être réformées sur appel par un tribunal supérieur, elles mettent ordinairement fin aux procès, et arrêtent toutes contestations ultérieures entre les parties."

† "Far be it from me," says Sir William Blackstone, "to derogate from the study of the Civil Law, considered (apart from any binding authority) as a collection of written reason. No man is more thoroughly persuaded of the general excellence of its rules, and the usual equity of its decisions, nor is better convinced of its use as well as ornament to the scholar, the divine, the statesmen, and even the common lawyer. But we must not carry our veneration so far as to sacrifice our Alfred and Edward to the manes of Theodorus and Justinian: we must not prefer the edict of the prætor, or the rescript of the Roman emperor, to our own immemorial customs, or the sanctions of an English Parliament; unless

and "that product, not of the wisdom of some one man, or society of men, in any one age, but of the wisdom, counsel, experience, and observation of many ages of wise and observing men," to be found in the Reports of English Judicial Decisions—the decisions of a tribunal "which have been almost uniformly distinguished for their immaculate purity!"*

When the last of the lawyer's clients had retired, I alluded to the heterogeneous character of his library, where the materials seemed to have been collected from nearly all the languages in which judicial science had been cultivated, observing that I should not be surprised to find upon its shelves the Laws of the Medes and Persians, in their original character, bound up in vellum, with the chops of the Chinese emperors.

"There was a time," said the lawyer, "when the writings of the civilians, the codes and recopiations of Spain, the four hundred and thirty-eight coutumes of France, the labours of Justinian, and the Ordinances of O'Reilly were, more or less, the law of the state; but since the great repealing clause of 1828, abrogating all the civil laws which were in force before the promulgation of our civil code,† these books were referred to in argument as the depositories of reason, and sometimes enable an advocate to sustain an opinion with a corresponding judgment of the wise. The Creole and French practitioners, who have been educated under the civil system, and are, for the most part, ignorant of the common law—of the practical common sense of our elementary writers, cite the civilians, and we, of English descent, perhaps equally ignorant of the excellences of the French jurists, answer them with references to our reporters. But this mongrel state of things, which renders law uncertain, and its administration unsatisfac-

we can also prefer the despotic monarchy of Rome and Byzantium, for whose meridians the former were calculated, to the free constitution of Britain, which the latter are adapted to perpetuate."

* Chancellor Kent. "Every person," says the writer above quoted, "well acquainted with the contents of the English Reports, must have been struck with the unbending integrity and lofty morals with which the courts were inspired. I do not know where we could resort, among all the volumes of human composition, to find more constant, more tranquil, and more sublime manifestations of the intrepidity of conscious rectitude. If we were to go back to the iron times of the Tudors, and follow judicial history down from the first page in Dyer to the last page of the last reporter, we should find the higher courts of civil judicature generally, and with rare exceptions, presenting the image of the sanctity of a temple, where truth and justice seem to be enthroned and to be personified in their decrees."

† That all the civil laws which were in force before the promulgation of the civil code lately promulgated be, and are hereby abrogated, except so much of title tenth of the old civil code as is embraced in its third chapter, which treats of the dissolution of communities or corporations.—*La. Acts of 1828.*

tory, is fast passing away. The act of 1828 has produced great changes; and its influence is still at work, growing stronger with success. The common law, through the medium of state legislation, the immigration of citizens of the sister states, the immigration of advocates educated in its principles, the consequent growing knowledge of its worth, is fast gaining the ascendancy; and I hope to see the time when our codes—a crude, undigested mass of legal maxims and positive provisions—shall be themselves proscribed by a legislative clause as sweeping as is that which has driven from our courts a body of laws oppressive from their bulk and their obscurity, locked up, as they are, in languages unknown to our Constitution, and breathing a spirit hostile to its genius. There is much in the civil law to admire; there is much in the civil law which the sages who raised the structure of the common law have borrowed; but because a part is worthy of being received, we are not, therefore, to take the whole, or to adopt even the part, seamed and scarred as we at present hold it. The Civil Code of Louisiana is a piebald work, made up of shreds of the civil law, modified first by Spanish and French decrees, again by our own legislation, with not a little of the awkward, and, in many respects, senseless coutumes of the provinces of France."

"You do not speak very favourably of your laws," said I.

"Not, certainly, of their sources," said the lawyer; "but if we have some cause to object to the laws themselves, we may be also permitted to complain of the cost of their administration; which, from the enormous fees allowed our officers of justice, in many cases brings ruin rather than relief to the poor creditor. These things demand reform, and will receive it when the American population predominates throughout the state.* They will receive it, also, when the law is studied less as a means for acquiring wealth, and more as a science—looking forward mainly to the noble object of reputation; when the student gives his nights to the pages of Bentham, and drinks deeply of the wisdom of that man who is to his profession what Bacon is to physical knowledge. He, per-

fect in morals, strove to cleanse the Augean stable of the law; and we turn from the contemplation of his labours, convinced of the truth of the words of Bolingbroke, and of their applicability to much that has been written, and which now cumber the shelves of our libraries. Read Selden, read Grotius, read Cumberland, read Puffendorf, to mention no others, if you have leisure and patience for it; and, after you have done so, I will appeal to you for the judgment I make. There are many curious researches, no doubt, and many excellent observations, in these writers, but they seem to be great writers by much the same right as he might be called a great traveller who should go from London to Paris by the Cape of Good Hope."

The lawyer picked up his papers secured with red tape, stowed them away in a capacious side-pocket of his paletot, and, as it was Monday morning, when the judges of the Supreme Court read their decisions upon cases argued before them during the past week, and when he was desirous to learn the fate of some of his own suits, he first introduced me to the highest tribunal of the state. The court was held in the Capitol, a small two story, half-French, half-Dutch looking building, situated in the centre of a square of ground fronting on Canal-street.

The court-room was small, and nearly filled by that portion of the bar whose business is of sufficient importance to be adjudicated upon by the highest tribunal. I counted fifty—the élite—being, perhaps, one fourth of the profession: a calculation which would give two hundred practising attorneys to the city. When we consider that its litigation springs not, even in a greater part, from within itself, but proceeds from the whole valley of the Mississippi, and those places at the North and East, and in Europe, with which New Orleans transacts business, we must conclude that it is not as yet, like most of the other cities of our country, overrun with lawyers.*

The court presented a truly venerable appearance. The presiding judge, a gentleman of some seventy-five years, at once one of the wealthiest men of the state—a wealth whose foundation was laid at the bar, and increased by the practice of the strictest economy—and one of the most eminent lawyers of our country, exhibited in physical aspect the beau idéal of an old English sergeant. A time-worn resident of the Inn of Court would feel young again to look upon him; and, with so familiar an object before his eyes, would find himself at home, though removed three thousand miles from his chambers.

* In the case of "Ellis Prevost et al.," 13 La., p. 236, Roet, J., delivering the opinion of the court, says, "The court cannot be ignorant of the mode in which our codes were prepared and become laws. They were written by lawyers, who mixed with the positive legislation definitions seldom accurate, and points of doctrine always unnecessary. The legislature modified and changed many of the provisions relating to the positive legislation, but adopted the definitions and abstract doctrine, without material alteration; from this circumstance, as well as from the inherent difficulty of the subject, the positive provisions of our code are often at variance with the theoretical part, which was adapted to elucidate them."

* More than seven years were written the "bar" has doubled.

My friend the lawyer, after moving the court in an easy, off-hand way, for an order upon one of the inferior judges to show cause why a *mandamus* should not issue, requiring him to grant an appeal in a certain suit wherein he was retained as counsel, took me under his arm for the purpose of visiting the forums of subordinate jurisdiction. This thing of the *mandamus*, I found, was indeed so common as to be considered a matter of course; for no sooner had my friend filed his motion, than some half dozen others followed in his wake on a similar errand; and, on subsequently calling his attention to the subject, he showed me that the Reports of the State were filled with instances of the issuing of that writ: a frequency which he explained by saying that the inferior courts were no respecters of precedents, and usually retained their first impressions, unless they found other cause for change than a contradictory opinion of the appellate tribunal; so that what Bacon says of it, "that it is now an established remedy, and every day made use of to oblige inferior courts and magistrates to do that justice which they are in duty, and by virtue of their offices, obliged to do," seems here to be verified to the letter.*

We next visited the building of which I have spoken in a former chapter, as situated below and on the left of the Cathedral, with its façade looking upon the "Place d'Armes." I was met upon the threshold by the hubbub of the law; it was a perfect bedlam: the judges, jury, lawyers, clients, and loungers of five courts crowded together; three of them upon the same floor. The bustle of litigation kept up in all at one and the same time was, in its effects upon the ear, much similar to the clatter of the interminable machinery of an eastern cotton manufactory: a resemblance by no means diminished by a real exemplification of an error with which southern advocates are too often chargeable, in mistaking sound for eloquence. Of the five languages most spoken in the city, two were here dominant, because those two were alone made use of by counsel in argument; yet all were freely bandied about among the crowd which besieged the courts; and I even detected one judge speaking in four different tongues in the course of a fifteen minutes' charge to a jury! The advocates argued in French or English, according as one or the other was their mother tongue; and if the Frenchman sometimes opened in the language of the Constitution out of courtesy to his opponent—a compliment

which the American always returned—he soon slid into the dialect most used to his lips: a piece of good sense which the American was equally willing to imitate. It may well be supposed that a judge who is not as great a proficient as was Mithridates or Al Tarabi in the knowledge of words, would not be thought capable of performing the duties of his office in New Orleans.

Courts of law, the courts of original jurisdiction, are certainly admirable schools for the study of humanity—perhaps not in its best features—yet there is more of comedy than of tragedy evolved in a hot dispute over the fragments of a broken contract. A student could not find a better locale for his purpose than this—to which I have introduced the reader—where all that engrosses our attention in life, our hopes, ambition, and energies, even life itself, is discussed, adjudged, given, and taken away; where suitors, born under every sun, educated in different principles of government, follow each other in rapid succession, seeking redress in the equity of a body of laws which is a *mélange* of all that each has at one time acknowledged to be his own.

The lawyer carried over his own business for the day with a "continuance," and, taking a position which enabled us to observe the action of three courts, while listening to the eloquence of two others, he directed my attention to whatever was peculiar to the drama passing before us. The gentlemen of the bar, who were extremely well dressed, exhibiting in many instances a toilet bordering upon foppery, embraced a larger proportion of young men than are usually to be found in the higher courts of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts: a fact which, if it speaks in favour of the lucrativeness of the profession, says something, too, of the shortness of life in New Orleans, and of the mutability of its population; neither favours the accumulation of business in a few hands, and both promote a willingness to intrust our interests to the care of the young, healthy, and energetic. If the veteran is enabled to retire at the close of his thirty years of service—a long period in the history of the city—it is to be feared that few are permitted to reach so honourable a distinction.

"The court on our right," said the lawyer, "I scarcely need inform you, is one of exclusive criminal jurisdiction. The idle, the indigent, and the dissolute, unshaved and unwashed, who crowd within its precincts, sufficiently designate its character. Of the many who are there congregated, some have come to while away a vacant hour in sweet contemplation of the misfortunes of those who were but of late a part of themselves; others, to incur

* A judge who refuses to acknowledge the authority of "Decided Cases" as found in the "Reports" of the "Decisions" of the highest tribunals, destroys the certainty of the law, delays its administration, and subjects the rights of suitors to the sole test of his own private opinion.

their constitutions to the atmosphere of a place which they have good cause to suspect they will soon be called upon to visit in a different capacity; and a few to watch the fate of a father or a son who may be this day arraigned before a jury of his country. The countenance and bearing of each individual tell you at once to which of the three classes I have enumerated he belongs; so truly is nature beyond the reach of imitation. Comedy and tragedy are both every day more perfectly delineated in the bosom of society than within the walls of a theatre; and he who does not acknowledge this truth, is not an observer of what is continually passing before his own eyes.

"The wretch who occupies the dock is about to receive the sentence awarded to the crime of 'striking with a deadly weapon with an intent to kill;' his predecessor was more fortunate. He struck with a surer aim, and was acquitted; because, here, we are disposed to consider every act of personal violence as the consequence of a fair quarrel; and his victim was too far removed from this world to oppose the justice of the conclusion.

"You will observe that the attorneys sitting within the bar are not so well dressed, and are, on an average, much younger in practice, as well as years, than those who follow the civil courts; for it is easy to distinguish a young from an old practitioner; the novice mouths trifles as if they were matters of importance, and the hack handles matters of importance as if they were but trifles. In truth, they are mere beginners, who resort to that forum for the purpose of testing their strength. It is not difficult to secure a retainer from a poor devil who is without the means of obtaining abler counsel; and, perhaps, the exercise thus afforded the oratorical propensities of a young aspirant sufficiently compensates his labours. In a court of crimes, the attorneys form a third estate, distinct from, and holding no sympathy with, the other two. The prisoner is all despair, praying for mercy; the judge all compassion, tempered and restrained by justice; but the attorney, like the surgeon accustomed to the daily use of his knife, cool and collected, unmoved by the heart-rending scenes which are continually passing before him, hoping for success only as it may advance his interests, thinks of but little besides himself. The client in a civil suit stands upon the same platform with his advocate; but the dock places an impassable gulf between the prisoner and his counsel.

"That court," continued the lawyer, "presents, in the jurisprudence of a people professing to be practical admirers of civil liberty, the strange anomaly of a single judge, who holds in his hands the honour, the liberties, and the lives of his fellow-

citizens, without appeal even in matters of law! 'Another method of preventing crimes,' says the Marquis of Beccaria, 'is to make the observance of the laws, and not their violation, the interest of the magistrate. The greater the number of those who constitute the tribunal the less is the danger of corruption; because the attempt will be more difficult, and the power and temptation of each individual will be proportionably less!' Our legislators never read the marquis's excellent little 'Essay on Crimes and Punishments.'*

"We will now turn to the court upon our left. It has a territorial jurisdiction, which embraces six parishes, but takes cognizance only of civil matters. Like all our courts of original jurisdiction, the District Court for our first judicial district is composed of one judge, a policy which loses in security more than it gains in energy.

"Our rights ought never to be made dependant upon the judgment of a single individual. The minds of the best of men are so liable to be warped by prejudice or interest, or to be blinded by error, that checks and balances are as necessary upon the bench as in a division of the powers of a well-regulated government. A court of law should be so constituted as to command the confidence of its suitors in its integrity and ability, so that even the losing party may leave its halls convinced that justice has been meted out to him, at least in as far as it is to be attained by means of the most perfect of human institutions. Our 'appeal dockets' teach us that the great majority of litigants are not, nor ever have been, willing that their claims should abide the sole, unaided opinion of one judge, however eminent may be his reputation for honesty, legal knowledge, and acumen. The history of jurisprudence in every country where the rights of the citizen have been consulted, sustains the principles I advocate. The High Court of Chancery of England does not afford an exception; and it has been heretofore only in despotic countries, where the liberties of the subject are known but to be trampled upon, that courts were to be found possessing an unlimited jurisdiction, and consisting of one man, whose will is law to the weak, and whose judgments are to be bought by the strong.

"You may form some opinion of that court 'docket' from the fact that it sits every day in the week, Sundays excepted, during eight months of the year, and its clerk receives, for performing duties which are merely mechanical, and which, from the simplicity of our practice, require no

* A "Court of Errors and Appeals in Criminal Matters," having appellate jurisdiction, with power to review questions of law, was established by act, approved 5th April, 1843.

previous and peculiar mental preparation beyond a common education, the moderate compensation of some twenty-five thousand dollars a year; only five times the salary of the judge, whose physical labours are greater, and whose mental duties, to be faithfully performed, require years of toil and study? That system of legislation which is parsimonious to the judge and extravagant to the clerk, reverses their true position, and pays the hands which work more than the head which plans. The salary of a judge should be sufficiently large to place him above the temptation of a bribe, and to secure for the 'bench' the most eminent talent at the 'bar'; but a clerk's office draws more largely upon honesty than upon mind, and honesty is as often destroyed by great and unmerited gains as eaten out by want. The administration of justice should be speedy, certain, and cheap; and the last requisite is not the least important of the three. Litigation should be taxed in an amount nearly sufficient to defray its necessary expenses; so that large 'bills of costs' may not consume the substance of the debtor, and the creditor may not be deterred from the pursuit of his rights through fear of entailing upon himself a debt greater than that which he desires to reclaim.* Law, as a science, and the courts, its administrators, are the result of civilization, and were meant to ensure, for a small premium, the property, the life, and the character of the citizen; when we find the tax upon justice to have become so great as to be almost tantamount to its denial, it is time to return to first elements, and, profiting by experience, reconstruct the edifice anew. 'All human constitutions,' says Algernon Sidney, in his admirable Discourses on Government, 'are subject to corruption, and must perish unless they are timely renewed, and reduced to their first principles.'

"The gentleman who is now arguing so earnestly," continued the lawyer, "and whose voice is to be heard, like the deep tones of Niagara, above all other noises, is here at the head of his profession. He is a German, and emigrated in his boyhood

to this country. He is an extraordinary example of what may be done by perseverance combined with energy. He uses, with equal fluency, all the dialects of Europe, and no one among us has a more perfect command of a language which, if, as Lord Bacon says, 'it is the richer for being mixed,' is also, for the same reason, acquired with more difficulty than the interminable variations of the Chinese character. It may be said of that gentleman, as has been said of Quintus Scævola, 'Artem quæ docet universam tribuere in partes—latentem explicare definiendo—obscuram explicare interpretando—ambigua primum videre deinde distinguere—postremo habere regulam quâ vera et falsa judicarentur, et quæ, quibus positâ, essent, quæque non essent, consequentia. Hic enim attulit hanc artem, omnium artium maximam, quasi lucem ad ea, quæ confuse ab aliis aut respondebantur aut agebantur.' The venerable, gray-haired old gentleman, who sits at the advocate's side, his eyes fixed upon the speaker, his mouth open, devouring each word as it falls from his lips, purchased, some twenty years since, a sugar plantation upon the 'coast,' for which he paid a hundred thousand dollars. He was hardly warm in possession, when, one pleasant morning, as he stood in his doorway, admiring the sloping rays of a rising sun which played about the green waving tops of his cane, as if they rejoiced over the wealth they were creating, a loaner of moneys silently drew near, politely doffed his hat, and quietly informed the old gentleman that he held a mortgage upon his grounds for twenty-five thousand dollars, which he would be very well pleased to see paid. The old gentleman was so little acquainted with the ways of the world as to take offence at so reasonable a request: swore roundly that he had bought his place as clear of all encumbrance as his hand, and very awkwardly intimated to Shylock that he was the owner of a few very vicious dogs, which were much given to bite, and that therefore it might be as well for his corporeal health if he should go as he came, without giving any extraordinary notice of his movements. The old gentleman was wrong. Shylock held a mortgage which had been overlooked, and was not noted in the certificate given by the judge in whose office it was recorded. Shylock resorted to the law; the old gentleman resisted, and, after five years of litigation, paid the mortgage, with interest, and five thousand dollars expended in counsel fees and costs of court. The loss of thirty thousand dollars was a heavy blow to a man of his property; his vender became a bankrupt, died, and was buried long before the close of the lawsuit, and it required three good crops, managed with much economy, to

* By act approved April 5, 1843, it is enacted, "That the fees and other emoluments collected by each officer, whose compensation consists in whole, or part, of fees of office, shall be applied as follows: first, to the payment of the expenses of the office, including the salaries of clerks or deputies; second, to the payment of said officer's compensation, up to the sum of three thousand dollars, if so much shall remain; and, third, the surplus, if any there be, shall then be divided between such officer and the state, in the proportion of one third to said officer and two thirds to the state."

In what way is the poor debtor or the suitor benefited by the above enactment? The same monstrous tax upon justice remains; and the only change made is in the division of the spoils—and the state has reserved for itself the lion's share!

replace him in his former position. He had scarcely forgotten his losses, and returned to his ancient equanimity, when the widow of his vender, a nice, hale, buxom lady of thirty-five, discovering that the old gentleman was not a bachelor, thought it advisable to claim her dotal and paraphernal rights of some fifty thousand dollars, which her poor husband had received and forgotten to account for, out of the plantation. Here was another mortgage—one of the tacit kind, which attaches and has its effect without registration, and is the more dangerous because it is quiet. 'Lex in omnibus tacitis hypothecis fingit pactionem et conventionem partium contrahentium, quamvis expressa non fuerit, et est perinde ac si in veritate hypotheca illa fuisset constituta per conventionem partium,' says Megazantius. The old gentleman, who is a good man, and had learned something during his late commonancy about the courts, would have divided his plantation with the widow, had not his friends, more kind hearted than wise, opposed equity to law, and persuaded him again to run the gauntlet through the halls of justice. At the close of another five years of litigation, the old gentleman did what he had proposed to do in the beginning—compromised with the widow—and paid five thousand dollars more to the attorneys and officers of court. The old gentleman's luck was surely none of the best; but he is no heathen, and acknowledges the truth of the adage, that 'half a loaf is better than no bread;' so he once more smoothed down his ruffled feelings, and was content to send one hogshhead to his factors where he before sent two. Great is the mutability of human affairs! The old gentleman had become familiar with the prayer of Horace,

"Modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret ;"

discovered that to be happy it is not necessary to be rich—taken to reading Seneca, 'Si ad naturam vives, nunquam eris pauper; si ad opiniones, nunquam eris dives'—when the last and greatest of his misfortunes, that which is now pressing him down, and beneath which he will finally expire, insinuated itself into his presence under the form of a third process in the courts. The unwary sailor, sleeping upon a smooth, summer sea, and dreaming of everything save danger, hears not with more surprise the rush of the tornado which sinks ship and all a hundred fathoms deep, than did the good old gentleman the soft foot-fall of the law again upon his threshold. Decrepit, broken by former losses, he would have been content to live; but there could be now no compromise; he was to fight for existence, for the claim swept all, and, like a worn-out warrior, he put on his armour,

and went forth with tottering steps to do battle the last time for his rights.

"The vender of the plantation had been twice married. His first wife died, leaving one child, a minor, and sole heir of her estate. After the dissolution of the marriage by death, the tutorship of the minor belonged, of right, to the surviving father. He was not required to give security for the faithful administration of his trust; but the law gave the orphan a protection in the shape of a tacit and general mortgage upon the real estate of his tutor, then in possession, or subsequently acquired. The minor has attained his majority, and is now seeking to reclaim the amount of the dowry, and matrimonial acquits and gains of his deceased mother, which the father also forgot to account for prior to his death. He asks for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; his proof sustains the demand; the old gentleman's already-contracted lands will pass from him, and even the nice, hale, buxom widow of thirty-five trembles lest she shall be compelled to secede before a prior mortgagee.

"There he sits; look at him. Hoary with age; without children to smooth his silver locks, pour words of kindness into his ears, and sustain his weakness with their strength; he puts his trust in what! the eloquence of an advocate! Does the speaker feel as that old man feels! he hangs his hopes upon every word. Does the court feel as that old man feels! its judgment takes away all he has on earth. Do the idlers about the bar feel as that old man feels! he has a partner in his fortunes; one who has climbed with him to the top of the hill of life, and who has descended, with equal step, near to its base. She will go forth, his companion, again into the world: that aged couple, hand in hand, looking forward, not as before, when, in the prime of life, they saw pleasure and happiness dancing together in the distance, but to the grave, the common comforter, the place of certain rest, and rejoicing in their years, because these years have brought them nearer to their journey's end. That is what I call tragedy."

The lawyer was moved by the picture he had drawn, turned his face from me, and drew his hand across his eyes to clear his vision.

"The court immediately before us," he continued, resuming his character of cicerone, "is the 'Parish Court,' for the Parish of New Orleans. Although of an equal jurisdiction, in matters of a civil nature, with that of which I have last spoken, it has a narrower territorial limit, and is, so far, inferior. It sits during an equal number of months; its docket is equally crowded; its clerk equally well paid; and if its judge is not equally learned, he is distinguished for the possession of a large fund

of common sense, which, being better than law, draws into his court all suits involving titles to property of an extraordinary amount. It is the theatre of the important and endless litigation growing out of the conflicting interests of those who claim to have succeeded to the rights of John Gravier; a man to whose memory the bar of New Orleans owe a monument of gratitude for the unskilful and reckless manner in which he divested himself of an estate which, had it been managed with common prudence, would have secured to his heirs a wealth princes might envy. The larger and better portion of what is now the Second Municipality was formerly his plantation. He ploughed our most commercial streets, and owned to the water's edge, embracing that long, broad, noble reach of Levee, which is annually enlarged by the deposits of the Mississippi, and is now valued at ten millions of dollars. There is not, in the whole history of the rise of cities, a more wonderful instance of rapid increase in value of landed estate, nor a more instructive lesson of foolish prodigality and strange want of foresight. It was then only necessary to look out upon the broad Mississippi to read all that New Orleans now is; as it is now only necessary to turn to the same page to read all that New Orleans will be. What Marco Polo says of Sin-gui, is more than equalled by our city.

"The small gentleman whom you see sitting at the table within the bar, looking over a big bundle of papers almost as large as himself, is a native of Bordeaux. You would know him for a Frenchman, from the ceaseless agitation of his nervous system, in consonance with the train of thought which is passing through his mind. He was once attached to the French navy, and, with two others, embarked in a pinnacle of ten tons, on a wager that he would reach New Orleans without touching at Davy's Locker. A man who has the courage to do anything; there is, therefore, no cause for surprise in his present position—a lawyer of distinguished and most lucrative practice—in advance of all who claim the same origin with himself. The well-dressed, middle-aged, intellectual-looking gentleman who sits at his side is a merchant, who some few years since shipped a valuable cargo for a foreign port. It was safely insured in one of the offices of the city, and fairly lost by one of the perils covered by the policy, 'the detainments of princes.' The merchant accompanied his adventure. Although all 'the books' agree that the insured is never obliged to abandon, but has his election, and may recover for a total or a partial loss, yet there are some cases, say they, where he will have *no claim against the insurer, unless he*

makes an abandonment—a specimen of legal ratiocination which the merchant may be pardoned for not comprehending. When, therefore, he should have folded his arms, and, as Mr. Justice Arhurst says, 'sought the first opportunity to signify his election,' he inconsiderately put his shoulder to the wheel, and laboured for the common benefit. After six months of toil, he discovered 'the detainments of princes' to be the greatest of the risks of the policy, and returned to claim his insurance. But 'a corporation,' saith my Lord Coke, 'hath no soul.' The company refused to indemnify, because he, in his haste to protect the interests of others, had forgotten his own. The merchant was ruined. Within a few days thereafter, the company itself suffered a great loss, declared itself bankrupt, and made an assignment of its assets for the benefit of those upon whose premiums it had lived. The day following the assignment, the merchant received advice that the warring princes had become reconciled; his goods, decreed to be restored, found a rising market, and doubled the adventure—the merchant is rich—and that is what I call the comedy of life.

"The court upon our right," continued the lawyer, as, having changed our position, we stood within the colonnade which runs along the façade of the building, "is the Court of Probates. Its presiding officer is distinguished for the possession of the first chief requisite in a judge: a determination to do his duty, and the courage to back it. A short time since he killed three of five assassins who attacked him—at night, masked—in his own house, alone with his wife, because he would not reconsider and reverse a judgment which was unpopular with their humours.

"Those who are familiar with the simple practice known in similar courts at the North would wander, bewildered, amid the mazes of our forms: the putting on and the raising of seals; the notarial inventories; the appointment of curators of vacant estates, attorneys of absent heirs, tutors to minors, and sub-tutors to tutors; the filing and homologation of tableaus; the oppositions and interventions; the judgments interlocutory, and the judgments final; the exception, the appeal, and the reversal; the calling of family meetings, and the homologation of family proces-verbals: the last two evils so great, that a gentleman, who unfortunately found himself the father of four orphan children, heirs of their deceased mother's estate, lately offered a large reward to any one of the profession who would write an argument against such troublesome provisions of our law. When we consider the great expense necessarily attendant upon the multifarious forms and intricate practice

of that court, and the startling fact promulgated by Judge Porter, 'that every twenty-five years nearly all the property of the state passes through the Court of Probates,' we may well conclude that no small portion of the whole sticks by the way, and passes through different rivulets into other hands than those of its heirs. The estate of poor Solomon suffered its ordeal, and was sensibly diminished by the operation. It was afterward taken to the Supreme Court of the State, then passed into the Circuit Court of the United States, was carried, upon error, to Washington, and has just returned to pass through a new series of litigation. The estate bears all costs—one thousand dollars paid to the attorney for absent heirs, one thousand dollars to the attorney of the curator—the sack will be empty before the ink of the final decree is dry. Solomon's brother reckons without his host if he believes he will receive a rich legacy.

"The mere form of bringing a question before a court," says Maddock, 'is of itself a science, an art less understood, and more difficult to learn, than the construction and use of the most complicated machine, or even the motions of the heavenly bodies.' The observation may be justly applied to our Court of Probates, whose jurisdiction is as undetermined as the misty substance of Ossian's spirits, through which the stars shone darkly."

We looked into the court. The lawyers were busy, an equal crowd filled the room, and among the suitors I observed a boy of some fourteen years, who sat listening to the argument of an advocate with an intenseness and anxiety of countenance beyond his age. A small dog stood upon the boy's knees with ears erect, nose thrust out, and eyes that followed each movement of the speaker as if he, too, had an interest in the case. I directed the lawyer's attention to the group.

"Ah!" said he, "that is young Oceanus; he has just jumped into a fortune—that is, if he gets it—and is here asserting his title. I fear he will be some years older before he sees the end of his suit, and that the finale will strongly illustrate a passage to be found in Diderot's Story of 'Jacques the Fatalist.' 'Un limonadier,' says Jacques, 'décédé il y a quelque temps, dans mon voisinage, laisser deux pauvres orphelins en bas âge. Le commissaire se transporte chez le défunt; on oppose un scellé. On lève ce scellé, on fait un inventaire, une vente; la vente produit huit à neuf cents francs. De ces neuf cents francs les frais de justice prélevés, il reste deux sous pour chaque orphelin; on leur suit à chacun ces deux sous dans la main, et on les conduit à l'hôpital.' The boy's story is a curious one; I will relate it to you as it was told me by his uncle, a gentleman of Mobile."

CHAPTER XVII.

OCEANUS.

"For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns, and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made thee noble in his working."

WYATT.

"Life's no resting, but a moving:
Let thy life be deed on deed."—GÖETHE.

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."—MILTON.

ARGUMENT.

Oceanus's Birth.—Abaco.—The Sea.—Providence Channel.—The Soul.—Oceanus Bathing.—A Shark.—Oceanus Overboard.—The Rescue.—The Storm.—A Leak.—The Ship goes Down.—Open Boat Navigation.—Oceanus loses his Mother.—Oceanus Adrift.—The old Tar of the Fife.—Oceanus and the Ocean.—Key-Weat.—Oceanus arrives at Mobile.—The Innamorata.—Oceanus finds a second Mother.—Oceanus claimed by his Uncle.—Oceanus's Learning.—Oceanus resolves to visit Cuba.—Oceanus puts to Sea.—Is arrested as a Pirate.

SECTION I.

"Young Oceanus came into the world about half past four o'clock one stormy afternoon of the month of October, in the year 1822, his mother then being midway the passage from Bombay to Liverpool; a circumstance which gave the boy his name, and has since exerted a vast influence in moulding his character. Although it is not said that the gallant ship stood still in its course when so important an event transpired within its bowels, yet, in obedience to that mysterious sympathy which exists between all matter, and through matter up to mind, it moved easier upon its track, and leaped over the tops of the curling waves with a joy which reflected that of the young mother, who was then listening to the low breathings of her first-born, and heard that sweet music above the whistling of the winds and the dashing of an autumnal sea against the oak which ribbed her about and shut out danger. How many hopes, reaching far into the depths of time, are concentrated in that first hour when the wife knows herself to be a mother! The tiny hands and tender arms of the infant are, to her vision, the full-grown limbs, knit and ridged with muscle of thirty years; strong, and able to sustain and protect her. Those little features, expressive of nothing save the weakness of humanity, and that small swelling brow, are to assume the marked lines of manhood; changing in youth with every feeling which sways by turns the mortal breast, and fixed in mature age by the one dominant passion, which surrenders but to the grave. And what is he to be, in return for the pains she has borne, and the toils she is to endure in leading him up to the vantage ground of life? Imagination works, and builds a tower of expectations, while fancy weaves a web of brilliant colours, and cov-

ers its walls with a tapestry glorious with scenes of triumph, of wealth, and of honour—a mother's hopes! blind, seeing not the evils which hang in the air around her, she possesses in that first hour a joy which is not the less real, not the less beyond appreciation, because its promises are false.

"Oceanus was two years old when his mother, then a widow, changed in her fortunes, embarked, a strange passenger, for America. The noble ship moved onward; the young Oceanus grew apace; and upon the thirtieth day of the voyage, the man at the mast-head cried out, 'Land, ho!'

"It was Abaco; the first land which the sailor makes in entering from the north, the most dangerous navigation known to commerce, where the hardy seaman pushes bravely on, through a tortuous course, winding his way among banks, islands, keys, shoals, and rocks, beset thick with hidden and apparent dangers, and boldly navigates an iron-bound coast, whose shores, lashed with frequent tempests, are everywhere covered with fragments of wrecks, and white with the bones of the unfortunate. Were you ever at sea?"

"Often," said I.

"I am sorry for it," said the lawyer; "for you have been disabused of a large part of those beautiful and sublime imaginings which fancy conjures into being, and the restless waters of the deep have lost to you more than half their poetry. There is sublimity in the vast expanse of the ocean; but there is a monotony, too, which grows upon the eye, wearies the spirit, and finally subdues the nobler feeling. The ceaseless swell, in calm as in storm, wave following wave, rising and falling in regular succession, falls upon the mind sooner than the fixed stillness of the desert. The lofty summit of Mount Washington, living in the regions of eternal cold, immovable and unchanged from the beginning, wakes in the soul more of grandeur than the sea it looks upon. Its greatness we can partly comprehend; its strength we can partly know. Like the giants of the air, whose walk is upon the glaciers of the Apennines, it fills, but does not overpower the mind. It is connected with and surrounded by life. Its associations are of those things which the eye loves to dwell upon. Its barrenness, rugged, inhospitable, uncultivated, is in harmonious contrast with the sunny fields which smile, half hidden, amid the valleys at its base, while mountain-stream and forest relieve and refresh an over-excited imagination. The land has more of poetry than the water.

"The night was starry and bright when the ship bore through Providence Channel, due west by north, and Oceanus's mother, carrying him upon deck, held him up above the bulwarks, that he might see the light which the banks there reflect into the air,

like an aurora borealis springing upward from the sea. Oceanus made big eyes, leaped in his mother's arms, clapped his hands, and gave divers other signs of un-mixed joy. From that moment his spirit was wedded to the water; a fact which was abundantly corroborated by a sudden attachment which the child soon after formed for a tar-pot, together with the exhibition of a corresponding morbid appetite for the chewing of oakum.

"The soul is perfect, full grown at the moment of its creation; the body is born weak and helpless; and strength is married to imbecility. The mind, during its strange connexion with matter, exists under two states or conditions of being: the one, purely spiritual; the other, modified by the gross material with which it is hemmed about, caged in, and restrained from giving outward evidences of those workings which are continually passing within itself. The composition, man, knows little of the soul in its simple state; yet, at times, we catch a glimpse of its action, and startle at the maturity, clearness, and grasp of our own thoughts. Experience, which comes with age, and what is called knowledge, is the victory which the soul gains over its earthly and perishable associate; the power, which it acquires after long toil, of making known to its complex existence what itself knew from the beginning. The object of all education should be to render matter subservient to mind, and those systems which attain this end most completely and most readily, approved and adopted. These facts will explain why it is that Oceanus now says that his love of the sea was born of the bright light which he then saw springing up from its bosom, and justify him in saying that he has a vivid recollection of the compact then made between his spirit and the water.

"Oceanus doubled the Isaacs, and running south to the Orange Keys, entered the Gulf, a stream which has puzzled the learned from the day of its discovery to the passing hour. They dispute over its rise, and the laws of its progress, while navigators are equally undetermined whether it most aids or injures commerce. There, Oceanus's mother, learning that the water within the stream was many degrees warmer than that which she had left, stripped him to the skin, put him into a basket, and let him down over the ship's side into the sea. She gave him a bath as a preservative against the scurvy, which had made its appearance upon her own person. Poor creature! she had fed upon salt junk during the whole voyage, and she feared he might have drawn in the disease with her milk.

"The basket filled and dipped beneath the surface, and Oceanus was baptized in the element he loved. The little fellow was

large and strong for his age, and clambering up the sides of his leaky vessel, he grasped its rim, and danced and shouted for very happiness. Born upon the ocean, he had already enrolled himself among the amphibii, and could not help taking to the water, which he knew, in preference to the land, which, to his soft feet, was strange, hard, and unyielding. The gentle fish of the great deep played around him, welcoming his coming as one whom they were willing to crown their king. The porpoise, *Delphinus phocæna*, in shoals, outstripping, in their course, the fleetest navies, gambolled, rolled, tumbled, and spouted in the distance, throwing up the brine like a cloud of steam, and exhibiting their white bellies, smooth, soft, glossy skin, porrect, depressed snouts, and big jaws, with forty curved pointed teeth upon a side, to the wondering eyes of Oceanus, who shouted again in acknowledgment of the homage which was paid him. The sturdy tars, who had already adopted Oceanus as one of themselves, and initiated the bantling into many of the mysteries of their craft, such as drinking smuggled grog out of the heel of an old boot, sleeping upon the watch with both eyes open, and purloining tit-bits from the caboose when the cook's back was turned, gathered upon the fore-castle, ran up the shrouds, laughed, swore, and made the welkin ring with huzzas. One old Jack who was fond of music—and what true sailor is not!—drew a well-worn fife from his chest, walked amidships, where Oceanus's mother stood holding the line which gave her command over the frail bark to which she had trusted a freight so precious, and played a gentle tune, whose soft, melodious notes drew towards him the tumbling fish, and calmed their excited spirits, while they swam round and round in regular gyrations, moving to the measure of the music, which charmed their listening senses. The smaller tribes, seeing their destroyers, those who fed daily upon their fatness, suddenly assume a demeanour so docile, with a countenance of such meekness, believed the promised day had come, when the wolf should dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the falling together, and a little child should lead them. They herded about the ship, leaped in its wake, kissed the rudder, played around the basket, tipped the water with their fins, and flashed back to the sun all the colours of the rainbow. Clouds of flying-fish, *Exocetus volitans*, filled the air; not now frightened from their element, but springing from the grosser to the thinner fluid, pushed by the impulse of pleasure. One, of more temerity than the rest, or drawn by the silken cords of affection, lighted upon young Oceanus's head, and fanned the air with its large, silny, pretty

ral fins, till it lost its strength with its moisture, and fell exhausted back to its waves. The temperate breeze, the tranquil sea, the noble ship moving steadily onward without pitch or roll, conscious of the general jubilee, the mother's joy, the crew's merriment and triumph, the infant's innocent delight, the beauty and the happiness of the inhabitants of the deep, the bright sun shining upon all—it was a scene the gods might have looked down upon and smiled!

“Does not winter follow summer, and the freezing blast of December the scented breath of autumn? There is not a pleasure in the round of life which has not its sister—pain; and every green and flowery spot of earth is but a point upon the broad surface of sterility. Such is the mystery of Heaven! Oceanus's mother could not be always happy. The scene changed. The little fish fled dismayed. The dolphins, no longer charmed, left their gyrations, and tacked in and out with an equal movement, as if uncertain which way to seek safety. The look-out at the mast-head discerned the danger from afar. There was no mistaking the broad, sail-like dorsal fin of the most voracious of the monsters of the deep, ploughing the even surface of the sea. He shouted the alarm, ‘A shark! a shark!’ The crew caught the cry, ‘A shark! a shark!’ The old, weather-beaten tar dropped his fife, sprang to the line, which the mother, paralyzed, held with an uncertain grasp, seized what then seemed a single thread, too frail to bear the weight of life it well protected before, and gently drew the unsuspecting, laughing Oceanus from his play. But the basket had scarcely cleared the water, when the monster, certain of his scent, demanded his prey. The sea boiled around him like a caldron; he rolled upon his back; with one blow of his tail threw more than half his length into the air, seized the ascending basket, and sank fifty fathoms deep into the chambers of his dwelling-place. The mother fell lifeless upon the deck, and the hardy tars sent forth one common groan, followed quick with curses upon themselves, upon the ship, upon the sea, with all its fish, upon everything; swore they should recognise the monster at some future day, and would pursue him for his heart's blood from the tropics to the pole.

“Heave the ship to!” roared the captain. ‘Let go the jib sheets! Back the main-top-sail! Hard down your helm!’ The ship, like a slave, obeyed its master. ‘Clear away the boat! Lower away! Trim aft the jib sheets! Stretch out!’ And there he lay, the young Oceanus, floating upon the stream, and thinking of nothing save the newness of his position, which he loved the better for being free. The old tar of the fife was the first to man

the boat, and the first to rescue the general favourite; bearing him aloft with shouts of triumph, and initiating his young ship-mate in the science of aerology through the diverse circles he made him describe above his head. 'Hook on!' cried the captain. 'Hoist away! Right your helm! Fill away the main-top-sail!' and the ship kept her course, southwest by south, to the double-head shot-keys.

"When the shark closed his jaws upon the basket in which young Oceanus was disporting himself, the pliant material of which it was made yielded so readily to the pressure as to retain its elasticity, and the bottom bending inward, projected its burden with a happy velocity quite under the ship's counter. The monster, finding a sort of wicker-work wedged in about his teeth, which would neither be swallowed nor cast out, and which very much incommoded the proper and comfortable stowage of his grinders—a shark lays back his ivory when not in use, as a dog does his ears—concluded he had encountered one of the tricks which travellers are ever subject to, and concealed his chagrin in flight. Oceanus was restored whole to his resuscitated mother; all was well again; and both soon returned to their former courses: Oceanus chewing oakum, besmearing himself with tar and slush, and poking fun at the cook, and his mother devising new preventives against the scurvy.

"On the second evening subsequent to the events just related, Oceanus was running free, all sails set, under an eight knot breeze, due west-northwest, in the longitude of Key West.

"Two bells!" cried the man at the helm.

"The bells ushered in the second hour of the first watch. The sky was clear; the gentle moon just peeping above the waves over the starboard quarter, and not yet old enough to dim the brilliancy of her sister stars, which burned above and around, thick set in the garments of the night. Oceanus, in his mother's arms, walked the deck. Sleep never pressed down his eyelids at such an hour, for he is of a gentle spirit, and loves to commune with nature in her quiet moods. All hands except the watch had turned in; those rough, weather-worn tars, dreaming of the scenes of childhood. I love a true sailor; his vices are the vices of the land, his virtues are his own; fair weather or foul, a lee shore or a safe haven, he is always the same. Brave, generous, he carries his life, as he does his wages, in his open palm, and gives it away as freely; and when, at the close of his checkered voyage on earth, he shall safely moor in the port of heaven, God will reward his toils with promotion. The captain, with the first officer, paced the quarter-deck; while here and there a drowsy passenger leaned over the bulwarks, and

watched the fiery foam which flashed along the ship from stem to stern.

"The barometer indicates change," said the captain; 'the mercury has fallen twenty hundredths within the last half hour.'

"All's right, with clear, open weather," said the mate.

"Nothing off!" said the captain to the man at the helm.

"Nothing off, sir!" replied the helmsman.

"Luff, there! luff! keep the sails full!" cried the captain, as the ship fell off half a point to the north.

"Luff, sir!"

"Luff, you land-lubber, luff! keep her on her course! don't you see that you are shaking the wind out of her sails?" roared the captain.

"Luff, sir!"

"The wind is hauling round over the larboard quarter," said the captain.

"Not a rag of a vapour to be seen," said the mate.

"A small cloud, not bigger than a man's hand, rose above the horizon in the southwest; the breeze freshened gradually, and veered towards the south.

"There is something there!" said the captain, pointing to the cloud, which grew larger and blacker every moment.

"A flaw, with rain!" said the mate.

"Worse than that, I fear, Mr. Merrill! All hands ahoy! we'll brace up a little! If the wind continues to increase, take in the studding-sails and royals, Mr. Merrill!"

"Ay, ay, sir! All hands ahoy! turn out, there! turn out!"

"The watch below turned upon deck.

"Bear ahead! ease off the weather-braces!"

"Ease off, sir!"

"Port the helm!"

"Port the helm, sir!"

"Haul in the lee braces!"

"Haul in, sir!"

"Heav-o-yo—heav-o-yo-up!"

"Belay!"

"Belay, sir!"

"Meet the helm!"

"Meet the helm, sir!"

"What's your course?"

"West-northwest, a point north!" said the man at the helm.

"Luff!"

"Luff, sir!"

"The wind increased rapidly, still hauling round to the south. The captain braced up sharp to leeward. The little cloud grew apace. The drowsy passengers left the ship's side, and retired to their berths. Oceanus still walked the deck, catching at the air, and puzzled by the mystery of feeling without sight.

"Take in the studding-sails, Mr. Merrill!" said the captain.

"Man the studding-sails—down haul,

lower away the halyards, ease away the tack; haul in the sheet.'

"Heave-o-y-o-o—heave-o-yo-up!"

"Belay!"

"The small cloud grew into a thousand, piled like mountains crowding upon each other, and blackening one quarter of the heavens.

"In with the royals!"

"Let go the halyards; man the clew-line; let go the sheets; clew up, lay aloft, and hand it!"

"The thunder muttered at a distance; the clouds rolled onward, like a sea broken from its barriers; the wind chopped suddenly into the southwest—the pattering rain fell upon the deck—Oceanus went below—it blew a gale.

"The captain seized his trumpet. 'Take in the top-gallant-sails!'

"Let go the halyards; man the buntlines; let go the sheets; clew up, lay aloft, and hand it!"

"The rain fell in torrents—the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar were simultaneous.

"Take in the jib!"

"Man the jib; down haul; let go; let go the halyards; haul down; belay; lay out, and furl it!"

"The flapping of sails and ropes—'Take in the spanker!'—the howling of the winds through the rigging—'Brail up the spanker!'—the hurrying to and fro of the ship's crew—'Close-reef top-sails!'—the dashing of the rain—'Let go the top-sail halyards!'—the working of the pumps—'Haul up the reef tackle; haul up the buntlines; lay aloft, and reef!'—the ceaseless artillery of the clouds—'Haul up the main-sail!'—the darkness which covered all—'Man the clew-garnets, buntlines, and leechlines; ease away the sheet; pull up!'—and made Danger more huge in his proportions—'Hand the main-sail!'—the sharp, forked lightning—'Lay aloft; hand the main-sail!'—which hissed in the vexed and trembling billows—'Set the spencer!'—the wail of the awakened and affrighted women—'Let go the brails; haul aft the sheet!'—the labour of the stout ship—'Take in the fore and mizzen top-sails!'—which wrestled with the elements like a strong man striving with his enemy—'Man the clewlines; let go the sheets and halyards; clew up, lay up, and handle it!'—the orders and responding orders of the captain and his mate, given in hot haste, screaming through the night, and piercing the ear of the sailor boy who swung uncertain upon the topmost spar—all were full of terror.

"Oceanus was now sailing close hauled, under a close-reefed main top sail, and spencers set, with a West India hurricane blowing from the southwest, hard on to the coast of Florida. Such weather, with a

lee shore, and that shore a Florida reef, made the strongest heart in all that sea-worn crew, who had often looked danger in the face and laughed, quake with fear.

"The captain and his mate consulted together on the quarter-deck, looking out upon the sea, whose waters, lashed to madness, burned like the fiery gulf, while, on each hand, the flames, rolled in billows, served only to discover sights of woe.

"This cannot last long, Mr. Merrill!" said the captain, clinging to the mizzen-top-mast back-stay, while every single hair of his head sang a separate tune; she will either go down head foremost, or be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Get the boats ready quietly; do not alarm the passengers; and bend a line to a hauser; if thrown upon the reef, we may get it ashore."

"The mate turned away to obey orders, which showed the desperation of the moment. Get the boats ready! What boat could live in such a sea! Bend a line to a hawser! A man-of-war's cable would crack like twine, grappled by such a tempest!"

"The mate returned to the quarter-deck. 'All is ready.'"

"Mr. Merrill," said the captain, "we must claw off; the current, with the winds, will carry us upon the reef before morning, standing on this course. Wear ship. Square the aft yards."

"Man the weather-braces; ease off the lee-braces; haul in; helm hard up."

"The ship came round with a lurch.

"Meet the helm."

"The ship sat upon the waves like a duck, wearing at short intervals, and safely riding out the storm. The morning came, so long wished for; how leaden are the wings of time to misery! the tempest had passed. The sea heaved from its bottom; the ugly clouds broke asunder, and fled before the rising sun; the captain raised his glass, and looked out upon the waste of waters; if others had been less fortunate than himself, they had left no trace behind. All were happy again, and exchanged mutual congratulations, when the carpenter, pale, his hair erect, sprang through the hatch upon deck, and with quivering, livid lips, announced a leak, with three feet of water in the hold, and gaining fast! 'All hands to the pumps!' The ship had started a plank. Joy fled, like a bird of passage. They work for life—death stands palpable in their midst. The tempest is the sailor's foster brother—they have wrestled together from the cradle, but a leak comes like an assassin—fatal, the arm of the bravest cannot ward off a secret blow. 'Thirty-six inches of water in the hold!' A thrummed top sail is got ready to be hauled under the ship's bottom. 'Four feet of water in the hold!' All labour alike, men and women.

The pumps, to their anxious hopes, look like pipe-stems. 'Eight feet of water in the hold!' They bail at the hatchways—the water-casks on deck are stove, and they throw overboard such parts of the cargo as are nearest at hand. The ship settles—the hold is full—the water is between decks. 'Get out the boats.' The two yawls, which hang at the davits upon the ship's quarters, are lowered into the sea; the longboat amidships swam like a sieve. A small quantity of bread and water is put into them—the ship is on the very point of sinking—the captain, the crew, and the passengers crowd the boats—the ship groaned,

"Gave a keel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost, sank."

"During the storm of the preceding night, Oceanus's mother, who was a good woman, and read her Bible, cast about for means by which she might cheat the hungry waves of the richest jewel of all the spoil they gaped for. She was not selfish—what young mother is? She would willingly go down to a watery grave, so the life of her first-born might be saved; she asked that boon only in her prayers, and it was granted. She remembered how Moses was exposed by the river's brink, and, taking a small wooden box, which she found between decks, she calked its seams, and daubed it within and without with tar, until she had made it seaworthy. Then, gently raising the sleeping Oceanus—the tempest had rocked him to his dreams—she softly laid him in the ark, strapping him down, lest his love for the element might induce him to rise and destroy its balance, and packing him on every side with oakum, until she had made an even surface, which she also tarred thickly over, that the wave might leave it as it found it. In that condition Oceanus entered the boat, unconscious of the change which a few short hours had wrought in his fortunes. Posthumous born, he knew a mother but to lose her. Scarcely had the boats escaped the whirl caused by the sinking ship, when that in which Oceanus was embarked was swamped. His mother, the captain, and his mate, with eight others, passengers and seamen, went down amid cries of despair, which soon grew faint, then died away, and all was still; and of that goodly ship the sea showed nothing but one frail bark, filled with those who scarcely hoped for life, and that little ark, with its rich freight, tossed from wave to wave, like a weed cast upon its bosom, there to rot. The old Tar of the Fife, who sat in the living boat, seeing his favourite buffeted about without compass or helm, would have leaped overboard to his rescue, but his companions held him down; the sea rolled on—the ark disappeared behind a mountain of waters—then rose, showing like a pin's

head in the distance—and the old Tar, with a groan, commended his young shipmate to his Maker. The angel of death overshadowed the child with his wings, dropped a tear, and passed on.*

"The ship was lost off Key West, and a wrecker's boat, which follows in the wake of a storm as do wolves in the track of hostile armies, soon picked up the survivors before they had tasted of famine, or expended their strength in struggles for existence. 'About ship!' cried the old Tar of the Fife, as he leaped upon deck; 'Oceanus lives!' Remonstrance was vain; the saved would have risen upon their salvors. Many a weary hour had they cruised without falling in with the young navigator, when the old Tar, who stood at the mast-head with a glass at his eye, descried a black speck just under the horizon over the lee-beam, threw the telescope into the sea, and came down with a run. 'Heave to; clear away the boat; lower away; trim aft; stretch out. Pull!' cried the old Tar, 'pull!' while the oars buckled in the hands of the oarsmen; 'if he drowns, I'll hang you all for murder!' It was Oceanus and his ark, and, as the wondering sailors put up their oars and bent over him, the boy looked up into their faces and smiled. Old Ocean, pleased with the charge which had been confided to his keeping, wrapped him about with his waves as with a garment, rocked him upon his rough breast as upon a downy pillow, played with him as the noble-hearted lion plays with a poodle, and like an old man who takes his grandchild to his knees, kissed and laughed, and laughed and kissed again.

"The old Tar of the Fife now adopted Oceanus, and the wreckers carried him into Key West, without benefit of salvage. Were you ever in Key West?"

"Never," said I.

"It is a very moral place, where a wise man may readily make a 'fortune,'" said the lawyer. "Its population consists of a worthy government judge and his posse, lawyers, and wreckers; should you ever have the good fortune to be thrown upon their reefs, they will extend to you such acts of kindness as you will never forget.

"The wreckers fed Oceanus upon turtle-soup till such time as his newly-acquired father was enabled to ship both his son and himself, before the mast, on board a small coaster bound for Mobile. The judge, his posse, the bar, and the wreckers took leave of Oceanus as one who gave

* "The angel of death, on being asked whether, in the discharge of his inexorable duties, an instance had ever occurred in which he had felt some compassion towards his wretched victims, admitted that only twice had his sympathies been awakened; once towards a shipwrecked infant, exposed on a solitary plank, to struggle for existence with the winds and waves."—*Al Tabiri*.

great promise of future distinction, and already discovered talents which might thereafter be usefully employed in either of the four honourable professions which they so honestly represented.

SECTION II.

"On arriving at Mobile, the old Tar placed Oceanus with a good-natured inamorata, who was somewhat advanced in years, and had, consequently, shaken hands with the wildness of youth, forgotten its love of change, and assumed a position which possessed the advantage of stability, if wanting in many of the elements of honour. She had known, in better days, a higher condition of life, but, in obedience to that law which God has affixed to crime, she descended regularly through all the grades of her profession until she was fair to become the mistress of the old Tar of the Fife, and add another to the list of those whom he kept, dotted over the face of the globe, living in every part, which he, following the track of commerce, visited in the round of years.

"Commerce! Where now are the merchant princes of Tyre, who went down to the sea in ships, creeping along the shores of the Mediterranean, fearing every cloud? How has the knowledge of man grown, until its head reaches the heavens, and with its hands it clasps the earth! Yet with knowledge the wisdom of the few has become as foolishness; and with power the wealth of the few has been divided among many. The coffers of the merchant of Tyre were richer than the coffers of the merchant of England; magnificent, he lived in palaces, dressed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. The age of the wealth of the few is gone; the present is the age of the wealth of the many. Thus it is that knowledge levels; it is ignorance which raises one man above another.

"'Here is a boy of mine, signora,' said the old Tar, as he laid the playful Oceanus in the inamorata's lap; 'be not over jealous, and it will be the better for us all.'

"The inamorata was pleased with the gift, and honest Jack, after a little of mystery, told his story.

"'We must see what we can make of him,' said the old Tar; 'you have virtue, and know something of books, and I know something of the world; perhaps he may command a merchantman before he dies.'

"Oceanus found a mother in the inamorata, and increased in stature every day. Her kindness, uninterrupted during eight years, made an indelible impression upon his memory; and he speaks of her now with tears in his eyes. The old Tar returned to salt water, made many a voyage, and when bargaining for his wagon, at ways laid aside for Oceanus the hulk

month's pay in advance. 'The young rascal will have learning enough,' he would say; 'signora can read and write, and with reading and writing he can himself find out all that others know; but he must have a start in the world;' and then he would add a dollar to the small sum put by. He visited Mobile as often as once a year, and was never so happy as when that port was one of the termini of his voyage. At such times he took the growing Oceanus wholly under his own charge, in order to give him what he called a practical knowledge of life; and if the inamorata may be said to have taught him much that was practical within doors, he cannot be said to have lost, by pursuing, under a temporary exchange of masters, the same course of study without. There were many things necessarily falling under Oceanus's vision while living with the inamorata, which cannot be said to have a decided moral tendency; but as he was not then initiated into the science of ethics, and was, consequently, not well able to judge between right and wrong, it is to be hoped their influence has neither been important nor lasting.

"Oceanus exhibited at all times, during the days of his swaddling-clothes, of his petticoats, and that third stage of jacket and trousers, the same predilection for water which was so striking a characteristic of his sojourn in the basket at sea. The inamorata used to say that he was half fish; and he now often says that it is a mystery with him why Heaven confined man to the earth, instead of giving him for his dwelling-place that element which forms so much the larger portion of the globe. During his earlier days at Mobile, he passed one third of his time in the gutter: a locality which the inamorata was disposed to consider healthy; and whenever he was out of humour, and disposed to be troublesome, he could be easily pacified by being put into a tub of water. He would not run out of a shower for all the world, for he loved rain better than sunshine, and used to account others the most arrant of fools for avoiding that which gave him so much pleasure.

"As Oceanus increased in years, the old Tar introduced him to the more enterprising amusements of life; of which, as may be supposed, fishing was his favourite; and already, at six years of age, he might be seen, with his master, of an overcast morning, in Mobile Bay, 'angling and crossing the sweet air from isle to isle, over the silent streams of a calm sea.' Before he was seven he could make spun-yarn, weave matting, splice a rope, reeve a block, call all a ship's ropes, shoots, stays, masts, and yards in their order, backward and forward, and box the compass; and had also, under the tuition of the inamorata,

rata, got far into the history of the flood, besides having committed to memory the story of Jonah in the whale's belly.

"It was in the spring of Oceanus's eighth year, that a gentleman, who had then lately come to reside in Mobile, learning his story, introduced himself to the inamorata, and claimed possession of her protégé, as being the boy's uncle by the father's side. The gentleman, together with a brother, late of this city, and of whose fortune Oceanus is the heir, immigrated to the United States some twenty years since, and, being of an aspiring disposition, applied himself to that profession which, in republics, and all constitutional governments, opens a highway to political preferment. Having practised the law with good success in one of the Northern cities, he subsequently removed to Mobile for the purpose of recruiting a broken constitution. A third brother, who had visited the Indies only to return, wanting in enterprise, died poor at home, leaving a young widow, whom the lawyer invited to make one of his own family. Too proud to make known to a stranger the extreme poverty of her condition, the lawyer was ignorant of her wants, and the young widow embarked in the 'steerage of a merchantman for the port to which he at that time proposed, and has since removed. The lawyer learned the loss of the ship, together with the young widow's melancholy fate; but he was ignorant of the birth of his nephew, and discovered by accident the existence of one whom he has since adopted and declared his heir in prospectu.

"The inamorata surrendered with many tears a charge which had become dear to her, but which her own good sense taught her would be much the gainer by the exchange. But Oceanus was not so easily persuaded; and it was not until after long argument, and many stipulations, with a full guarantee that his widest liberty should not be encroached upon, that he consented to pack up his fishing tackle, his bits of rope, his small compass, his little telescope, and his rough models of all kinds of vessels, from a ship of a thousand tons to a Mediterranean felucca, fashioned by the old Tar in his hours of calm, and remove from the humble roof of the inamorata to the more comfortable and more respectable residence of a gentleman of moderate fortune. Yet he never forgot one whom he very properly regarded as more deserving of his gratitude than a mother; for she had done all that a mother could do without being moved thereto by blood; and if he found all his wants prevented, and all his humours indulged in the house of his uncle, he found joy, increased by a thousand reminiscences, and ten thousand carresses, in the home of the mistress of the *old Tar of the Fife*.

"When the old Tar again returned to Mobile, he was much grieved to learn that Oceanus had found a new protector. He missed him at the inamorata's door to welcome his coming, and the long-wished-for spot, which he had looked for over the distant seas, counting the hours as they passed, had lost its charm. He sang not out the merry words which Oceanus delighted to hear, 'north, north by east, north-northeast, northeast by north, northeast; northeast by east, east-northeast, east by north, east;' and when the old Tar and the inamorata met upon the threshold, grief choked them; their hearts were in their mouths, and they could not speak.

"But the old Tar was soon schooled to forget self, and to rejoice in the growing fortunes of one whose affections he found unchanged; and as he believed Oceanus's increasing years now demanded the continual superintendence of a watchful preceptor, he resolved to take advantage of his old age and the stiffness of his joints, and surrender his right to the seas; throw out his best bow anchor, and moor himself alongside of the inamorata for the remainder of his days. The inamorata was well pleased with having finally fixed so roving a lover; her vanity was flattered, and the aged and still loving couple, having exchanged, through the instrumentality of the approved forms in such cases made and provided, their former questionable intimacy for a more lawful cohabitation, the old Tar of the Fife became thereafter a worthy denizen of Mobile. The few passages which I have given of his life prove the honesty of his heart; and it gives me much pleasure to bear farther testimony to the soundness of his political principles; during his subsequent residence in Mobile, he was never absent from the polls, and always voted the democratic ticket.

"Oceanus was of a nature too independent to subject himself to the petty tyranny of a schoolmaster. The old Tar had well said, that the inamorata could read and write, and, with reading and writing, he could find out all that others knew. The inamorata was not far behind her lover in affection for the common favourite; and before he had completed his seventh year, she had taught him to read without spelling, except very big words, and to write a continuous hand in large letters. Being of that class of women who have much leisure, and possessing herself a good education, she had turned her attention somewhat to the lighter literature, and had upon her shelves many of the old novels, and books of voyages and travels, which, in younger and brighter days, graced the tables of her withdrawing room. To the best of these, Oceanus was early introduced. He read with avidity that most excellent of sea stories, Roderic Random,

and the voyages of that honest old sailor, William Dampier, in three volumes, written by himself; and if he digested a translation of Le Sage's curious 'Aventures de Robert, dit le Chevalier de Beauchesne,' containing the real history of a buccanier, from papers furnished by his widow, his reading was not wholly confined to annals of ancient date, but embraced, through the special indulgence and generosity of the innamorata, who incurred some expense in procuring the books, 'Scoresby's Journal,' 'Parry's Narrative,' and the account given by Captain Bligh of the mutiny of the *Bounty*. He dwelt much upon the adventures of the captain's open-boat navigation, and wished a thousand times he had been there to participate in its excitement.

"When ten years old, having revolved the matter in 'a mind capacious of such things,' he determined to visit the island of Cuba, which he had heard much spoken of, in a way most consonant to his love of adventure. After the many lessons he had received from the old Tar in the art of boat-building, he believed he could fashion something which would carry him safely over what, to his comprehensive imagination, was nothing more than an ordinary pond; so, secretly collecting together the requisite materials, he laid his first plank in a small cove, well covered by shrubbery, upon the banks of the Bayou Chatique, about two miles out of the city. To this selected spot he would steal away upon every opportunity, excusing his absence by well-devised stories, and, at the end of six months, succeeded in building a vessel ten feet by four, in shape much like a baker's trough. Well strengthened with numerous knees fastened to the bottom and sides, the seams nicely calked and tarred, it was altogether as seaworthy as such a box could be. From the many and very particular questions touching nautical matters which he daily put to his preceptor during the progress of his labours, the old Tar was sometimes led to believe that his *protégé* was about to play the truant; but Oceanus always contrived to lull the good man's suspicions, while he gained the information he sought for; and, having laid in stores for three weeks, and provided himself with two extra suits of jackets and trousers, besides linen, and a small sum of money to pay port-charges on the other side of the Gulf, he was ready to enter upon his voyage.

"It was of a soft, starry evening, in the month of May, when the tiny waves, called into existence by a gentle breeze blowing from the land, crowned their curling tops with a light foam, which sparkled for a moment like a gemmed coronet, and then broke to give place to a succeeding ripple as beautiful and as short lived as its predecessor, that the youthful navigator, in the

language of the insurance companies, 'broke ground,' and 'got under way,' so that, had he taken out a policy upon the risk, it must have then attached. Oceanus selected the evening for the time of departure, lest, both from an unwillingness to clear from the custom-house and the queer character of his craft, he might attract observation and be overhauled in the bay before he had well got to sea. Yet he would not leave his benefactor to the inquietudes of doubt, and therefore, before casting loose from his moorings, he put into the hands of a slave whom he had hired to assist in launching his boat, a letter, written in his loudest character, and addressed to the old Tar under the affectionate title of father, with instructions to deliver it in the morning. The letter ran after this wise:

"Dear Dad—I'm off for Cuba in the good ship *Adventure*; stout built, copper fastened, well calked, and no mistake. Victualled for twice the voyage. Captain, officers, and crew sound as a nut. Hope to see your jolly old phiz in less than three months.

"Your loving and obedient son,
"OCEANUS."

"The slave no sooner saw Oceanus moving off under a shoulder-of-mutton sail at the rate of three knots an hour, than he hastened to secure the postage that he expected to receive at the old Tar's hands by a penny-post delivery made many hours earlier than the time specified by his young master. Oceanus, in his estimation, had regarded only the bearer's comfort and convenience in fixing a more remote period for the accomplishment of his errand; but the poor slave was sadly in want of money, and was willing to incur extra trouble, in hopes of an extra reward. The old Tar sat quietly smoking his pipe in his own doorway when he received the important epistle, and, on reading its contents, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. There he sat, laughing and roaring, until the tears ran down his cheeks and wet his breast; while the innamorata stood over him, horror-struck, supposing her beloved suddenly attacked with a fit of the hysterics: a disease which one of his hubbys and aunts could not take except in its most violent form. The old Tar hauled in from exhaustion.

"My old boy! what is the matter?" cried the innamorata.

"The old Tar replied by breaking out afresh with renewed vigour, throwing up his feet, and bringing them down again with great violence, while both pipe and letter alternately ascended and descended much after the style of a juggler's balls when his evolutions to awaken the admiration of the unappreciated by keeping at least one continually in the air. The innam-

rata, driven to desperation, caught at and secured the letter in one of its descents, and hastily sought in the mystic scrawl which blotted its first page the cause of her husband's strange convulsion. The innamorata was a woman, and fear for Oceanus's safety stifled in her all inclination to merriment. She questioned the slave; and, learning that Oceanus had actually taken to water, with the time and the manner, she soon brought the old Tar to his wits, and hastened him off, together with six of his neighbours, in search of the fugitive.

"Piloted by the slave, he first visited the cove, but found there only evident traces of Oceanus's skill in ship-carpentry. 'I knew the young rascal would be a man before he was a boy,' said the old Tar. 'He will never crawl through the lubber's hole in his way to the mast-head, and if he lives to grow up, will find the northwest passage. Blow me, if I don't think he is half way to the Havana before this.'

"One of the company suggested the possibility of the boat's having capsized, and the poor child drowned.

"'Drowned!' exclaimed the old Tar, touched by the insinuation; 'would you drown a fish? I picked him up ten years ago in the middle of the Gulf, sailing, like a mermaid, in a box not bigger than my hat. Drowned! I have held his head under water ten minutes by a watch on a wager, and he came out laughing! When Oceanus dies of drowning, I will forswear salt water.'

"The old Tar and his companions returned to the city, obtained a yawl, and rowed down the bay in search of 'the Adventure.' They had laboured some two hours, looking through the night, shouting his name, and resting at intervals on their oars, in the vain hope of catching a reply, when, suddenly, there rose upon the air, afar off, just audible over the quiet bay, the shrill, piping tones of a youthful singer.

"'The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies!'

"'Hurrah! that is he!' exclaimed the old Tar. 'Drowned! Stretch away! I taught the young rascal that song; the best in all the service. Give us another strain, you young dog; give us another!'

"'I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereoe'er I go;
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.'

"'That you will,' cried the old Tar; 'you have done it before. You'll do; I'll risk
Blow me, if he don't sing nearly as

"'I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide;
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloud his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blast doth blow!'

"'You may well ask that question, you young rogue,' said the old Tar; 'a southwest blast drowned your mother. By G—d, how my eyes water! I shall cry like a child. Isn't he a captain?'

"'I never was on the tame, dull shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!'

"'I'll swear to that; for I stood as good as godfather to your baptism, you young scapegrace,' said the old Tar. 'It was a little after eight bells in the afternoon, in latitude 50° north, longitude 15° west of Greenwich. Ship ahoy! Heave to, or I'll blow ye out of water!'

"'The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born—'

"'I say, shipmate—'

"'The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold—'

"'Avast! belay that!'

"'And never was heard such an outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child—'

"'Damn the boy, he is as deaf as a had-dock!'

"'And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!'

"'But not yet, my little monkey of the forecandle,' said the old Tar, seizing the noble 'Adventure' by the poop, and staying all farther progress of Oceanus and his fortunes.

"Oceanus had been too much engaged with his song to notice the approach of his pursuers, or hear the old sailor's running commentary upon its execution; and when he felt the sudden stoppage of his boat, which nearly threw him off his centre, he thought he had struck upon one of those sunken rocks which are laid down in no chart, and are found only to be lost again. But the old Tar soon corrected his mistake, and, grasping him firmly by the collar, put to flight all his dreams of discovery, by gently raising him in air, and putting him down with a flourish in the centre of the yawl.

"'I arrest you,' said the old Tar, 'in the name of their high mightinesses, the United States of America, as a common enemy, pirate, and Turk, for proceeding to sea without a certificate, sea-letter, register, muster-roll, log-book, or any papers what ever; for which high crime, I'm thinking young man, the old woman will sound box your ears.'

"Oceanus was not in a comic mood. The labour of months, and the project nearest his heart, were gone; he pouted, swore a little, and, for a time, seemed disposed to rise upon his captors; but the old Tar knew how to persuade him, and he soon signed favourable articles of capitulation, in accordance with the first of which, 'the Adventure' was made fast and towed safely into port.

"The inamorata was happy, and Oceanus returned to his former courses. But the old Tar did not long survive this adventure; the immoderate fit of laughter caused by reading Oceanus's letter brought on an inveterate relaxation of the bowels—diarrhæa fusa—and at the end of three months he died, and was gathered to his fathers. The old sailor, like the ancient lyric poet, fell a victim to laughter. The inamorata could not long outlive one whom she had loved so much, and, of late, so honestly. She went down to the grave within the first month of her widowhood; and now they lie side and side; their dust is in the earth; their souls safe anchored in heaven."

"Gentlemen, will you permit me to close the doors?" said the janitor of the courtroom.

We looked around us. The court, the advocates and their clients, the audience, and Oceanus, had all departed, and we, the story-teller and his listener, were left alone.

The lawyer looked at his watch. "It is late; you will dine with me at the doctor's rooms; it is his request."

I accepted the invitation.

"Will you finish Oceanus's story over the wine?"

The lawyer assented.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OCEANUS SETS OUT UPON HIS TRAVELS.

"Behold the youth just now set free
On land, immersed again at sea,
Stow'd with his cargo in the hold
In quest of other worlds for gold."

SOMERVILLE.

"As near neighbours as we are, ninety-nine in a hundred among the French are as little acquainted with the inside of our island as with that of Japan."

—BOLINGBROKE.

"And it may, with assurance, be said, that, as there is no creature that possesses so great a share of sagacity and reflection as man, so there is scarce any more subject to be deceived." POLYDORUS.

"Alas! quod she, that ever this should happen!"

For wend I never by possession

That swiche a monstre of infortune might be."

CHaucer.

ARGUMENT

New and Old City.—The Doctor at his Chamber.—The Doctor's Character and Personal Appearance.—The Lawyer resumes Oceanus's Story.—Oceanus's Uncle proposes that he should visit Le Havre.—He ships for the Month.—Oceanus invests his Fortune in Cotton.—His Fortune.—Tom Jones.—Gil Blas.—Don Quixote.—Huckleberry

ter.—The Old Testament and Pilgrim's Progress.—Oceanus sets sail.—He teaches a Heretic Doctrine.—The Captain's energetic Interposition in Favour of the True Faith.—Le Havre.—Oceanus in the Streets of Le Havre.—Admiration of the Women.—Jealousy of Les Vauriens.—Result of his Speculation in Cotton.—His Despair.—Runs away from his Ship.—Becomes a Vampyre.—Is in want of a Dinner.—Takes to the Water.—A Problem in Political Economy.—He raises the Wind.—He conceals a Scheme to replenish his Pockets.—Gustave.—Oceanus lays open his Scheme to his Friend.—The Affiche.—The Exhibition.—Preparations for a Second Campaign.—The Carte du Jour.—Monsieur Macaroni.—Pierre Jean de Béranger.—Oceanus and Gustave get Mel-low.—Le Roi d'Yvetôt.—Monsieur Vmagine.—Malbrough.—The Policeman.—Gustave's Presence of Mind.—Preparation.—A new Way to Pay old Debts.—Gustave's admirable Management.—Oceanus exhibits Signs of Cannibalism.—The Negro's Retreat.—The old Gentleman with a Cane.—Oceanus's admirable Acting.—Oceanus's Stomach tried.—The old Gentleman's Attack upon Oceanus's Tail.—The Tables turned upon the old Gentleman.—Unfortunate second Appearance of the Perruquier's Apprentice.—The Show closes sooner than was expected.—Poetical Justice.—Oceanus resolves to visit Paris.—He takes an affectionate leave of Gustave.

SECTION III

THE Cathedral, standing at the foot of Chartre, and at the head of Condé street, marks, with clearness, the dividing line between what may be now called the New and the Old City. The shades run into each other at Bienville-street; but at the Cathedral you step at once from a growing city of the New World, with its wide thoroughfares, convenient walks, well-built houses, of three, four, and five stories—bustle and business—into a decayed town of Europe. The streets are narrow, the buildings low and mean, exhibiting few signs of improvement, and the population, fixed, wanting in enterprise, fearful of change, in fit unison with its own labours. Even the names painted over the doorways of the shops carry you to France, Spain, or Italy, and are familiar, because they recall the characters and the events of that history or story from which the poets and novelists of old drew their plots, if not their inspiration—a mine which has ever been more fruitful than the cold imagination of the North. Look around you—everything is strange, because you did not expect to find upon the Western Continent, within the territories of the new, ever changing, inward moving, great Republic, the architecture, dress, manners, languages, and faces of the old, retrograding, palated monarchies of the Eastern hemisphere; but if you have travelled, or have read the travels of others, or are steeped in the olden literature, everything is familiar, because you have seen or read of all that is about you. The clocks in the little shops, marked with mistakes and the unpierced wood tape and lopsided and the timber and the chimney on the gable to be found in the days of Tom Mac, west in

one and the same person. The helmet of Mambrino swings bravely from the apex of a riband-painted pole, reminding the passer-by that blood-letting and shaving are sister arts, and that the royal company of bath-keepers and barbers, like the more renowned, but not more ennobled, Society of Jesus, have retired from the inhospitable shores of France, to drag out a harmless existence in a land of toleration. It is now near one hundred years since George II. of England built up a partition wall between knights of the lancet and knights of the strop; but here innovation is an evil, and the traveller below the Place d'Armes walks amid a generation which was born a century too late. O New Orleans, thou most multiform of cities! In the past, thou wast habited in the costume of France or Spain; in the future, thou wilt put on the dress of the plain Republicans who bought thee with a price; but in the present, thy garments are as particoloured as was the coat of Israel's favourite. The past is fixed, immutable, and known; the future will be what the race whose language I write may make it; but the changeable present, the expiring past struggling with the growing future, exhibiting all the hues of the dying dolphin, as fleet as the shadow upon the wall, to be caught in the moment of existence or lost forever, it is my province to chronicle—and can the limner's pencil equal in rapidity the observer's thought! Thy amusements; thy hours of relaxation; thy houses of play, once legalized, now thriving under the anathemas of the law; thy slave marts; thy political gatherings, unique, partaking largely of the barbacue; thy modes of business, full of the excitement and uncertainty of speculation, eschewing the quiet, even progress of regular trade, with small but certain gains: the story of all is to be told, and one may be pardoned if he fails in its telling.

"These are our friend's chambers!" said the lawyer, stopping before a comfortable French-built house in — street, with its wide corridor, admitting two horses abreast, high stories, and windows hung with doors, opening inward, so as to make the most of those means of ventilation, and breaking short off the train of thought to which the objects in the immediate vicinity of the courts had given birth, and which the name of Rizzio, blazoned over the entrance to a café, quickened into activity. Every name connected with the history of the fair Queen of Scots belongs to Romance. Rizzio, the favourite secretary, the proprietor of a café amid the swamps of a new world! What changes have swept over Europe since the day when that name passed from the halls of Holyrood, to reappear upon a theatre which, to me, is ever new, and ever yield-

ing food for admiration—"New Orleans as I found it!" Time is the Mephistophiles of life.

I found my friend the doctor surrounded, as are all bachelors of cultivated minds, and with money at command, with a curious mixture of luxury and destitution. Many things were rendered useless by want of order, and even beauty was made offensive by slovenliness. His chambers needed the careful hand of woman, whom Providence, in its wisdom, has alone endowed with the qualities requisite to make home comfortable. A skeleton strung on wires, the vertebrae eked out with bits of soft white leather, was the most prominent ornament of the room we first entered, while its walls were liberally adorned with coloured maps of dissections of the human body, which might well illustrate a hot-press edition of Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island." The doctor, as if aware that such things are not, to the uninitiated, very strong stimulants of appetite, conducted us at once into a second apartment, where we found a temperate repast waiting our coming.

And now, while the doctor is doing the honours of his table, I will make the reader somewhat better acquainted with the person and character of a gentleman who, both in his external appearance and mental organization, exhibits, in close approximation, the most opposite qualities.

The doctor is diminutive in stature, but the several parts of his body hold that true proportion, one with the other, which gives to every combined whole the most pleasing effect. His head, though small, is finely turned; his forehead high, broad, and projecting; his eyes float beneath brows so sweetly arched, that they seem touched by the hand of Raphael; and his nose is so truly Grecian as to impart an air of effeminacy to the face it adorns. Here all beauty of feature ends. There plays a withering smile about his thin, straight lips, whether at rest or in motion, which discovers the workings of a mind ill at ease with the things of this world, and with difficulty repressed by the influences of education. His chin belongs to that class which Lavater would have styled the libidinous, and, when observed in connexion with his mouth, mingles sensuality with recklessness of principle. So conscious is the doctor of this deformity, that he usually covers the lower half of his face with his hand, even when conversing—then, indeed, he looks like an angel; but when he reverses the position, and conceals the higher features, Heaven's outcasts are not more changed. The doctor is careless in his dress, without that pretension to foppery which slightly characterizes the lawyer's toilet. My friend's intellectual portion involved even more contradictions

than his face. Poor Solomon's story shows that he is, what Dr. Johnson loved, "a good hater;" and some passages, which I shall hereafter have occasion to set down, will prove that he is not deficient in kindness, or wanting in sympathy for the miserable. Although of a grave, if not severe temper, he can at times give in to mirth of a broad character, as will be seen hereafter. He is more learned than the lawyer, but not equally a lover of literature; and prefers the dark, uncertain walks of medicine to the flowery paths which the lawyer treads too often for decisive success in his profession. While the lawyer reads, and compares one with another, the latest literary productions of the five principal languages of Europe, the doctor probes and criticises the last theory in therapeutics. The lawyer lives for himself, and is wise in securing the largest portion of intellectual pleasure, and therefore of happiness; the doctor enjoys a greater reputation with the world. It may seem strange that two men of such opposite qualities should be such fast friends; but they are both good—one by nature, the other by force of education. Which is the most meritorious?

When the cloth was removed, I reminded the lawyer of his promise to relate the remainder of Oceanus's story. The doctor joined me in my request. He had himself heard a part of it from the uncle's lips, and was willing to learn the whole history of a boy who, at the early age of fifteen years, had seen a good deal of the world. The lawyer had done well when within the influence of the drowsy precincts of the court; he could not but do better when the wine circulated freely, and two listeners supplied the place of one.

SECTION IV.

"Oceanus," said the lawyer, resuming the boy's story, "was ten years old when he lost his early protectors; two who were worthy of a love which they had purchased with ten thousand favours. The sorrow which came with that event welled up from his soul, and for months he was sad, forgot the water, and passed his days in the burying-ground upon the fine sandy plain back of the city, strewing the inamorata's grave with flowers, and that of the old Tar with sea-weeds, which he believed he loved better. When time, at length, wooed him from his sorrow, he returned to his uncle, moody, restless, and even more self-willed than when, in the house of the inamorata, every wish was prevented by indulgence. Love, with its gentle wings, represses the rougher humours of our nature; but he had buried his love in the graves of his benefactors, and now there was no one who could put a bridle upon that spirit which they had been unwilling to curb. He had

learned freedom of thought and of action from the inamorata; and the subdued conversation and artificial manners of his uncle, and of those he met with at his house, were little in harmony with the plainness and independence of his late teacher. If his lip often curled with contempt for what he considered as marking both the effeminacy and imbecility of his uncle's guests, he was at no pains to conceal his thoughts, and thus fanned the flame of his own hatred of nature in stays, while he marred the happiness of those who were good of heart, if weak of mind, and whose follies are to be attributed rather to education than to mental deformity. It may be well supposed that his restless desire to wander abroad, and see other towns and other countries, was not lessened by the death of the old Tar, or by an ungentle intercourse with his uncle's company. The uncle, too, was willing to try the effect of a sea-voyage upon his nephew's character; hoping that, like adversity, it might bring out the better parts, while it wore down and polished its rough and uncourtly projections.

"'Oceanus, you shall see Havre,' said the uncle one day to his nephew.

"The boy's face lighted up; but recollecting his uncle's wealth, and the many reprimands which he had been pleased to bestow upon him for what he called a love of low pleasures, it was as quickly overshadowed with doubt.

"'Before the mast!' said Oceanus, inquiringly.

"'Consult your own taste,' said the uncle.

"'My father,' said Oceanus—he always thus honoured the manes of the old Tar of the Fife—used to say that it was a disgrace to enter the cabin through the windows.'

"The matter was easily arranged; joy works with nimble fingers, and Oceanus, in tarred hat and sailor's jacket, a black silk neckerchief, white trousers of coarse duck, buttoned tightly about the hips, and shining pumps with large ties, was a second time, and at the age of twelve years, shipped before the mast.

"When the old Tar of the Fife died, the small sums of money which he had laid aside for the purpose of giving Oceanus a start in life had swelled, in the aggregate, to the handsome bequest of two hundred and twenty dollars; the remainder of his fortune, which fell to the inamorata, was, shortly afterward, willed by the dying Magdalen to the common favourite. Thus possessed of the means of acquiring wealth, Oceanus told his uncle that he was willing to double his estate. The uncle was cautious, Oceanus determined; and, as the stronger ever conquers the weaker quality, the hard earnings and parsimonious savings of the old Tar were soon transmuted into cotton. Oceanus had lived too long

amid the buying and selling of the great southern staple not to be tainted by that species of gambling. He had often heard, while listening to the conversations of his uncle's visitors, of large fortunes lost and won by bold adventurers who were willing to stake more than they possessed upon the rise or fall of a penny in the pound, and remembered only those who were the favourites of success. Calculations may be based upon the value of cotton at a day to come, and calculations may be based upon the turn of a card; but the sportsman who trusts to one or the other will, sooner or later, be fain to sit, like Beauvarlet, upon the steps of the mansion which was once his own, and gamble with the money which may be thrown to him by his old associates. Oceanus's marine propensities had gained him the acquaintance of most of the shippers in Mobile, and with the old Tar's estate in his pocket, in a country where credit has been systemized, and paper, without the intervention of the precious metals, made to represent the value of things, he was enabled to make up an adventure which might double the investment, or overwhelm him with debt. But cotton, with its expected profits, did not constitute the whole of the wealth which Oceanus intrusted to the dangers of the sea. The innamorata's library, no mean collection of the writings of the older novelists, enriched, during her later years of matrimonial life, with works of a serious cast, was what we lawyers call a *donatio mortis causa*; and he was willing to relieve the monotony of those hours of calm which smooth the sea like a mirror, of which the old Tar had often spoken in his tales of life upon the ocean, with something better than the coarse jests and clumsy practical tricks of his shipmates. He did not forget his favourite, Roderic Random, and as he had heard the innamorata say that Tom Jones discovered more knowledge of the human heart than any book she ever read, he put that work also into his chest. And he did well. The pilgrim who boldly assumes the staff to travel, alone and unprotected, the thorny and dangerous paths of life, should take his first lessons from a book of infinite wit and perfect delineation of character. Its truth will teach him how to plant his steps aright, and its humour will be a continual sunshine, playing about his way, and lighting him to the goal of happiness he seeks. Tom Jones, Gil Blas, Don Quixote, Il Decameron, and Wilhelm Meister, stand alone; each without a rival in the prose fiction of the language in which it is written. The last four are full of delightful incidents and characters well drawn; but they are disjointed and scattered: the master-work of Fielding forms a *whole*. 'It is,' said Northcote, 'a regular composition, with what the ancients called a be-

ginning, a middle, and an end: every circumstance is foreseen and provided for; and the conclusion turns round to meet the beginning.' We should study a book which has secured for its writer the merited title of 'Prince of Novelists.'

"In literature those writers are most worthy of praise, and will live, acquiring fresh youth with the passage of time, whose works bear the strongest impress of nationality.

"Good-natured, with the obstinacy and courage of the bull-dog; open hearted, full of rough frolic and fun; stained with vices of the surface, easily committed, and as readily repented of; independent, free, and yet loyal; the spirit of Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, of the whole Constitution, moulded into and more than colouring the character of the man; overflowing with prejudices which are guarded as virtues, and rightly, for they have made the people—Tom Jones is English, pure and unmixed.

"Gil Blas is French all over: a *petit maitre* in full dress, admiring himself before a mirror; a creature of fashion, skilful in all the attitudes of the posture-master; volatile, clothed with the most harmless vanity, which injures no one, and secures to its possessor endless happiness; life, with him, consists in motion; thought is nothing—frivolity everything; he lives in the outer world, and would droop and die in confinement, like a flower without sunshine. He clutches at the ribands and stars of courts as an infant clutches at painted bawbles; take them away, and he will be happy with a fiddle, an onion, a dance, and the open air. Those who accuse Le Sage of plagiarism cannot distinguish between the pencil of Hogarth and Michael Angelo; discover that the Frenchman and the Spaniard are portraits of each other, and find the prototype of Don Quixote upon the Boulevards of Paris.

"The immortal creation of Cervantes! the noble pride of Spain, born of merit when her sons were heroes; formal, learned, intellectual, generous, and full of all knightly qualities; the soldier, the courtier, and the poet blended into one whole; heroism, courtesy, and taste acting upon, refining, and raising each other: all subdued by superstition—Don Quixote is Spain run mad.

"Il Decameron, the book of a hundred tales, of endless variety, crowded with action. The Roman, emasculated; the Italian, full of fiery impulse, and nothing more; the fire of ancient liberty not quenched, but smouldering; a soul, capable of great things, squandered upon painting, statuary, and the opera; taste dominant over reason; the Spaniard and the Frenchman, pride and frivolity, mixed together, hating tyrants, yet readily bowing the neck to

each new usurper; unclean, with the corruptions of the universal church; morality lost, is seen but to be wondered at; vice of every shade, from the first turning aside from virtue to the blackest deeds of night, acknowledged and vaunted of, under the broad sun of day: an angel ruined. What Italy was in the days of Boccaccio, it is now—a house divided against itself; and if others cannot find what I have said in the Decameron, I can. In those hundred stories, men of all ranks, characters, and ages, incidents of every kind, the most extravagant and comical, the most touching and pathetic, pass before us in rapid succession, like the shifting scenes of a theatre. What genius, what manners, and what morals! The ground-plot of the work, which holds its several parts together, is descriptive of the times and the people. 'Quando nella egregia città di Fiorenza, oltre ad ogn' altra italica bellissima, pervenne la mortifera pestilenza,' says Boccaccio, 'sette Giovani Donne, tutte l'una all' altra o per amistà o per vicinanza o per parentado congiunte, delle quali niuna il venti e otterimo anno passato avea, nè era minor di diciotto; savia ciascuna, e di sangue nobile, e bella di forma, e ornata di costumi, e di leggiadria inerta, ed tre Giovani, non per ciò tanto, che meno di venticinque anni forse l'età di colui che più giovane era di loro; nè quali nè perversità di tempo, nè perdita d'amici o di parenti, nè paura di sè medesimi, avea potuto amor, non chè spegnere, ma raffreddare usciti della città, si misero in via: nè oltre a due piccole miglia si dilungarono da essa, che essi pervennero al luogo da loro primieramente ordinato.' And for what end? To bemoan their fair city, stricken by the hand of God? To deprecate a plague which had spread its devastations throughout Italy, and driven Louis of Hungary from his prey? To weep over the loss of friends? No. To shut out wo with a wall of pleasure! To steep their lips in all uncleanness! The Decameron is Italy. The spirit of its people lives in every page.

"A German, outwardly, is dull and heavy; compared, physically, with the Italian, he is the dray-horse matched with the racer; but he carries the jewel, intellect, in his head. If he draws his inspiration from beer, like alcohol, it holds small resemblance to the gross material from which it is distilled. Philosophical, metaphysical, he is more refined than the Platonists, and seeks for the causes of things anywhere, except where they are oftenest to be found, under his own nose. Transcendentalism mingles with the common affairs of life, giving to existence the patchwork hue of reality and fiction. Capable of the highest poetry and the lowest buffoonery, which move before him, hand in hand, as if born

of the same mother, he can soar where Milton feared to fly, amid that darkness which proceeds from excessive light, and will laugh until his sides ache over wit as refined as that of the harlequin in the French comedy which Pickle saw at the Hague, got up to flatter Dutch taste. The most acute of critics, he knows the soul as it will be when set free by death; and he knows the body, as a mass of clay, uninspired; but of that complex being, the marvel of the Creator, the union of body and soul, acting upon each other—a harmonious compound—he is ignorant. Wilhelm Meister is the wondrous intellect of Germany spread out upon the pages of a book; and all who run may read. Wilhelm Meister could not have been written by Homer. The Iliad is the offspring of barbarism, mollified by poetry. Wilhelm Meister is the offspring of civilization, passing into pure intellectuality, or mysticism. Wilhelm Meister is the application of philosophy to the most ordinary duties of life, which it adorns and ennobles; and, with its German love of blood, its grossness, its German love of buffoonery, is a perfect image of its creator.

"I have said that the innamorata became honest in the last years of her life. Upon her death-bed, she called Oceanus to her side, and presented to him a small copy of the New Testament. 'Read this often,' said she; 'in it you will find those sweet portraiture of our common Father—overflowing with love and mercy—which were drawn by Christ. Read; you will love, and therefore obey.' The innamorata had wept over the story of Jacob and Esau. She had felt the beauty of the affection of the elder brother, and revolted from the hate and cool deception of the younger born. She believed it to be, not frailty, but a natural sense of justice, that caused her to sympathize, even unto tears, with Esau, when he cried 'with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me, O my father!' 'The morality of the older volume, separated from foreign matter, is pure; the religion it inculcates, cleared of Jewish superstition, is divine—it is the one true and holy. But there are acts therein chronicled, and characters therein portrayed, approved of, and now held up as exemplars unto men, whose virtue might be questioned.' She feared the prejudices of education—she distrusted the judgment of men, and sought the approval of Heaven in the assent of that reason by which we gain a knowledge of right and wrong. The acts and the characters which she would have condemned in profane story, she equally condemned in Holy Writ, and therefore substituted for the older book John Bunyan's great prose poem, where virtue is clothed in words which shine like the garments of the just.

Oceanus put the little Testament, and the Pilgrim's Progress also, into his chest.

"The ship rode at anchor in the outer bay. Oceanus stood among the sailors upon the fore-castle, with his hands upon the tarred ropes he loved; a favourable wind blew from the land, and he departed. The sun looked prosperously upon his way, and the smile of nature without was returned with an equal gladness of heart within. How joyous is young Hope when he first steps upon the theatre of life! The world, like a skilful juggler, plays its tricks before him, till it cheats his wondering eyes into a belief that all which seems to be is reality. Youth starts upon its adventures with the high imaginings of the Knight of La Mancha, and is rewarded, most frequently, with an equal success.

"Few events, other than those which, in their ceaseless round, give to the sea its monotony, characterized Oceanus's second voyage across the Atlantic.

"When the acquisition of knowledge is a pleasure, the student learns rapidly; and Oceanus was soon familiar with the ropes, knew every sheet, sail, and tack, and became as ready at a reef as the oldest tar of the fore-castle. His tender years, delicate make, small, regular features, soft, quiet eyes, and long, flowing locks of light auburn, which rested in ringlets upon his shoulders, together with the neatness of his attire—for he took a pride in dress—gave him an air of effeminacy, and won from his companions both their favour and the expressive sobriquet of 'the ship's baby.' But Oceanus was not disposed to take advantage of his youth, or the partial friendship of the crew, to escape even the most dangerous of the duties of a sailor; and he secured the good-will of his captain as effectually by prompt obedience and activity, as the love of his companions by the more attractive qualities of his person and character.

"In times of calm, and when the ship ran free before a prospering breeze, he would sit upon the fore-hatch and read the story of his favourite Random, or discourse wisdom from the pages of Tom Jones, to a circle of weather-beaten and delighted listeners, who forgot the toils they had passed, and the dangers which were to come, in peals of heartfelt laughter. But he did not forget the dying injunctions of the innamorata, and, upon the Sabbath, exchanged the novelists for the inspired biographers of our Saviour; and, in the simple language and apposite illustrations of Christ, taught the comeliness of virtue with more power than do all the laboured sermons and glosses which on that day echo through the vaulted roofs of ten thousand churches. And when the rough sailors, equally moved by the pathos of the narration and the silver cadence of the reader,

had wept at the tomb of Lazarus, and rejoiced with the widow of Nain, he would turn to that other book which he had also received from the dying innamorata, accompanied with equal injunctions to read and ponder on its contents, and which, in happy simplicity, he consequently believed to be the older covenant. He became warmly interested in the allegorical progress of Christian through life, and his audience was never more numerous or more attentive than when he read from the glorious pages which record the crosses and the triumphs of the saint. But some among his listeners were disposed to question the accuracy of his knowledge, when, on opening John Bunyan's immortal work, he would say, 'Come, let us read a little from the Old Testament.' Oceanus had been told that 'the Bible' comprised both the old and the new covenants, which were most commonly found in close juxtaposition under the same cover; a proximity not greater than the fellowship of the innamorata's last gifts, and he would not be persuaded from his belief in the identity of Christian's life with that book to which there are such frequent allusions in the biographies of Christ, although he was wholly unable to find the cited passages. This innocent error gave rise to two sects among the dwellers of the fore-castle—those who received the creed of Oceanus, and those who scoffed at the idea of the story of the trials of the Pilgrim being one and the same with the writings of Moses, of David, and the prophets. The schism threatened to disturb the harmony of the ship's crew, and to end in the destruction of the discipline of the ship, when both parties agreed to refer the subject of their disputes to the arbitration of their captain. The captain, who was little of a theologian, and less of a bibliographer, adjudged, with a round oath, both parties to be in error, without deigning to give the reasons of his decision. But he so far resembled the councils which of old were accustomed to settle points of faith, that he resolved to enforce his judgment with something more convincing than argument, and, after anathematizing Oceanus and his followers for a pack of ignorant land-lubbers, who could not distinguish between 'Old John Bunyan's' lies and King Solomon's songs, and stigmatizing the opposite party as a set of idle knaves, who troubled themselves about matters which they did not understand, when they might be better employed in the manufacture of spun-yarn, he condemned the whole fore-castle to a penance of a half allowance of salt-junk for a week, and commanded his first officer to trice up and give a sound dozen to the first delinquent whom he should detect reading either the New, or the true or spurious copy of the Old Testament. A decision enforced with

a violence which proved it truly *ex cathedra*, was calculated neither to convert the heretics nor soothe the true believers; and, although the New Testament and John Bunyan were never afterward read from the forward-hatch, yet no one of Oceanus's party acknowledged the evil of his ways, while some of the opposite side came over, and, having exchanged truth for falsehood, will probably live and die in an error, which can neither increase nor lessen their happiness in this world or the next. But Oceanus was happy. His element compassed him about, and on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, an ever beginning, never ending expanse of water met his smile, giving joy to a heart which loved the ocean as a child loves its parent. Life, without passion, is like a placid bay, that sleeps, land-locked, undisturbed by the currents of the air, and knows no change but the rising and falling of the tides, which, to the sea, are what instinct is to the herd of men, prompting to motion only to avoid stagnation and death. There are those who call quietude happiness; but pleasure is the offspring of passion, and is most perfect, most intense, when its origin is most simple, attracting and concentrating upon itself all the powers of the mind. Oceanus's passion was the water; in its purity he found an emblem of that Deity of whose existence he had been taught by the inamorata. In his sleeping hours he dreamed of it; in the morning he saluted it with his blessing; and it was the last object upon which his eye lingered at night. Were you ever in Le Havre?"

"No, sir!"

"Then it would be idle for me to describe it. If I were to tell you that, when Oceanus was there, it was a flourishing town of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants—since greatly increased—the seaport of Paris, situated in a flat, marshy soil, at the mouth of the Seine, surrounded by a wall and ditch, defended by a citadel, and consisting of long, narrow streets, with high houses of a heavy, mean appearance, filled to the top with noisy, chattering, light-hearted, and light-headed French provincialists, you would know no more about it than you do now. You may read all that has been written, converse with every traveller who has visited a foreign land, and yet, when you yourself go there, you will find it as unlike your picture as are the delineations of the actors, to the high imaginings which Shakspeare has clothed in verse. The minds of men are as various as their bodies; their eyes, like glass, of different colours, different thicknesses, and different purity, reflect, receive, and refract different rays of light, so that no one sees society as another sees it. It is wise in youth to lay up a store of reminiscences for the diversion of old age; and it

is wise to talk of what we know and of what we have seen, in order to keep the traces of past thought, and the images of things gone by, fresh and vivid in the mind; but when I describe a place with which you are unacquainted, you are deceived in more respects than one. If language was perfect, you would see through my vision, and not your own; but as language is imperfect, you are removed one step farther from the truth, and read the copy of a copy.

"At the close of a voyage of thirty-five days, Oceanus saw the windmills which stand thick along the low coast of France, from Cape la Hève to Le Havre; and running within the walls of the town between two stone piers which form the entrance of its harbour, he moored in safety, to the entire satisfaction of all underwriters.

SECTION V.

"Oceanus, by permission of his captain, who had good-naturedly forgotten the heretical tendency of the boy's religious opinions, passed the first week of his residence in Le Havre in the gratification of a worthy curiosity. A new people, with new manners, and a new language, occupied and amused all his faculties; and he wandered through the streets of the town, staring at everything which was to be seen, admiring the voluptuous forms of the women—Oceanus is a little precocious—laughing at the practical jokes of the merriest people on earth, and weeping, in his simplicity, over the pantomimic tales of wo of a sturdy army of beggars, whose numbers filled his mind with wonder, and whose wants he supplied with a sailor's liberality, until his pockets had nothing more to give. But if he was himself all eyes and all ears to the infinite novelties around him, his own beautiful person, his youth, the neatness of his professional attire, his silent admiration, and, more than all, his national character, at a time when all France rang with the rap of General Jackson's hickory club upon its portals demanding the six million reclamation, attracted equal attention.

"Ah! qu'il est beau! Si jeune, et matelot! C'est un Apollon nascent. C'est Cupidon, qui a quitté son métier pour traverser la mer!" exclaimed les belles citoyennes de Le Havre, as Oceanus sauntered along, looking up into their eyes, unconscious of the praise he elicited, all the fine qualities of his person heightened by the genuine *mûreté* which sat upon his boyish, unschooled face.

"Sacré coquin! C'est un jeune Américain. Un de ce pays qui vent nous écorcher!" cried some half dozen idle, ragged petit vaurions, who hang about the corners and public places of every city, taking lessons in vice, and who claimed Oceanus's

attention only as speaking a language which he could not understand.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed les belles dames, whose admiration was turned into another channel by a knowledge of Oceanus's citizenship. "Mon Dieu! le petit beau sauvage! Avec les longues tresses de sa chevelure blonde. Ah, c'est un ange habillé comme un petit garçon!"

"Sacré foutre! qu'il est villain, en faisant parade d'une telle fierté. Ce n'est, sans doute, qu'un vanupied comme nous!" cried les vauriens, pressing upon his heels, and huddling about him with sundry demonstrations of fight; and they were not required to wait long for a touch of Oceanus's quality. After the true American style, which knows nothing of rules, and cheered on by the encouragements of the women—God bless them! their sympathies are always with the weaker side—he put forth his strength right and left, and making up in agility what he wanted in science, he demolished six noses in less time than it would take to count them.

"Similar scenes were frequently enacted in the course of Oceanus's week's ramble about Le Havre, so that he early acquired some knowledge of the French language, especially of its stronger and more idiomatic phrases, together with an insight into certain national traits of character which he could in no other way have gained. But as an offset against such advantages, he returned to the ship at the close of his leave of absence with two very black eyes and the better part of his wardrobe in a condition which rendered it unfit for future service. The gains and losses of this guerilla sort of warfare were in that way so equally balanced, that Oceanus resolved to make no more incursions into the enemy's country, except in the legitimate and protected character of a man of business.

"Our hopes are ever to be dashed to earth when highest; and Oceanus's dreams of wealth were roughly compelled to shake hands with poverty. When the region about his eyes had recovered its natural colour, thinking it time to look after his adventure, he called upon his consignee. Cotton had fallen! It may be difficult to understand how these things happen, but every blow of General Jackson's hickory club knocked it down a centime in the pound, and the important merchant, instead of gently stroking down Oceanus's fair hair, and telling him that he was a smart boy and would die rich, coldly turned from his inquiries, with the soothing information that his venture had wrecked twice his investment. Oceanus returned to his ship, and sought the inmost recess of the fore-castle. For the first time in life he knew what it was to be a debtor; and for the first time in life that horrid phantom which

day and night traverses the earth, entering the dwellings and claiming the companionship of men—Want—deformed with filth, rags, and disease, offered her embrace, while she whispered in his ear, we have many years to live together. Depressed, regretting the past, despairing of the future, he gave way to a flood of tears. His self-willed arguments, and his uncle's doubts; his sanguine promises of success, and his uncle's cold sneers, returned to him, and entered like a two-edged sword into his heart. He wanted courage to meet the jeers which awaited his return to Mobile, and from day to day, while the ship was reloading with the products of France, and as the time drew near for her departure, he grew absent and moody, neglected his duties, drew down upon himself the anger of his captain, and quarrelled with his companions, till, failing in moral strength, he committed his first false step in life—and ran away.

"We gain wisdom from loss, and a harsh lesson learned in youth is often experience cheaply paid for; but nothing compensates a turning aside from duty; punishment is as sure as justice is certain. Oceanus has found bitter proof of this truth, both in the vice and filth of Europe and in the vice and filth of our own prisons. His first act, after leaving his ship, was to make his peace with his late enemies, les petits vauriens; a stroke of policy which was quickly followed by his becoming, without a figure, the veriest vanupied that infested the docks, blind-alleys, and public places of the city. For two weeks he lay concealed in one of those hells to be found in every port, called a sailor's boarding-house, and when, at the close of that period, he ventured abroad, he was told that the pittance which the pawnbroker had advanced upon his last shirt was exhausted, and that he must find lodgings elsewhere.

"Oceanus, the truant, was able to smuggle from his ship but little more of his wardrobe than what he wore upon his back; his wages had been already portioned out among the beggars of Le Havre; and those four great works, Roderic Random, Tom Jones, the New Testament, and Pilgrim's Progress, which he believed to contain all knowledge, worldly and moral, besides a vast fund of pleasure and consolation, which satisfy the wants of the mind, he would not part with in order to satisfy the grosser wants of the body. Surely, as he wandered, houseless and cheerless, about the city, there was in his carriage but little of that fierté which had excited the envy of his late friends, the vanupieds. But the body must be fed; and he who is starving cannot steal; for all he takes to stave off hunger is, by the first law of nature, his own. The truth of

this proposition, which men readily assent to in the abstract, but question when practically enforced, suggested itself to Oceanus's ruminating spirit, and, like Brindley, who always took to his bed when puzzled by any difficulty in mechanical science which threatened to checkmate his genius, he took to the water. And there he lay, floating upon the surface, in the midst of the harbour, surrounded with shipping, a thousand small boats flying in every direction, unheeded and unheeding, his head filled with crude notions of political economy. 'Ireland,' says Ebenezer Elliott, 'is brought down to the lowest force that will support life; and when that is the case, neither life nor property can be safe.' And why not? Because, when it is brought so low, it may be brought still lower; and then property is swallowed up in self-preservation. This was the problem which Oceanus desired to solve—At what point does starvation commence? and when are we permitted to take that which is held by another without incurring guilt? He could see through the matter pretty clearly in theory; but the practice of every well-regulated government clouded it with difficulties. The law says that starvation commences when it has done its work, and will hardly give to the dead pauper that rest which it denied him while living. As ratiocination became perplexed, and grew darker and darker, Oceanus would dive and swim some fifty yards under water, coming up at a new point, blowing like a seal, and shaking his dripping locks as would a sea-horse his mane, if he had one. This evolution was repeated so often as to attract the attention of the busy walkers upon the adjacent quays, whose shouts soon drew together a crowd of curious idlers, with voices equally ready for applause. Oceanus, discerning the cause of the noisy admiration of the landsmen, laid aside his knotty problem in political economy, and gave up his whole strength to an exhibition of his skill in hydrostatics. He rolled and tumbled like a porpoise, sank, then rose, threw himself entirely out of water, re-entered the element head foremost, rose again, fanned the air with his hands, skimmed along just above the surface like a flying fish, and disappeared. Then he would dart through the water like a shark, approach a boat loaded with fruit, turn a somerset over the heads of the astonished market-women, and reappear where the spectators least looked for him.

"*Les bons Citoyens* were in ecstasies. They shouted, clapped their hands, and cried bravo, until Oceanus, like a new candidate for histrionic fame, obeyed a hundred calls, and landed to receive the congratulations of his light-hearted admirers. They pressed around him before he had time to make his toilet.

"*Qui êtes-vous?*"

"*Un Américain.*"

"*Et votre père?*"

"*Il est mort.*"

"*Et votre mère?*"

"*Elle dort au fond de la mer.*"

"*Ah, Le pauvre Orphelin! Tenez donc —là! là!*" and they filled his hands with sous and franc pieces.

"If Oceanus now spoke French passably well, and understood it better, it is not to be wondered at. A boy of his years, without diffidence, and urged on by necessity, will learn a language in three weeks. When the memory is young and ductile, it readily retains the three thousand words which are bandied about in the every-day conversations of business, social wants, and social recreations.

"Oceanus put on his dirty, ragged clothes, and walked joyously back into the heart of the city. He had forgotten his problem in political economy, and thought only of hunger and the present means of satisfying it. He soon found a café which admitted to its tables patrons of an external appearance as questionable as his own, and with the larger half of a roasted cat in one hand, and a bottle of claret, which was too sour ever to have been sweet, in the other, he turned his thoughts towards the future, in search of a way whereby he might gain a subsistence less precarious than that which Heaven, in its abundance, had just poured into his lap. Swimming in the harbour, while it would lose its attractions with its novelty, was necessarily an exhibition which must depend for its remuneration upon the generosity of the lookers-on; and it is hard to pay for pleasures already enjoyed. That scheme he laid aside with his first bottle, and took up another with the second half of the *chat déguisé*. The echoes of General Jackson's hickory club still rang in the ears of France, and, remembering the interest which his own person excited when accused of being an American by the *petits vauriens*, who, with a Frenchman's adoration of glory, were willing to receive more kicks than coppers in defence of the national honour, he resolved to turn the whole matter to the advantage of his pocket by exhibiting himself to the curious public as a rare specimen of the genus *homo*, species *Americanus*. He cast about him for the means by which to put into execution so admirable a project, and soon bethought himself of one of the sturdiest of his new friends, the *vauriens*, who possessed that quickness of parts and knowledge of the world which were necessary to insure success. The bottle of sour claret and the *chat déguisé* had produced a revolution in Oceanus's feelings; there is all the difference in the world between a full and an empty belly; and he sallied forth from the café surrounded with his former hopes, while visions of

wealth again floated before his eyes. As he walked dreamingly along through the streets, no *jolies dames* stopped to admire the beauty of his flowing locks, for they had already passed into the hands of a per-ruquier before the pawnbroker received his last extra shirt, and, however lofty may have been the flight to which his spirit then soared, his more earthly part, disguised with rags and dirt, reduced him to a level with the veriest vanupied in Le Havre. He was not compelled to go far in search of his friend; for he had retraced but half his steps towards the docks, when he espied, on the opposite side of the way, the hopeful youth, whom he was willing to make a partner in his fortunes, in the act of relieving the pockets of an honest, patriotic old gentleman, who stood gaping into a shop window at a well-drawn caricature of the Citizen King piling cannon balls and bombshells upon the back of the Old Hero, in answer to the dun for the six millions reclamation. Oceanus arrived in time to prevent an act of disinterested benevolence which neither Bunyan, nor either of the other three great works which he then always carried about his person, had thought it politic to praise; and taking his friend under his arm, he led him away to a more favourable situation, where he might, undisturbed, open to his wondering mind a scheme which was to pour gold into their laps more freely than fortune was then pouring want.

"Oceanus and his companion sat upon a little stone step, deep within one of the blind alleys of Le Havre, the listener assuming an air of grave reflection, as if he weighed each word as it was spoken, and the schemer talking and gesticulating after the manner of one who is determined that his project shall not fail for want of an advocate.

"What do you think of it, Gustave?" said Oceanus, drawing a long breath, at the close of his narration, and addressing his friend, who was a big boy of some two years more of life, without education, without morals, without anything excepting a long, lanky person, scantily covered, a sinister look, with such a knowledge of men as necessity always gives to those whom she compels to exist by their wits, and a right to live.

"Sacré foutre! it is a good thing, and would succeed, my young Arab of the woods!" exclaimed Gustave, applying to Oceanus the soubriquet by which he was known among the vanupieds of Le Havre, who conceived that little difference, other than their homes, existed between him and the Moor, whose quiet their royal master then disturbed upon the shores of Africa; 'but we want capital. Twenty francs is a great deal of money; and twenty francs would hardly cover the outlay.'

"Oceanus laid his hand significantly upon his pocket.

"Tut! my little moralist—you who have the four saints always with you—Sacré Dieu! our Church puts no such nonsense into our heads! have you lifted a purse to-day? Aha! I thought so—il y a jamais dans le langage d'un hypocrite une certaine douceur que n'a pas la vérité!"

"Oceanus sprang to his feet, and stood looking down upon the vanupied with mingled rage, wonder, and shame. 'Does contact with sin, indeed, so contaminate! His associate, he believes me a thief! Then the honest have long since drawn a similar conclusion!'

"The vanupied looked up into Oceanus's face: 'Fi donc! Get out of that! I understand you: you can't play Tartufe with me!' said he, sneeringly.

"Oceanus sprang at the vanupied's throat.

"That will teach you better manners!" said the vanupied, as Oceanus rolled upon the pavement, the blood spiring from his nostrils, and adding little to the comeliness of his appearance. 'D—n you, you are no better than an Englishman, and I have a great mind to treat you to a few extra kicks, by way of a gentle hint to leave your brusquerie nationale at home the next time you visit La Belle France.'

"Oceanus rose, pretty well convinced that, if his own folly had led him into bad company, he could not well complain of its inconveniences; besides, as Gustave remarked, since he was a stickler for morals, he might have found out that there is little difference between picking a pocket and swindling the public.

"The quarrel between the two friends was soon healed: Gustave scraping the blood from Oceanus's face, and Oceanus laughing heartily at his late astonishment at finding himself stretched along the pavement, when he expected to have proved, in the twinkling of an eye, that one American can whip three Frenchmen. Yet there was something more than a mere verbal difference between the characters of the two boys. Gustave said well, that picking a pocket and swindling the public are, in crime, one and the same thing; yet the law does not say so—neither does society say so—and Oceanus had not then learned to distrust the moral perception of both the one and the other. Gustave had a strong mind, but, unfortunately, it was so warped that it reasoned crookedly from straight premises. Seeing others do that securely which he knew to be wrong, he was willing to go farther, and commit acts which society punishes as crimes—railing against the blindness and partiality of the law, instead of striving to remove the ignorance and prejudice of its makers.

SECTION VI.

"Young hearts are energetic, and Oceanus's project was no sooner approved of than it was carried into effect. Soap and water are great beautifiers of the skin; even Gustave was benefited by ablution, and looked less the coquin for having a clean face. They cast their old clothes, as a serpent casts his slough, and a highly respectable slop-shop kindly volunteered its services to give them a genteel appearance at half cost. A large, airy room was taken, in the neighbourhood of the most fashionable hotel of the city, and, as landlords there, as well as here, are the most privileged class of creditors, the pets of the law, who live by the game of grab, they were not required to pay rent in advance. Gustave put the chamber in order, arranging everything for effect—the French have a natural taste for such things—and Oceanus's last franc pieces were paid away for parti-coloured affiches, which set forth in grandiloquent periods the curious novelty that was to be exhibited, for a few days only, at No. — *Rue de Paris*. They ran much after this wise:

"*Grande Curiosité Naturelle!*

"*Le Soussigné a l'insigne honneur d'informer le public très-éclairé qu'il offrira a ses regards dans une vaste salle No. 10 Rue —, un jeune Américain et Yankee, citoyen de la grande nation démocratique. Il a été pris dans les plaines immenses des cannes à sucre naturelles de l'état de Mobile. On vient de le transporter en France, où il n'a pas eu le temps de perdre par le contact de la civilisation ses mœurs sauvages.*

"*Caractère Physique et Morale.*

"*Ses cheveux sont lisses, comme ceux d'un Chrétien, et son teint est un peu clair pour un idolâtre. Il ne mange que des nègres vivants et du tabac. Son intelligence est supérieure, et audessus de celle d'un ourang-outang, car il sait faire usage d'un couteau et d'une fourchette — pourvu que celle-ci n'ait pas plus de deux branches.*

"*P. S. — Son Altesse Royale le Roi de Français ayant exprimé confidentiellement un vif désir de voir ce phénomène de la nature, on ne pourra le donner en spectacle que peu de jours, aux habitants de cette ville — Prix d'entrée, un franc.*"

"Oceanus pointed out to his friend Gustave several small errors in this affiche; such as the arbitrary erection of the town of Mobile into a sovereign state, and the locating vast fields of wild sugar-cane in a country where that useful plant can be hardly forced to grow by dint of the most unwearied cultivation; and then, Heaven knew, he was not such a cannibal as to feed upon live negroes, neither had he, as

yet, contracted the filthy habit, so common among his countrymen, of chewing tobacco.

"The affiche was written by a very learned acquaintance of mine, who has read everything, and knows more about your country than you do yourself," said Gustave, doggedly. "You are wrong; but it would be all one if you were right. We Frenchmen believe all my friend has said of you Americans, and it would be bad policy not to humour the error. Take care, too, lest, in attempting to instruct the public, the public do not set you down for an ass."

"There was much sound sense in the vanupied's reasoning, and Oceanus is a youth open to conviction; so the affiches were posted up at the corners of the streets and in the public places, drawing together large crowds, who laughed, shrugged their shoulders, doubted, convinced each other, and resolved to attend the show.

"Oceanus and Gustave passed the night prior to the opening of the exhibition in the quiet streets of Le Havre, anxiously discussing their hopes, and mutually suggesting such rules of conduct as each thought necessary to success.

"I shall be compelled to act as door-keeper as well as showman of the wild beast, and treasurer of the establishment; I know no one we could trust to take the money at the entrance," said Gustave.

"We must let in but a limited number at a time, close the door, stir me up with a long pole, and then, turning them all out at once, admit a new set," said Oceanus.

"That will never do," said Gustave. "They without will break in from curiosity; and, ten to one, they within will break out from fright—for you are a terribly ugly looking animal, Oceanus." Oceanus bowed, and the vanupied gave his late-purchased shirt-collar a twitch with an air which said, "There, were you as good-looking a fellow as myself, you might hope to do something among the women." "No, no; I will keep at least one eye upon the entrance; not a franc shall escape me; and if we do not live hereafter like fighting-cocks, it will be because you do not understand your part. You must roar like a mad bull; and if a live nigger should happen to come into the room, jump at him, and look as if you wanted to eat him up."

"I can eat anything but tobacco," said Oceanus.

"Ah! we will eat nothing, unless the public insist upon it; then, perhaps, it would be better for you to swallow the tobacco, though it may go against your stomach, rather than run your neck into a halter by tasting t'other article," said Gustave.

"Is it murder to kill a negro in France?" inquired Oceanus.

"The vanupied assured him they were

there esteemed rather more highly than white men.

"The exhibition opened. It was a fine morning in the month of June, and the sun, as it peeped into the windows, promised to bring many visitors who would pay, in return for the compliment of being permitted to see the show gratis. Oceanus stood at one end of the hall, with a heavy chain encircling his waist, and made fast to a large iron staple driven into the floor. His dress, perhaps, indeed, none the better for past wear, gave little indication of the feigned ruggedness of his manners, for it rivalled, in elaborate arrangement, the fastidious toilet of the *petits maitres* of Le Havre. This was Gustave's policy; Oceanus would have selected the blanket, feathers, and paint of a North American Indian; but Gustave understood his countrymen; they are great lovers of antithesis, and he clothed Oceanus with the trickeries of fashion for the same reason that the music-grinder clothes his monkey in the habiliments of a man—the contrast between covering and character is pleasing.

"Gustave stood midway between Oceanus and the grand entrance to the hall, his face turned from his friend, with whom he conversed in a half-suppressed tone of voice, while he watched for the first of that public which he expected to darken his portal.

"*Sacré coquin*, it is now nine o'clock, and no one comes!" said the vanquished. "It would be a fine joke if, instead of our making an ass of the public, the public should make asses of us! D—n it, clank your chain, and growl so that you can be heard in the streets. I wish we had a big drum, or a horn, or a grinding-organ; there is nothing like them for getting together a crowd. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in; walk in, and see the great natural curiosity that never was seen, and never will be seen again; only one franc. I wish, Océ, you had them superb curls you wore the day you knocked down some half dozen *vauriens* in the Rue de Paris; they would take mightily with the women. Walk in, ma'am, walk in; walk in and see the great natural curiosity what never was seen, and never will be seen again; only one franc," continued Gustave, addressing an old lady who stepped up to the threshold of the hall, and stood looking in, uncertain whether to advance or recede.

"Is this the show?" inquired the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am; don't be afraid—he won't bite—tame as a kitten," said Gustave, approaching the old lady, with his left hand stretched out to receive the piece of one franc, while he doffed his hat with the other, and bowed with the sycophantic politeness of the trade.

"The old lady paid the franc, walked into the hall, and put on her spectacles.

"*La me!* is that a Yankee? I thought he had a tail!" said the old lady, examining Oceanus from a respectful distance.

"Yes, ma'am; the first in the country; fresh imported; he had a tail once, ma'am, but wore it off coming out, sitting down on the hard deck of the ship," said Gustave.

"What a pity! He looks now just like any other man," said the old lady.

"*Sacré bleu!* keep quiet, and look fierce, or you will spoil all," said Gustave, in a whisper to Oceanus, who gave audible signs of an inclination to laughter, while his face was drawn into all sorts of comical shapes by the violent exertions made to suppress his feelings.

"What a queer way he has of screwing up his mouth and nose; maybe it's St. Vitus's dance he's got," said the old lady.

"D—n the old punk, she'll blow us. Growl, Océ, growl! and jump at her," said Gustave, in a second whisper.

"Oceanus sported like a horse; the old lady, startled by the suddenness of the explosion, stepped back a few paces, and made big eyes; Oceanus, recovering himself, broke forth into a wild Indian whoop, shook his chain, and leaped about like mad.

"*Mon Dieu!* Lord bless us! Quel sauvages! I must go. What if he should break loose! Do, dear Mr. Keeper, give him something to eat, and keep him still till I get out," exclaimed the old lady, hurrying towards the door, and looking over her shoulder every second step to see whether Oceanus was not upon her back.

"I am glad she is gone, the old quiz, if we don't have another to-day," said Gustave, drawing a long breath.

"But Gustave was to have another, and many another, too; for Oceanus's wild whoop had served all the desired purposes of drum, trumpet, and hand-organ. It reverberated through the hall, and passed into the streets, leaping from house to house, thrown back in a hundred echoes, now high, now low, like the wild gibberish of some mad fiend. Sounds so foreign to the ears of the good citizens of Le Havre arrested the passers-by, and the curious came pouring in, their love of the marvellous rendered yet more active by the evident fright of the old lady, who descended the short flight of steps which mounted to the entrance with an agility that took forty years from her age, and hobbled away at a rapid pace, upsetting several small boys in her course, until she had put two squares between herself and the imaginary danger.

"Gustave was too much occupied in receiving franc pieces to reply to the many questions which were asked concerning the rare qualities of the animal exhibited; but Oceanus had learned a lesson from the credulity of the old lady, and acted his part so well as to keep his visitors at a distance. They saw all the savageness

of the wild man sleeping under a very mild exterior, and Oceanus would have had no cause to complain of the minuteness of the examination to which he was subjected, had not an old gentleman with a cane, who had travelled beyond Le Havre, and understood trap, given him sundry pokes in the ribs and backside for the purpose of trying his metal. Oceanus parried the old gentleman's thrusts as he best might, and rattled his chain, and growled, and whooped so fiercely that some young ladies present became alarmed, and insisted that the old gentleman should let the young savage alone; a courtesy he was too much of a Frenchman to deny, although he was overheard to exclaim, as he walked away, 'Quelles sottes! But I have not yet done with the Yankee!'

"Many came and went. Those who had paid, if they discovered the cheat, were unwilling to acknowledge their folly, and the day's exhibition closed to the seeming satisfaction of all parties. Gustave counted three hundred and forty francs; and, as soon as Oceanus could put off his disguise, the two friends sallied forth for the purpose of treating good luck to a good supper and good wine.

SECTION VII.

"I like the old woman's idea of the tail; you must have one!" said Gustave, as they walked along, arm in arm, in search of a restaurant.

"It might have done very well to have begun with one, but now, those who have seen me will not be persuaded that so important a piece of me can grow out in one night!" said Oceanus.

"Never fear, man, you will see no old faces; those who have paid one franc are not such fools as to pay a second; I say you shall have a tail—a long, hairy tail! and I know who will make it—the perruquier right over the way—it will not cost much!" said Gustave.

"Well, just as you say; you know the French people better than I do; yet it is a speculation, and I hate speculations!" said Oceanus, thinking of his cotton.

"It will be capital well invested!" said Gustave, as they entered the perruquier's shop. 'Monsieur Faussechevelure, can you make me a tail before morning?'

"I can make you a whole gaçon in one tenth of the time!" said Monsieur Faussechevelure.

"Fi! monsieur, badinage aside; I have done you many a good turn in the way of clipping off tails à la Chinois from young misses' heads of an evening, and now you shall return the favour by making me une grosse queue à la bobouin!" said Gustave.

"The perruquier took Oceanus's measure.

"And now I will have some new affi-

ches struck off, with a nota bene, thus: "Il a une queue!" It will be money well laid out!" said Gustave.

"Just as you say; you know the French people better than I do," said Oceanus.

"The affiches were ordered; the printer promised to see them stuck up in all the public places before daylight; and the two friends renewed their search for a supper.

"Don't turn in there," said Gustave, as Oceanus, leading the way, was about to descend into the cellar where he had the day before obtained a dinner which hunger made exquisite; 'they will give you stewed cat for rabbit, and sour logwood for chateaux Margaux. That will do for a filthy vaurien, but we have money in our pockets, and it is money that makes a king. Faugh, how I hate a poor man!' and Gustave piloted his friend to the most fashionable restaurant of the city.

"Gustave entered the eating-house with an air of importance, seated himself at a vacant table, and, after a patronising manner, invited Oceanus, who had not yet lost the modesty of virtue, to take the chair opposite. A servant presented the carte du jour; Gustave examined it carefully, gave vent to several terms of contempt, said it was a meager bill, and ordered 'potage de tontue' for two.

"Passable," said Gustave, as he tasted the soup. Oceanus thought it delicious.

"Will you have anything more?" said the servant.

"More!" exclaimed Gustave, fiercely; 'more! Whom do you take us for? We have come to dine, sir; we want a dinner—a whole dinner—and one fit for a prince!'

"The servant trembled for his place.

"Coquille d' hultres and two bottles of Lafitte," roared Gustave.

"The oysters were excellent; the wine better.

"This will cost something," said Oceanus. In his mind, it was possible the franc pieces might not hold out.

"Tush! we are lords; money freely won should freely go," said Gustave. 'Truite à la Gênoise, et Moules aux fines herbes, with a bottle of Chably.'

"Fine fish," said Oceanus.

"Tolerable," said Gustave. 'Let me give you a taste of this Chably.'

"Chably! what is Chably?" inquired Oceanus.

"I wish you would ask such questions in a lower tone," said Gustave. 'Bœuf à la chicorée, with pommes de terre au naturel.'

"I have eaten almost enough," said Oceanus.

"Enough! what a Hottentot! We have but just begun," said Gustave. 'Filet de bœuf aux truffes. Oreille de veau au beurre

noir; Rognens au vin de Champagne; Epinards au jus; Chicorée à la crème; and a bottle of Hochkeimer.'

"The proprietor rubbed his hands; another servant was added to the cortège of the two friends.

"I shall burst," said Oceanus, forcing down a morceau of the filet de bœuf aux truffes much against his appetite.

"Quel bête! Do the rich leave off when hunger is satisfied! Pish! they don't know what hunger is. We are rising in the world. We have a character to sustain. Let me give you a glass of this Hochkeimer.'

"Oceanus did not ask what it was, but looked imploringly towards the street.

"You need not look in that direction; you will not get away for an hour to come," said Gustave, with rather a thick accent. 'How d-d s-l-o-w these—hiccough—serv-a-n-t-s are; sacré coquin! I say, Mon-s-i-e-u-r Macaroni, you must ke-e-p—hiccough—better servants.'

"The proprietor bowed, made an humble apology, coolly stuck a fork in the back-side of one of the waiters, in order to quicken his pace, hoped the gentlemen were satisfied, and would continue to patronise his establishment.

"I don't know—hiccough—as to t-h-a-t," said Gustave; 'P-i-g-e-o-n en-hiccough—cra-pau-dine; but if you—hiccough—canard a-u-x olives—we'll patron-ise—hiccough—Truffles ranlées au Champagne—me.'

"May I be permitted to ask in what way?" said Monsieur Macaroni, with a look of astonishment.

"A bottle of Madere," cried Gustave, fiercely; then, leaning across the table, he pulled Oceanus's nose. 'Wake up, my little cock of the walk.'

"The proprietor returned to his desk.

"Sacré nom de Dieu! I was very near betraying—hiccough—the noble secret," said Gustave, as Oceanus raised his eyes, heavy with an overcharged stomach, in answer to the gentle admonition of his friend. 'But it is safe yet, the old prig,' and he cast a furtive glance at the proprietor.

"Come, O-c-e," said Gustave, filling two tumblers with Madere, 'I'm not go-in-g—hiccough—to drink eight glasses to your one. Ay, this is it—this it is to live like a king—I-i-k-e a—hiccough—little king—vive—hiccough—le Roi d'Yvetôt!' and he broke forth into one of the deservedly most popular chansons of the most national poet of France.

"Pierre Jean de Béranger is the most national of the poets of France, because he is the most original; and he is the most original because his verse involves, to a greater degree than that of any other writer, the possession of those mental quali-

ties which characterize the French people. The nations of the earth are as widely separated in manners and habits of thought as in language and government; and it is a picture of those manners, and an exemplification of those habits of thought which we first seek and most prize in the representatives of their literature. The poetry of Béranger is the mirror of French intellect; and it is something more. There are mental qualities which belong to no one people—the heirlooms of genius, whenever and wherever to be found. Invention, fancy, enthusiasm, taste, sublimity, wit, humour, satire—these belong to mankind; and Béranger is possessor of them all. Their modifications, the peculiar modes and phases under which invention, fancy, enthusiasm, taste, sublimity, wit, humour, and satire are evolved in literature and the fine arts, belong to a people—and Béranger is France.

"Vive le—hiccough—Roi d'Yvetôt," shouted Gustave. 'O-c-e, wake—hiccough—up, my l-i-t-t-l-e man, and join in the chorus.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!—hiccough—ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là
Là—hiccough—là.

"En avant, stand from under.

"Il était un—hiccough—Roi d'Yvetôt,
Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard—hiccough—se couchant tôt,
Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par—hiccough—Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton.
Dit—hiccough—on.

Oh! oh! oh! oh!—hiccough—oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Oce.
Quel bon petit roi c'était là! Oce.
Là—hiccough—là Oce.

"You are in a monstrous—hiccough—hurry to get through with a good thing," said Gustave to Oceanus, who came out a whole length ahead in the race of the chorus.

"I did not know," drawled out Oceanus, nodding, 'I did not know that my name was to be tacked on at the close of each line!'

"Your name to—hiccough—be tacked—hiccough—on! It was not—hiccough—Oce; you are—hiccough—drunk, Oce.'

"Not so far drunk as asleep," said Oceanus.

"Vive le Roi d'Yvetôt! try it again—hiccough—Oce," shouted Gustave.

"Il faisait ses quatre repas
Dans son—hiccough—p-a-l-a-i-s de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas.

"Salmi de becassine; olives farcies; and a bottle of "Beaume."

"Is that a part of the song?" inquired Oceanus.

"Why?" said Gustave.

"Because, if it is an order, I'm tight as a drum already," said Oceanus.

"Parcourait son royaume.

Joyeux, simple, et—hiccough—croquant le bien,
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien,
Qu'un—hiccough—chien.

"Now then :

"Oh! oh! oh! oh! Ah! ah! ah!—hiccough—ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là! Océ,
Là—hiccough—là!

"Oceanus, it is my solemn opinion that you have no literary taste," said Gustave.

"How can you expect a boy of my age, with his belly crammed full of French gimcracks, to have literary taste?" said Oceanus. "Besides, John Bunyan—"

"Ay, there you are again, with your four—hiccough—saints; queer company for them—hiccough. Océ—come, taste this—hiccough—Beaume.

"Il n'avait de goût oneneur,
Qu'une soit un peu vive;
Mais, en—hiccough—rendant son peuple heureux,
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive."

"I believe I'll go," said Oceanus, rising.

"Lui-même, à table et sans suppot,
Sur chaque nuit levait un pot
D'—hiccough—impot.
Oh! oh! go! go! ah! ah! ga!—hiccough—ga!
Océ.
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
Ga!—hiccough—ga, Océ—"

"A gentleman who sat at another table beckoned to M. Macaroni to come to him. M. Macaroni descended from his desk, walked to the gentleman, and they conversed in an under tone together.

"This is an unusual noise—a strange noise—a very extraordinary noise to be made in your highly-respectable establishment, Monsieur Macaroni," said the gentleman; "and I must say that I am greatly surprised thereat; and farther, that if it is continued, I shall deem it advisable to walk out; and farther, that if I walk out, I shall not conclude to return—I shall not, Monsieur Macaroni!"

"Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il—hiccough—avait su plaise."

"I beg a thousand pardons, Monsieur Vinaigre," said M. Macaroni, bowing with great humility.

"Ses sujets—hiccough—avaient cent raisons."

"But these English milords—"

"Sacré tonnerre! that fellow is not an Englishman," said M. Vinaigre.

"De le nommer leur père."

"The younger is, I know by his accent; and the elder must be, he eats and drinks so much!" said M. Macaroni.

"D'ailleurs il ne levait de—hiccough—ban."

"Englishmen or devils, this is no place for a drunken carouse, Monsieur Macaroni—"

"Que pour tirer, quatre fois l'am,
Au—hiccough—blanc."

"And since you are not inclined to keep order in your own house, I will—"

"Oh! oh! go! go—hiccough—ah! ah! ga! ga!"

"Leave," said M. Vinaigre, rising after a very tempestuous manner.

"My dear sir—"

"Quel bon petit roi—"

"Sit still for one little minute."

"C'était là! Océ—"

"I will not sit still."

"Là—hiccough—là! Océ—"

"The youngest is going."

"Il n'agrandit—"

"And so am I."

"Hiccough—point ses états—"

"And the oldest will soon—"

"Fut un voisin—"

"Be under the table."

"Commode—"

"Good-evening, Monsieur Macaroni."

"Et mo—hiccough—dèle—"

"I am, indeed, very sorry, Monsieur Vinaigre—"

"Des potentats—"

said M. Macaroni, gently detaining that gentleman, while he regarded him with a most lugubrious aspect; "but—"

"Prit le plaisir pour code—"

"These English milords pay so well."

"Ce n'est que—hiccough—"

"You will excuse me—"

"Lorsqu'il expira—"

"If I consult—"

"Que le peuple qui l'e-n-t-e-r-r-e—"

"My own interest."

"Pleu—hiccough—ra."

"Monsieur Vinaigre bounteed out of the room looking daggers.

"Will your lordships call for anything more?" inquired Monsieur Macaroni, in a very mild, insinuating tone of voice.

"Oh! oh!—"

"Is your lordship unwell?"

"No! no!—"

"Will your lordship take another bottle of—"

"Ah! ah!—hiccough—"

"Jean, bring his lordship a bottle of that old—"

"Ha! ha!—"

"Jean, his lordship has changed his mind; you need not—"

"Quel bon petit r-o-i c'était là! Océ,
Là! O-c-e—là!"

drawled out Gustave, rising slowly to his feet, and reeling towards Oceanus, who stood with his back against the wall, his hat drawn down over his eyes, and more than half asleep, waiting the dissolution of the little King of Yvetôt.

"Océ, mon cher ami," said Gustave, throwing his arms affectionately about the boy's neck, which he embraced more as a staff for support than from any promptings of affection; "shall we—hiccough—have another b-o-u-t!"

"On conserve en—hiccough—core le portrait."

"Yet again!" murmured Oceanus; 'the little king dies hard.'

"De ce d-i-g-n-e et bon prince,"

continued Gustave, swinging to the right and left, while Oceanus's neck served as a centre.

"D—n the song," ejaculated Oceanus; 'it will never end!' It was the first time profanity ever stained his lips, and he remembers it, and will remember it forever.

"Does my lord want anything?" inquired M. Macaroni, who thought it good policy to remind his worthy patrons that they were still in his restaurant; hoping that if their wants were fully supplied, they might begin to think of his own.

"He wants grace," said Oceanus.

"Mon Dieu! I beg—a—thousand—pardons, milord duke; I am a little—blind; I ought to have known—your grace's rank," stammered M. Macaroni, bowing profoundly.

"I want—hiccough—your b-i-l-l," said Gustave, giving over his affection for Oceanus's neck, much to the comfort of its proprietor, and turning full upon the bowing Frenchman, with his legs spread apart something after the style of the Colossus at Rhodes.

"It is a trifle, milor—your grace, I mean; a mere trifle; only one hundred and twenty francs," said M. Macaroni.

"C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret."

"May it please your grace, I keep a restaurant," said M. Macaroni.

"Fameux dans la province."

"It is so," said M. Macaroni.

"It is—hiccough—what?" demanded Gustave.

"Just one hundred and twenty francs," said M. Macaroni.

"Count the—hiccough—money," said Gustave, emptying the contents of one of his breeches pockets upon the table.

M. Macaroni made big eyes at the sight of so many franc pieces, concluded that his grace was a man of humour, and, as M. Macaroni was an honest man, and would not steal, he swept them off into a plate, and said it was all right.

"Les jours de—hiccough—fête, bien souvent," continued Gustave, thrusting one of his own arms inside of another belonging to Oceanus, and moving in a zigzag line towards the door.

"Glad to hear it; hope your grace will always give me the preference," said M. Macaroni, rubbing his hands one within the other.

"La foule s'écrie en—hiccough—buvant."

"No, no; no crowd admitted into my establishment; your grace will be entirely alone," said M. Macaroni.

"Hiccough—Devant."

"Yes; everybody outside; turn them all out," said M. Macaroni.

"Oh! oh! ho! ho! Ah! ah! ha! ha!"

"Your grace is very facetious," said M. Macaroni.

"Quel bon—hiccough—petit roi c'était là!"

"A very good little king," said M. Macaroni.

"Là—hiccough—là!"

"Quel bête!" exclaimed M. Macaroni, as the door closed upon his patrons.

"How quiet the streets are!" said Oceanus.

"Qui—hiccough—et! yes; everybody is drunk—dead d-r-u-n-k, like yourself, Oce. We'll wake them up; we'll show them how to live—pah! how I hate a poor—hiccough—man! En avant."

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron—hiccough—taine,
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait qu—hiccough—and reviendra."

"I have heard that tune before," said Oceanus.

"Very l-i-k-e; 'tis older than both of us."

"I have heard it in Mobile," continued Oceanus.

"Glad of it; do you remem—hiccough—ber the words?"

"I think I do."

"Then join in. We'll wake them up. En avant."

"Il reviendra z-à Jacques,"

"Moll Brooks, she's gone to the army,"

"Miron-ton, miron-ton, miron-taine,"

"She sold her buckles for brandy,"

"Il revivendra z—hiccough—à Jacques,"

"Her shoes for sugar-candy,"

"Ou à la T-r-i-n-i-t-é."

"I hope she'll never return."

"Bravo! we'll wake 'em up!" cried Gustave, too drunk to discern that Oceanus sung, not only words, but a language different from his own.

"Are you not afraid the night air may injure your voice?" said a gentleman who was connected with the police of the city, something of a humorist in his way, and one who took the world quietly.

Gustave had met with the gentleman's face before, and, drunk as he was, his blood ran cold when he felt the policeman's hand upon his shoulder.

"Can't I persuade you to pass the night with me?" continued the policeman, closing his fingers upon the collar of the vanquished coat.

"What a nice city this Havre is!" thought Oceanus; 'the people are so attentive, and take so much interest in your personal comfort!'

"Jesu Maria! what a clutch he has! I must contrive some way to shake off this fungus of the law, or there is an end of the show!" thought Gustave.

"Don't be bashful; I can accommodate

you both; I know you wont refuse,' continued the policeman.

"By all means, accept monsieur's invitation; remember we must otherwise sleep upon the show-room floor,' whispered Oceanus, tucking his elbow into Gustave's ribs.

"You are an ass,' said Gustave, in answer to Oceanus's whisper.

"Who is an ass?' inquired the policeman, fiercely.

"You!' said Gustave, 'and I will prove the fact to your satisfaction,' he continued, drawing a handful of franc pieces from his breeches pocket, and quietly transferring them into the unoccupied hand of the policeman. 'Haven't I the air of a gentleman?"

"You have the action of one,' said the policeman, releasing the vanupied's coat.

"Will you do me the favour to go about your business?' said the vanupied, drawing a second handful of franc pieces from his pocket.

"The policeman, who understood his duty, raised his hat, bowed very politely, received the second handful of franc pieces very gratefully, and, thrusting his fingers into the place where they came from, very adroitly relieved the vanupied of what remained of the proceeds of the day's exhibition.

"Although Gustave was quite sobered by the policeman's presence, yet he feigned to be too drunk to observe that gentleman's last act of kindness, and having waited until he had put himself beyond ear-shot, he took his revenge in a volley of sacrés, let off against the law generally, and its administrators in particular, interspersed with divers attempts to renew the "Mort et convoi de l'invincible Malbrough," which as often failed for want of that spirit which wine had given, and a knowledge of the emptiness of his pockets had taken away.

"What an air of authority you put on when talking to the policeman!' said Oceanus, in his simplicity, as the two friends rolled themselves in a blanket upon the floor of the show-room. Having discovered the nature of that gentleman's office, he was wondering at their deliverance out of his hands.

"And what an effect it had!' said Gustave.

"Marvellous!' said Oceanus.

Gustave hummed a stanza of 'Le Roi d'Yvetôt'—that most admirable political satire upon the policy of the empire—and fell asleep.

SECTION VIII.

"The jolly sun rose laughing upon the second morning of the show, as if refreshed, and well content with his night's rest—the tearful Aurora had proved kind. The new affiches, in parti-coloured type, and nota bene, 'Il a une queue' stared from every corner upon the early risers of the city,

whetting appetite with merriment. Oceanus and the vanupied were up betimes, and as they looked out upon the growing day, and saw the little knots of passers-by collected at the crossings, talking, gesticulating, their sides shaking with mirth, the fumes of the previous night's debauch passed away, or were forgotten in the hope and certainty of expected gain. The vanupied set the hall in order, while Oceanus, who was too grateful not to acknowledge both favours received and favours to come, drew John Bunyan from his pocket, and read a chapter against the vanity of wealth.

"When you have done with your devotions, I will thank you to dress in character, and give me an opportunity to make fast to your hinder parts this magnificent tail,' said Gustave, holding up, for his friend's admiration, the handiwork of the perruquier, which a small boy had just delivered, with a polite request that he would return ten francs by the bearer. The little boy could not reasonably expect to get what was not to be had; and as he was very importunate, and said he must otherwise take the tail back to his master, the vanupied very properly kicked him out of doors, and, with a sangfroid peculiar to his constitution, proceeded to exhibit the article as already stated.

"We will first take a little breakfast: very simple; only a cup of coffee and a mutton-chop,' said Oceanus, closing John Bunyan, and stroking down his stomach, which felt all the more hungry for being over-stuffed the night before.

"Breakfast!' exclaimed Gustave, who had not a sou in his pocket, and wished to conceal from his friend so suspicious a fact. 'Breakfast! One would have supposed that you had eaten enough at the restaurateur's to have kept you alive for a twelvemonth. No, no; business before pleasure. It wants but fifteen minutes to eight, and at eight we receive visitors; so come, my little wild man of the woods, stand up, and let me attach to your rump that most important member, which nature, in her haste, forgot to give to the human family. So, there, ventre-bleu! it fits charmingly! 'Sblood, but that Monsieur Faussecheveleur is a genius!"

"Why did you kick the little boy who brought it out of doors?' inquired Oceanus, quietly, while he contemplated with much admiration the curious mechanism of his new appendage, which was so constructed as to enable him to roll it up, and lash it about from side to side at pleasure.

"Because he was impudent, and said the franc pieces I gave him were counterfeit,' said Gustave.

Oceanus was satisfied with Gustave's explanation of the motives which induced him to hasten the little boy's retreat, and

dressed himself for the show, silently resolving to give his appetite its revenge when he next visited the establishment of Monsieur Macaroni.

"Oceanus had resumed his former position at the foot of the hall, and the vanupied stood instructing him in the art of moving his tail in a life-like manner, so as to deceive the narrowest observer, when a lady and two gentlemen entered, and walking warily down the room as if not well assured of their safety, inquired if a young American was to be exhibited there on that day. The vanupied, before answering the question, held out his hand, and receiving three francs, very politely replied that he had the inexpressible honour and distinguished satisfaction of introducing to an enlightened public the greatest natural curiosity of the known world! Immediately upon which speech, Oceanus, who, when he saw the lady and gentlemen enter the hall, had coiled up his tail nicely between his legs, suddenly deployed the same after the most wonderful manner, throwing it about with great vigour, first over the right shoulder and then over the left, to the great astonishment of the two gentlemen, and no small terror of the lady.

"*'Mon Dieu!'* exclaimed mademoiselle, recoiling a few steps, so as to place herself beyond the reach of so formidable an instrument for attack, *'le farouche! le sauvage! what a tail!'*

"*'Don't be afraid, mademoiselle; he won't hurt you; he is quite tame, and is chained,'* said the vanupied, bowing and rubbing his hands with glee. Then turning to the two gentlemen, *'Now, that is what I call a tail!'* said he, in a tone of triumph—such as no animal, except the native American of the great Democratic Republic, can produce!"

"The two gentlemen were somewhat incredulous, and asked permission to examine more closely, and by touch, so strange an appendage of the human form; but Oceanus beginning to look fierce, and shake his chain, and growl a little, and the lady objecting to the experiment, expressing much fear lest the tail might have a sting in it, while the vanupied said that he would not be answerable for the consequences, they were content to remove a little farther off, and look at the monster through an opera-glass.

"The curious now poured in, and the vanupied was too busily engaged in the pleasurable occupation of receiving franc pieces to respond to the many inquiries of those whose inquisitiveness was of that kind which usually destroys its possessor's happiness. All that is beautiful in imagination, all the creations of fancy, the myriads of joyous spirits which of old peopled the air, the earth, and the water, have disappeared, or are fast disappearing, before

the rude attacks of advancing knowledge; and having destroyed the source of more than half of our intellectual enjoyments, we live in a matter-of-fact world, the recipients of matter-of-fact pleasures, because we are unwilling to live deceived where wisdom is foolishness.

"One wished to know if the Americans could talk, while another assured the lookers-on that we were quite an intelligent people, considering that we lived entirely on one side of the world; and that it was our dexterity in the use of the remarkable limb which excited their astonishment that carried us triumphantly through the Revolution. A miss, of some fourteen years, and great simplicity of manners, asked if the American ladies also had tails; and a very promising youth, of about the same age, who knew everything, replied that he rather suspected they had. Many other similar questions were asked, and answers given, which discovered no small degree of intelligence, and were no otherwise disagreeable, excepting that they compelled Oceanus to carry his tail in his mouth for many minutes together to stifle laughter. While the good people of Le Havre were thus showing themselves to be possessed of that accuracy of information touching the great Democratic Republic which distinguishes Europeans in general, a gentleman of colour entered the hall, thereby proving that a love of knowledge is compatible with a black skin. The vanupied smacked his lips when he received the gentleman of colour's franc piece, for he believed that Oceanus was too quick-witted to let such an opportunity to prove at least one of the truths set forth in their *affiche* pass unimproved; and he was not deceived in his estimate of his friend's parts.

"No sooner had Oceanus put his eyes upon the black gentleman than a sudden change swept over his countenance and seized upon his whole frame. Amenity of manners, and a seeming mildness of disposition, were exchanged for the ferocity of the bull-dog. He growled, stamped, rattled his chain, and made, apparently, the most violent efforts to break from the staple to which he was fastened. The good people of Le Havre there present, not discerning the exciting cause of the monster's rage, were panic-struck, and, retreating towards the entrance of the hall, called upon the vanupied to quiet their fears. The black gentleman, whose curiosity was as yet fresh and unabated, looking upon Oceanus's activity as a part of the show, retained his position, and now stood in advance of the whole company. The vanupied drew an *affiche* from his pocket, and reading aloud the passage, *'Il ne mange que des nègres vivants et du tabac,'* pointed to the black gentleman. The whole company simultaneously rushed for-

ward to his rescue. The ladies—God bless them, they are always before us in deeds of charity—were the first to lay hold of him. The black gentleman remonstrated; he had been in America, had seen something of slavery, and knew better. Oceanus growled; the women, if they had not been in America, and had seen nothing of slavery, had read horrid tales of its abuses, and were vociferous; the men, acting in the cause of humanity, which looked both ways, and did not permit them to forget self, seized their victim by the shoulders and pitched him into the street; while the vanupied said he was very sorry, but, indeed, he did not observe the gentleman when he came in, or he should have prevented so untoward an accident; asked a thousand pardons, and requested a poor devil present, connected with the press, to give an account of the affair in his morning paper, as a warning to such respectable coloured gentlemen as might happen to be then in the city.

"Oceanus had not yet laid aside his ferocity, and his visitors were still talking of the unfortunate black, saved by their disinterested benevolence from an unnatural grave, when one entered whose franc piece the vanupied received with many misgivings. The new-comer carried a large store of mischief in the corner of his eye, and a large roll of tobacco under his arm. It was the old gentleman with a cane, who had poked fun at Oceanus the day before by poking his stick most unmercifully into his ribs. To the vanupied the heavens looked lowering; he expected a squall, and followed close at the old gentleman's heels, prepared with ready wit to parry any thrust which he might make at the vitality of the exhibition. It was a loss to the vanupied; for many came in, and finding no one at the door to receive their franc pieces, very honestly returned the money to their pockets, and said no more about it. The old gentleman made his way through the spectators, who stretched dense across the centre of the hall, and, although warned by many friendly voices, among which that of the vanupied was not the least earnest, of the danger to which he exposed himself, considering the monster's present appetite for blood, he walked deliberately onward, with the bundle of tobacco under his arm, as if determined to test still farther the truth of the cited passage of the *affiche*, 'Il ne mange que des negres vivants, et du tabac.'

"Oceanus recognised his old enemy at a glance; and as it is ever the best policy to forestall attack by carrying the war at once into Africa, he did not wait a renewal of the old gentleman's tricks, but, when he found him within reach of his tail, gave him so smart a blow over the right ear with that instrument, that he spun round

like a top, and ended with dancing a hornpipe, much after the lively manner of his younger days, and to the infinite diversion of the lookers-on, all of whom were well pleased to see their warnings thus summarily verified. The vanupied approached the old gentleman, asking a thousand pardons, and endeavoured to lead him away; but the old gentleman's nose was not made of wax; a visitant of the day before, he had not been induced to make a second call by the remarkable fact set forth in the *nota bene* of the second *affiche*, which, indeed, he had not read, but he wished quietly to expose an imposture to which the ignorance and prejudices of his fellow-citizens alone gave vogue. The blow which he had received, together with the instrument with which it was given, went far to unsettle the old gentleman's skepticism—an effect which was not a little aided by the cat-like manner in which Oceanus celebrated his victory—swinging his tail from side to side, curling it about his body, and waving it above his head with an air of triumph, which spoke eloquently in favour of its genuineness. But the old gentleman, willing to examine farther before parting with his doubts, and scrutinizing the object of his surprise for a moment in silence, 'Est il possible!' he exclaimed, turning to the vanupied; 'did that tail grow out in one night?'

"The vanupied assured him that Oceanus was born with it.

"The old gentleman remonstrated, asserting that, on the day before, the monster was not possessed of so curious an appendage.

"The vanupied appealed to the company present to contradict the old gentleman's calumnies; and as not one of them had seen Oceanus before, they all agreed that the old gentleman was in error. 'It is more than probable,' said the vanupied, 'that the monster carried his tail between his legs when you first visited him.' Oceanus took the hint, and coiling the member up, packed it away very nicely out of sight. The company gave a shout of applause, and the vanupied smiled complacently upon the old gentleman, as much as to say, 'Go on, old quiz, I am secure of the victory!'

"'Will you do us the favour to feed your beast?' said the old gentleman, gathering up the tobacco, which had been widely scattered over the floor in the scene of the hornpipe.

"'With great pleasure; yet at such times vivid recollections of home are excited, and he is apt to be rather wild and unmanageable!' said the vanupied, with an appealing look at the women.

"But the desire to see the monster eat overcame the fears of the tender sex, and the vanupied was compelled to trust to his

companion's wit to evade the snare which the old gentleman had so cunningly devised. Oceanus was not wanting in strategy; he seized with avidity the first leaf presented for his consideration by the vanupied, scented it, turned up his nose at it, tasted it, ejected the contents of his mouth, and ended with throwing it under his feet, and trampling on it with great rage.

"'This tobacco is very much damaged!' said the vanupied to the old gentleman; 'do you wish to poison my animal by giving him a rotten weed?'"

"The company all agreed that the tobacco was in a very damaged condition, and much admired the wonderful sagacity which had enabled the monster to detect the fraud.

"'Give the monster another leaf; it may prove better!' said the old gentleman.

"Oceanus received the second as he had received the first; but, in his anxiety to exhibit a degree of fury which would deter a third trial of the strength of a stomach which began already to feel somewhat squeamish, his tail uncoiled itself, and lay extended upon the floor of the hall, motionless, like a snake gorged with food. The old gentleman noticed the tail's exposed situation, and, without being observed either by the vanupied or by Oceanus, advanced a step, and planted his foot upon the end of it. 'The second leaf appears to be as bad as the first!' said the old gentleman, throwing his whole weight upon that foot which rested on the tail, and grinning, winking, and blinking at the company, who were much surprised to see that the monster did not resent such a liberty taken with the most important part of his person.

"'Give him a third leaf; tobacco is an excellent narcotic and blunter of the feelings!' said the old gentleman, dancing up and down, while the tail cracked beneath his step, as if it, indeed, possessed bones to be broken.

"The company laughed. The vanupied, discerning the cause of their merriment, turned pale with fear, then red with rage, while Oceanus, still ignorant of the fate which impended over him, played the wild monster with pantomimic grace. The company were about to go over to the old gentleman and declare openly in his favour, when the miss of some fourteen years, and great simplicity of manners, who had read Cooper's novels through the medium of a translation, said 'that she was now convinced the monster was a genuine specimen of the American citizen, for that all who have written upon the subject assert that the Americans are long-suffering, and wonderfully patient of corporeal torment!' This remark turned the tide of opinion back to its former channel. The old gentleman was requested, in a very rough manner, to

keep his feet at home, and told that he would be expected to foot the physician's bill, inasmuch as the monster's tail appeared to be so greatly injured as to render it impossible for him to coil it up and stow it away in its proper place. Its mechanism was indeed destroyed, so that Oceanus had no longer absolute command over its movements; yet the vanupied triumphed, and was about to resume his station at the entrance of the hall, when his steps were arrested by a small piping voice, which was more to be feared than all the sly insinuations and systematic attacks of his implacable enemy, the old gentleman with the cane. The perruquier's little apprentice, whom the vanupied had kicked into the street just before opening his show in the morning, was not wanting in that perseverance which distinguishes a French dun, and finding, upon his return, the entrance clear, he had slipped in and quietly taken a position in the crowd, just behind the old gentleman. He had been an attentive listener to all that was said, and an attentive observer of all that passed between the vanupied and his antagonist, and when the former turned upon his heel, snapping his fingers in the exultation of success, he concluded that it was the fittest occasion for him to speak, and advancing a step or two in front of the company, he looked up into the vanupied's face, crying out, at the top of his lungs, 'Master says if you don't send him them ten francs for that tail, toute suite, he will send a lawyer after you—that he will!'"

"The vanupied boiled with rage; Oceanus turned pale; the company looked surprised; the little apprentice trembled in his shoes; the old gentleman's eyes twinkled.

"'What tail, my little fellow?' said the old gentleman, in a tone of encouragement.

"'Th-the t-tail th-that the sh-show wears,' stammered out the little apprentice.

"The old gentleman sprang forward, seized the tail with both hands, and with one jerk cleared it from the monster's posteriors. The company gave a shout, and rushed upon the impostors. The men cursed, the women shrieked, and the vanupied, owing to his skill in ground and lofty tumbling, and long exercise in threading blind alleys, and dodging round sharp corners, found his way unscathed to the door, and passed into the street, taking with him all the franc pieces he had received: an act of forgetfulness which must be attributed to the hurry of his departure.

"Oceanus was less fortunate. His powers of locomotion were paralyzed by the sudden turn which events had taken; crushing to earth his growing hopes of wealth, and adding to poverty the shame of detected imposition. The men fell upon him; the old gentleman repaid the tap over the ear which he had received, with

many a thwack of the tail which had given it; every one bestowed upon him at least one blow and a kick, while none were so liberal of such favours as those who had been doubly disappointed by paying no fee at the entrance. The poor boy was finally thrust out of doors, soundly belaboured, bruised in every limb, bellowing with pain, his dress hanging in tatters about his person, and his pockets none the heavier for his temporary success in this his second speculation. A mob gathered round the hall, all eager to learn the news; all talked, and none listened; they swayed to and fro, hustled each other about, and gave the young scape-grace an opportunity to draw off unnoticed.

"Oceanus fled—where? Whither should he fly, but to his element? The salt sea would heal his wounds, collect his scattered thoughts, and aid in forming a plan for future action; so he ran down to the harbour, stripped, and plunged in. When he touched the water, hope revived, and joy came back and nestled in his bosom. As a spoiled child, who has quarrelled with his play-mates, seeks his mother's lap and finds elysium in her fond caresses, so Oceanus was happy again, and rolled, and tumbled, and stretched himself out in the lap of the sea, until he laughed from very pleasure, forgot his late evils, and looked only at the future, which, to the young, is always bright.

"The game which he had played was lost; it was dishonest, and therefore well lost. Oceanus is not of an evil temper; he has less of Adam's sin about him than any boy I ever met with. He conceived and executed the scheme of the show under the pressure of want; and want often compels a good man to do many bad things. Oceanus had received the wages of vice, and he resolved to work no longer for such a paymaster. But he must do something, or starve. There he was, a second time immersed in the waters of the harbour, as poor and much less whole of skin than when he first resorted to them for consolation and reflection. He feared to remain in Le Havre—how was he to get out of it? Le Havre is largely engaged in the whale-fisheries. It is a place of oil, and many staves are annually shipped from this city for that market, where they are manufactured into casks. Two ships—whalers—were in port, ready fitted for sea; with a fair wind, they were to leave on the morrow. Oceanus was more than two thirds inclined to put his name upon the rôle d'équipage of one of them, but recollecting that, soon after his arrival in Le Havre, he was present, when their owners purchased a cargo of staves, counting one hundred and twenty for a hundred, he concluded that a business which admitted of such a reckoning was not the most honest that a

man might be engaged in. Paris! He had heard much of Paris while at Le Havre; Paris, he had been told, was France: what could he not do if once in that city of all the people of the earth! London is England, Madrid is Spain, but Paris is more than France; all languages are spoken in its streets, all nations are represented in its population, and Oceanus could not do better, in his own mind, than add one to its thousands. He resolved to hunt up the vanupied, demand his share of the show's receipts, take a diligence, and drive to Paris. Poor Oceanus, he was not yet sufficiently a moralist to understand that the reception of the wages of sin is as criminal as the act which earns them. He left the water, put on his tattered clothes, and went in search of the vanupied. The vanupied sat counting his franc pieces upon the little stone step, deep within the retired and dark alley to which Oceanus had led him when he first made known to that worthy confident, counselor, and abettor, his project of the show. There he was found by Oceanus, after a weary search through many of the other by-places of the city, still counting and re-counting his franc pieces. Oceanus ran towards his friend with a shout of recognition, and a hearty 'How are ye, Gustave?' The vanupied hastily gathered up his franc pieces, and thrust them into his pocket. Oceanus extended his hand, with congratulations upon their mutual escape. The vanupied rose slowly from his seat, and, examining the tattered Oceanus from head to foot, remarked, 'that he had no recollection of ever having seen him before!' Oceanus stood mute with astonishment. The vanupied commenced whistling the 'Mort et convoi de l'invincible Malbrough.' 'What!' exclaimed Oceanus, recovering his voice, 'you will not cheat me out of my share of the spoils?' The vanupied coolly knocked him down, and walked away.

"Oceanus got up, concluded that friendship is sometimes a synonyme of self-interest, relinquished his idea of travelling to Paris in the diligence, walked down to the Seine, and bartered with one of the many little coches which ply upon that river, for his carriage to the capital, in exchange for his labour at the oar."

CHAPTER XIX.

OCEANUS IN PARIS.

The Leprous Infections of Paris.

"This part of the country was much more civilized, and it may be presumed that vice had kept pace with civilization."—*Quarterly Review*.

ARGUMENT.

Paris.—Oceanus's arrival in that City.—Oceanus at a Loss.—The Brunette.—Oceanus in Love.—Oceanus enters into Service.—Oceanus transformed.

—Oceanus incurs the Displeasure of his Mistress.—Oceanus in the Hands of the Police.—Jacques, the Spruce-looking young Gentleman.—Jacques at his Rooms.—Jacques's Address upon Wealth.—Jasmin.—Jacques and Oceanus's Plan for acquiring Riches.—Trouvé.—The Affiche.—Jacques dismisses Oceanus.—Paul de Kock.—Oceanus becomes the Protégé of Paul.—Fenelon.—Oceanus reads the French Classics.—Balzac.—Oceanus resolves to return to his Uncle.—He takes Leave of Paul.—He ships for New Orleans.

SECTION IX.

THE shadows of the evening had closed imperceptibly around us. The lawyer had talked well, accompanying his story with a sort of running commentary upon the text; the doctor and myself had listened well, and we had all drank well of good wine. But the wine was of one kind only; and good wine, unmixed, will hurt no one.

The lawyer proposed that we should rise from the table, saying that he would give us the remainder of Oceanus's history at another time.

"No time like the present, when you are in the humour for story-telling, and we are in the humour for listening," said the doctor, pushing the bottle towards his friend.

If I could give the lawyer's manner, his acting, as I have given his words, the reader would not be surprised that I should have joined the doctor in his request, and asked for an immediate continuance of the story.

The doctor ordered lights, coffee, and cigars; the lawyer could not complain of his audience, and resumed his narrative of the adventures of young Oceanus after his own way, with an apostrophe to Paris, interspersed with observations, which appeared to be more particularly addressed to the doctor and myself.

"Paris!" said the lawyer; "and what could Oceanus do in Paris! What could he do but take new lessons in vice! Vice, more artificial in its appearances, more refined, and therefore more seductive. Paris is the world. In it are to be found abject want and bloated superfluity; utter barbarism and the most perfect civilization; universal skepticism, which blots out God, the living principle of all things, and the blindest superstition, which makes a God of nothing; all in the extreme, and all equally removed from that point of rest which the Creator fixed in the beginning, when he made man the recipient equally of sensual and of intellectual pleasures, and gave to neither the ascendancy. There goodness is to be found almost pure and unmixed; and wickedness, also, almost pure and unmixed, with every grade which shades the two into each other. There may be found the chastity of Lucretia and the prostitution of Theodora—fugh! mortality in the charnel-house is less repulsive than the chamelles of its suburbs. In Par-

is the philosopher is a sensualist, and the sensualist is a philosopher. The intellect of the philosopher is blinded by its own brilliancy, and after groping about for a time in the upper air, descends to the earth and grapples with matter. The sensualist is a philosopher from refinement; from advance in knowledge, from the same causes which have made the cooks of Paris chemists, and the tailors, and hatters, and shoemakers of Paris artists—and the sensualist is a gainer by his philosophy. He lives longer, husbands his health, husbands his sources of enjoyment, and therefore enjoys more. He has reduced pleasure to a system—does not destroy by overtasking its instruments; is not a debauchee in wine, nor in women, nor in anything. He does not gorge himself with meat, like an Englishman, nor with drink, like a German, that both his intellectual and physical powers may lie torpid for a season, anacondalike, never again to recover their former strength, nor their former delicacy of perception—he knows better. The sensualist of Paris has gained by philosophy, and the philosopher of Paris has lost by sensuality—I might say sensualism, coining a word for a new science—and in that way, like two farmers driving a bargain, they have chalked up to each other. In Paris, the influence of philosophy—French philosophy, the philosophy of Voltaire, Condorcet, Diderot, the philosophy of the Encyclopædists, which, like paint cast into living water, has flowed down and tainted the stream to our time—is to be detected in the every-day affairs of life. If the trades are affected by it, so is the domestic circle, and the thousand relations springing from social intercourse. If it shapes the public morals, so does it the private: the wife makes it the test of the duties she owes her husband, and the maid of the purity of her chastity. What pollutes the body does not pollute the mind, is the first and most false of its maxims. It stains French literature. The cultivated are affected by it, and know it; the ignorant are affected by it through the cultivated, and do not know it. Like a part of the air, it pervades all things, and penetrates all things: the most spotless ermine upon the bench, and the vilest pad in the city's kennels. It dims virtue, and renders vice more brazen. Such is Paris! hollow and rotten in all its ramifications—as hollow and as rotten as civilization must ever be when pleasure, intellectual and sensual, is the sole object of its pursuits.

"And what could Oceanus do in Paris! There are not many of the wise, nor many of the virtuous, who visit that city and leave it without taint. A boy of thirteen years, in want, alone, and unprotected, may be said to have done well if he escaped a moral death. After a voyage of

five days, in the course of which he necessarily passed Rouen, he arrived at the great heart of the world just as night had settled down upon it. No sooner did his foot touch the stone steps near the *Marché-au-fleur* than he bid adieu to the master and his fellow-labourers of the *coche*. He owed them nothing, for he had toiled at the oar for his passage. He might have rested with his late companions for the night, but he was young, and youth loves liberty, and youth is brave, never more so than when thrown upon its own resources. Besides, Oceanus, in the course of his voyage upon the Seine, gave in sundry times to instinct, leaped into the water, passed under the boat, sprang aboard, and resumed his position at the oar, with all the sangfroid of an old sailor drinking his accustomed allowance of grog; an evolution which, although it gave him pleasure, roused his spirits, and secured health, filled his companions first with anxiety for his safety, then with wonder, and at last with superstition; so that they both hated and feared him as something supernatural: a doubt which the captain very worthily endeavoured to remove by an active discipline, enforced in the shape of cuffs applied to the boy's ears, and kicks pointedly addressed to the region of his hinder parts. At Rouen, too, where the *coche* halted for a few hours, Oceanus was desirous of replenishing his pockets by an exhibition similar to that which he had given in the port of Le Havre, a proposition which the master answered with one of his knock-down arguments, logically enforced upon the poor youth's skull. We need not wonder, then, that the boy, though moneyless and hungry, was willing to leave such friends at the stone steps near the *Marché-au-fleur*, and of two evils, choose the most uncertain.

"Oceanus was now in the city which he had sought for the same reason that a moth seeks the candle; and it was no fault of his if he left it without being pretty well scorched. If misfortunes try the mind as fire tries gold, his must be something more than twenty-two carats fine. The streets were full of life and bustle, the shops well lighted, and novelty, in its most brilliant shapes, so engrossed his attention as to stifle, for a time, all consciousness of his real condition: a solitary wanderer in the midst of a desert. He walked on, gazing about on every side; the faces around were happy, or seemed to be so; all talked, joyously and loud, mostly in French, but every language had its representative. A thrill of pleasure passed through and possessed his nerves; he thought not of the morrow—sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—he thought not of the night, for hunger and weariness were subdued by a stronger feeling, and to his young ima-

gination so much of beauty, though it flowed in a thousand streams, could not pass away in a few hours. He walked on, turning to the right and left, and threading many a street as chance led him, or a pretty face, or a loud voice, or a petty broil, beckoned to him, till the lights began to grow dim, the ways more clear, the passengers more hurried in their steps, and the guardians of the night more circumspect in their investigations. The patient will live while the fever is on him, but when it leaves him, he often sinks for want of excitement. Curiosity requires its aliment, and darkness and loneliness are not its best food; so Oceanus found it, and when curiosity left him, hunger and weariness returned.

"He sat himself down upon a small step near the corridor or grand entrance of one of those large hotels which disfigure Paris, and serve, not as the homes—a Parisian knows not what home is—but as the kennels of one half of its population. There, the rich and the poor enter, as they enter the world, through the same gate; and are distinguished from each other by the floors they occupy. The poor mount highest, reversing, in that respect, the ordinary etiquette of society, and assuming in this world that position which has been promised to them as an heritage hereafter.

"Reflection now came to him, and sat down at his side. What was he to do in Paris? He could not answer that question. Why was he there? Because he had deserted his ship; and he deserted his ship from false shame. It was something to know the origin of the evils which had overtaken him; but pride would not permit him to retrace his steps; so, like a mule, which, when it has put one foot into the mire, will never draw back until it has brought the other three into the same predicament, he resolved to bring his nose still nearer to the grindstone. A lamp hung from the arch at the entrance or grand passage-way of the hotel, and Oceanus drew 'Tom Jones' from his pocket, and ran over its pages as a mariner runs over his chart; he was lost upon land, and sought in that rich store-house of worldly maxims rules of conduct which should pilot him safely over the unknown ground he was treading. But when the heart is heavy, the wisdom of this world is foolishness; so he soon put aside 'Tom Jones,' and opening the New Testament, read the parable of the prodigal son. The application was not difficult, and Oceanus burst into tears. Is it not strange that when a good angel is whispering at one ear, the devil should be whispering at the other? Oceanus sprang to his feet; he would seek the stone steps near the *Marché-au-fleur*, return in the *coche*, with his late hard master, to Le Havre, and ship for the near-

est home port, repentant for the past, and resolved to do better in the future. 'My uncle will forgive me,' said he, as he put his right foot forward. 'And who is your uncle, pauvre garçon?' inquired a pretty brunette of some sixteen summers, with a full, well-turned figure, jauntily set off by a toilet which discovered taste, a small, round, plump face, and large gazelle eyes that sparkled in the light of the lamp, and seemed to give back more of brilliancy than they borrowed. Oceanus's good resolutions passed away as they came; the offspring of emotion, they died with the feeling which created them. 'Who is your uncle, mon cher petit ami?' repeated the pretty brunette, who had approached Oceanus unobserved, and now stood directly before him, blocking his way, and looking full into the boy's face. Oceanus looked modestly down upon the pavement, made hieroglyphics with the toe of his shoe, and answered the question.

"And what brought you over so many miles of water to Paris?" asked the brunette.

"Oceanus looked into the brunette's eyes, and saw something there more than pity; a thread of fire ran rapidly along through all his limbs, while the blood mounted to his temples, and his heart beat so irregularly and so violently as nearly to deprive him of utterance. To him it was a new sensation; he did not understand it; it was enough, that under its influence he forgot everything but the beautiful object before him, and lost every anxiety except the fear lest that object might leave him. He had entered upon a new existence. He felt, yet was ignorant of the nature of the change. He dashed aside his tears, was ashamed of his late weakness, and assumed the front of courage; for love inspires a courage equal to any evil. He became reconciled to himself, to every one; even his last master of the coche he no longer hated, for love is wondrous kind. Love is the creative spirit, ever fresh, and ever young; always beginning, never ending; antagonistical, yet most harmonious; Protean, yet always the same; weak, yet stronger than the angels which surround the throne. What water is to the diamond, love is to the soul: it gives to it its purity, brilliancy, worth. Oceanus took the pretty brunette's hand in his, and asked her to sit down with him upon the step, and he would tell her the whole of his story. The pretty brunette smiled at the boy's simplicity, and said it was too cool to remain in the open air, and that she was weary and hungry. 'I have not had supper; have you, mon pauvre garçon?' Oceanus should have been hungry also; he had been long enough without eating; he certainly was so before a stronger feeling had taken possession of his breast, and he answered in the negative. The pretty brunette said he should mount

to her chamber—it was upon the fifth floor of the hotel before which they were standing—and sup with her. How could he refuse? He held her hand in his; it was a small, plump, soft hand; and when she moved, he would not have loosed his hold for the world: so she drew him after her, as with a silken cord, up four flights of stairs, into the neat, airy apartment she occupied.

"The room had two small dormitories attached to it, both of which the brunette threw open, in order to show Oceanus how comfortably she lived. One was applied to its proper use, and contained a low French bedstead, an armour, a mirror, a dressing-table, queer-looking chairs which might be turned into many shapes, together with whatever else would be looked for in a small but luxuriously furnished sleeping apartment; the other was well stocked with the furniture and the dainties of the table, and was at one and the same time both kitchen and pantry, while it served occasionally as a wine-house, and was not unfrequently the refuge of an intrigant.

"The brunette soon covered a small round table—it was made for two—which stood in the centre of the larger chamber, with good substantial food, in the shape of a cold boiled chicken, a ham which had not been more than twice cut, two loaves of bread, and two bottles of claret. Oceanus sat down opposite to his young hostess, and she did the honours of her table with a generous hand. Oceanus's appetite returned with remarkable strength, and he ate faster, and longer, and consequently more than one could well have expected of a boy of his age. The truth is, love is a great whetter of the stomach. At the first onset it almost annihilates hunger, but when it has gained a lodgement in the breast, and feels secure, and is quiet, it requires to be well fed. This is a physiological fact; and if you do not know it, I do. The pretty brunette praised the boy's masticatory powers, and having herself drank a bottle and a half of claret, while he drank the other half, she expressed a willingness to hear his story. When Oceanus had ended his bit of autobiography, she returned the compliment. Oceanus now felt sleepy, and the brunette, who was a quick observer, and had a good heart, proposed that they should retire for the night; a proposition which may have sprung partly from the fact that she had herself eaten a great deal, as is the habit with those of her way of life. Another physiological fact, which if any one doubts, he will find corroborated in a most remarkable and meritorious book written by A. J. B. Parent-Duchatelet, and entitled, 'De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris;' a book which should be translated into every language of Europe, and put into the hands of every

mayor, alderman, or supervisor of police of every city in Christendom. Parent-Duchatelet sacrificed his life in the cause of humanity; and if a man's moral worth is to be gauged by the degree of amelioration which his acts induce in the condition of his fellow-men, his was not less than Howard's.

"The kind brunette extended to Oceanus more than the rites of hospitality; he was a lone orphan, lost in the world; she pitied his condition, and wished to give him shelter. With the morning, Oceanus blushed to see the rising sun, and the rising sun blushed to see him; but the pretty brunette soon chased away shame, and restored his good opinion of himself.

"The pretty brunette rose, and applied herself to her toilet. Oceanus was, at first, surprised to see her give so much of her time to her mirror, her washes, and her brushes; but when she at last turned to him, and showed upon his person the efficacy of an art with which he was before wholly unacquainted, he acknowledged that her early hours could not have been better employed. If we set aside the immediate present physical and mental pleasures of a quiet, unhurried toilet—pleasures which spring from friction applied in a thousand ways to the body, and pleasures which spring from arrangement, and have their seat in the mind—yet do we, by means of it, so preserve health and prolong youth, that both vanity and length of years are, with good reason, its advocates. The face is much like a piece of steel, it needs to be kept bright to wear. The cost of false teeth will more than compensate for the time expended in the preservation of those which nature has given us, without computing the multitude of diseases we avoid by the possession of a clean mouth. When the hair falls, and premature old age furrows the brow and cheeks, we learn to appreciate an art whose influence is not confined to the material portion of ourselves; through the body it reaches the intellect, purifies it, gives it strength; smooths the temper, and keeps it equable. The pretty brunette was right; many a crude notion, and more than one half of the immorality of society, spring from a want of cleanliness of person; the best writings of the physicians tell us so—Hippocrates tells us so, and so does Boerhaave. The philosophic Cousin would do well to take a lesson from the brunette.

"At the breakfast table the brunette explained to Oceanus the part which she played in life; a part which, had he been bred in a large city, he might have easily guessed at. She proposed to take him into her service: a proposition which, had he been bred in a large city, he would not have hesitated to reject; as it was, he began to suggest objections, and, in some

things, when we begin to suggest objections we fall. The brunette limned an enticing picture of what his hours would be under her soft rule; his own consciousness of present destitution limned a repulsive one of what those hours would be if he was to return to the step at the entrance of the hotel; and he became her servant.

"Oceanus's position was much like that of the favourite slave of an Eastern despot, and he filled as many offices. He was prime minister, secretary, manager of the household, chief counsellor in intrigues, pimp, caterer, chamberlain, valet, lackey, boy of all work, and bosom friend. The tailor cast his outward man anew, and few would have recognised in the perfumed, jaunty youth who stood behind the brunette's chair when she supped with a lover, or himself occupied the lover's place when no one else was present to fill it, the amphibious protégé of the old Tar of the Fife. Oceanus had lived several weeks in this way, giving great satisfaction to his mistress, and enjoying an equal popularity with her visitors, who found him very handy in brushing their coats of a morning, and in performing those ten thousand other little services which a man who knows how to dress knows how to value, when one evening he happened to recollect that, although he had discarded morality from his conduct, he still carried it in his pocket. So, as the brunette was out, and he had little else to do, he resumed his somewhat long-neglected acquaintance with old John Bunyan. He sat with the book open upon his knees, his eyes fixed upon one of those prints which, in most editions, wonderfully elucidate the text, when the brunette returned, and, observing the intendment with which he gazed upon the picture, walked up quietly behind him, and looked over his shoulder. The brunette could not read English, but any one can read a good print. The blood mounted to her face.

"What love story are you reading, my little prince of male beauties?" asked the brunette, coquettishly pinching his ears in order to conceal her own emotion, and to wheedle him into the antiquated virtue of telling the truth.

"Oceanus's face was now also suffused with a ruddier tinge than ordinary, for he had not wholly parted with shame; and, although honest, blunt John Bunyan might have rejoiced to have found his book in a brothel, and would not have despaired of a proselyte, yet our hero has a natural aptitude for the fitness of things, and knows when the laws of propriety are violated.

"It is no love story, but a copy of the Old Testament," said Oceanus, closing the book, and attempting to return it to his pocket.

"The brunette took it from his hands and turned over its leaves in search of the print which had fixed her attention. 'A copy of the Old Testament! And what is the Old Testament!'

"The brunette was a Catholic, and had never read, perhaps never seen or heard of, that book which, aside from its sanctity, is a wondrous anomaly in literature. It has ever been an enigma with me how Israel could have given us the poetry of Isaiah and of David, the history of the two books of the Kings, the Chronicles, and the Maccabees, the Apothegms of Solomon, the tales of Ruth and of Tobin—all showing capabilities for excellence in every class of writing—and yet have given us no more. Is Pindar more sublime than her prophets? Are the historians of Greece and of Rome more graphic, better delineators of manners, deeper investigators of character, or better expositors of the springs of action than Samuel? Is the philosophy of Socrates and of Seneca superior in wisdom, and in practical application, to the philosophy of the builder of the Temple? Is the verse of Simonides or of Euripides richer in pathos than the story of Jacob? Yet where else shall we look for Israelitish literature?

"Oceanus related to the brunette all that he knew about the Old Testament. 'It was written in English, a long time ago, by Mr. Bunyan,' said he, 'and has perhaps never been translated. I am sorry you do not understand the language, for you would like the story; it is so full of wonders.'

"'Aha!' exclaimed the brunette, in a tone of voice which pierced the youth like a two-edged sword—it was pitched upon altissimo; 'you are an English heretic, are you! and thrust the sacred Volume into your greasy pockets as you would one of the filthy novels of Pigault Le Brun? Quel sacrilège! And you defile, by actual contact with your anathematized body, a book which my confessor has told me is too holy for me to look upon! Quelle profanation! And now tell me, what is the meaning of this picture, you little, miserable imp of purgatory!'

"'It is an effigy of the whore of Babylon,' said Oceanus, in a very uncertain, hesitating manner; for he saw that his mistress was angry, and could not well imagine with what or why. The picture was a queer thing; perhaps she had given it a personal application, and perhaps she had been quaffing too freely of eau de vie.

"'The whore of Babybon!' screamed the brunette, choking with rage, while she tore the offensive print into a thousand pieces, and danced up and down, throwing her arms and legs about much after the manner of the Essler in La Tarantula; 'it is not enough that you profane our reli-

gion and defile our most holy books, but you must insult me; I, who took you into my own house when you had not a decent rag to your back; and gave you bread and meat when your belly was as thin as an old case knife. Out upon ye, you eel-gutted, lantern-jawed son of a heretic; I'll teach you better, that I will; a French woman is equal to two Englishmen, and ever has been since the days of Joan d'Arc;' and with that she kicked our hero down four flights of stairs, through the big corridor, into the street; not forgetting to send John Bunyan after him, in a way that showed that she was not an admirer of that gentleman's writings.

SECTION X.

"Oceanus's retreat from the pretty brunette's chamber was as unforeseen, and quite as honourable, as had been his introduction. He had lost nothing, and had gained a lesson in morals, if he knew how to apply it; besides, he carried away upon his person a small sum of money given him by the brunette, and a dress more becoming than that in which he had entered the city. Oceanus has a stout heart; so he gathered up honest John, and, lest opportunity might invite a renewal of the attack, walked hurriedly away in search of some spot, at least six squares distant from his late domicile, where he might sit himself down and ruminate upon the transitory nature of everything in life. As he moved along, careless of his walk, and swayed alternately by the most opposite emotions, now biting his lips with anger, and now melting into sorrow, he planted his foot upon the tail of a small, inoffensive dog, which, for reasons undoubtedly sufficient, had concluded to pass the night in the public street. The dog's feelings were much hurt, for he complained bitterly, running to and fro, and waking the night with his howling. Two men, armed with leathern caps and big muskets, hearing the little dog's outcries, peered cautiously out from behind the corner of a neighbouring building, and carefully reconnoitered the ground in a manner which proved that they possessed a sufficiency of discretion to keep themselves out of harm's way. Oceanus was too much engaged in endeavouring to make his peace with the testy cur he had inadvertently injured, to perceive the approach of the enemy; so that he was already in the hands of the law before he knew that he had roused it from its slumbers. The two men with big muskets swore roundly, having been long accustomed to enlarge their oaths in exact proportion to the diminutiveness of the object upon which they were to be expended. They jerked Oceanus about from right to left, after a fashion which convinced him that the bru-

nette was not the only monster in that quarter of the city; and having bestowed upon his person sundry alternate kicks and cuffs, which had the effect of inducing him to join in a chorus with the little dog, who sang the louder for company, they informed him that they were parcel of the city's police, and that he was arrested for an attempt to supply the city markets with a sort of meat which was used to be eaten only in times of famine. Oceanus protested his innocence; the little dog, even, either because, like some men, his friendship was only to be purchased with stripes, or from sympathy with misfortune, quit his howling, and commenced leaping upon Oceanus's legs, wagging his tail, as much as to say that he fully repented of his agency in getting him into trouble. But the dog's rhetoric, if more persuasive than the boy's protestations, would have hardly saved Oceanus from a lock-up, had not a very spruce-looking young gentleman suddenly entered upon the stage to give a new turn to its affairs. The young gentleman was a frequent visiter of the brunette's, and was then on his way to her chambers, when he met the police moving off at a quick step, with Oceanus between them, and the dog following in the rear to see the end of the matter. The young gentleman immediately recognised in Oceanus the brunette's valet-en-chef, and supposing that the mistress might be in some way connected with the servant's untoward condition, very prudently inquired of one of the parties whither he was going, and of the other what they were about. It was a civil question, and the police could not well refuse to answer it; so they told their story, interlarded with many oaths, and corroborated by certain strange and startling facts, such as, that Oceanus was an old offender; that they had long had their eyes upon him; that he was well known as a vender of dog-meat in the markets; and that they had just caught him in the act of noosing a mangy cur which had been dying of the rot for the past six weeks! Oceanus, seeing a face he knew, took courage, and told his story; to the truth of which the dog bore witness with a pathetic howl at the close of each period. The spruce-looking young gentleman knew too much of the world to confound argument with assertion. Argument, saith my Lord Bacon, is like an arrow shot from a cross-bow, it matters not whether a giant or a child pulls the trigger; but assertion is like an arrow shot from a long-bow, a strong arm must draw the string. The spruce-looking young gentleman chose the long-bow, as being, in most cases, the readier and more effectual weapon; and he applied his arrows so industriously and so happily, that he soon convinced the two policemen not only that he had known Oce-

anus from his birth upward, but that he was his cousin-german; and that the little dog, so far from being a mangy cur, ready to drop to pieces with the rot, was as sweet as a nut, and was a present which he had himself made his relative but the day before. All of which the little dog corroborated, as a dog might, by readily answering to the name which the spruce-looking young gentleman, with an admirable stroke of genius, gave him upon the spot.

"If Oceanus had been horror-struck by the false accusations which the policemen had urged against him, his admiration now gained the ascendancy, and he stood mute with wonder when he heard the brunette's lover not only assert that he was a passenger with him in the ship within whose bowels he was born, but also claim a near consanguinity to him, and profess to have presented him with a dog which he had never seen before he had been so unfortunate as to tread upon the poor animal's tail.

"The policemen were satisfied, apologized for their mistake, and the spruce-looking young gentleman, Oceanus, and the little dog walked away together.

"Oceanus readily made known to his liberator both the fact and the cause of his ejection from the service of his late mistress. The spruce-looking young gentleman laughed heartily, said that the brunette was a brute, and knew as much about religion as the grand Turk; that he might well be glad to be so easily rid of her, and, lest he might be a loser from so sudden a notice to quit, offered to receive him into his own chambers. Oceanus was too full of gratitude to express his thankfulness in words; but his eyes ran over with tears, and, as he looked up into the spruce-looking young gentleman's face, his benefactor saw in them more than he could have said if his tongue had been as ready with blessings as a beggar's who has received alms. The spruce-looking young gentleman was satisfied; and that he might show his confidence in his newly-acquired protégé, he asked Oceanus to loan him a five franc piece; saying that he had inadvertently left his purse at his rooms, and that in talking with the filthy policemen he had inhaled so much garlic as to turn his stomach, which needed a glass of eau de vie to give it tone. Oceanus turned his pockets inside out, and presented his benefactor with their contents. The spruce-looking young gentleman hesitated for a moment, and, in refusing to accept, accepted; he chided Oceanus for his extravagant generosity, stepped into a shop by the way, expended three sous in brandy, put the remainder by for another occasion, and ended with a lecture upon economy.

"My rooms are upon the fifth floor; I detest noise and love air," said the spruce-

looking young gentleman, as he, Oceanus, and the dog entered the corridor of another of those huge hotels which concentrate the vice of Paris by housing poverty and wealth under the same roof. The laughter of superfluity and the groans of want ascend together; if one is a hymn of gratitude, what is the other? Poverty and wealth make queer associates; wealth grows humble when it steps to pleasure upon the neck of want; and poverty is content when it sees the good of all engrossed by a few! It is pleasant to have ever before our eyes an abundance we cannot partake of! Tantalus in hell is more than matched by Tantalus on earth.

"The spruce-looking young gentleman's rooms consisted of a single apartment of some eight feet by ten, furnished as a bachelor's kennel is best furnished, with a cot, the better part of a chair, a triangular piece of looking-glass, and a pot of pomatum. Oceanus was a little disappointed in the appearance of things; but one who is houseless cannot well complain of the roof which offers him shelter. The spruce-looking young gentleman consulted his mirror, arranged his hair, politely invited his friend to possess himself of the only seat in the room, assumed a patronising air, and, like a good general, at once opened the campaign. Although a novice in years, he was old in knowledge of the world. He knew better than to apologize for the poverty which gaped around him; that spoke for itself, and might be attributed to whim, if too much was not said about it. Disguise, like every other garment, will wear out, and lasts longest when not put on too often: he had no use for it on this occasion; and lest Oceanus might ruminate upon home, and thereby become intractable, he gave him other thoughts to occupy his attention,

"Did you ever dream of growing rich?" said the spruce-looking young gentleman, drawing himself up to his full height before the admiring Oceanus, whose eyes opened with the question, while his memory ran back to his speculation in cotton.

"You know something of my story!" said Oceanus, hesitatingly.

"I know something of every man's story; for dreams of wealth are a part of it," said the spruce-looking young gentleman. "Wealth is comparative, and however base, or however eminent may be a man's condition in society, however great may be his deprivations, or however numerous his superfluities, wealth is just beyond his reach. You will, then, never grow rich; but you may, in striving to get too much, get enough. And I both can and will make known to you a way of getting that enough, honestly, surely, speedily." Oceanus cast a furtive glance at the triangular bit of looking-glass fastened against the wall. The

spruce-looking young gentleman understood the allusion, and answered it. "Activity is not cradled in ease, nor is luxury the mother of great deeds. We must win honour before we wear it. A thousand francs created by the workings of our own brain are of more worth than ten thousand which come to us without our agency. Wealth is kind to those who generate it; it poisons those who are its heirs. He who has never had an acid upon his tongue has little knowledge of sweetness. Poverty is to be loved, because she fits us for the attainment of riches, which, when attained, she has taught us how to enjoy."

"Oceanus was won. He heard the sounds of joy, of laughter, of revelry, ascending up from the habitations of those who, according as they were nearer earth, partook most largely of its pleasures. The roll of the carriages of the rich, as they passed within and out of the grand corridor, added persuasion to his host's eloquence; and the contracted dimensions of the chamber in which he sat, the meanness of its garniture, and the evident want of its possessor, seemed but the gauge of near prosperity. The past, which, even for him, contained a lesson full of instruction, was forgotten, and he felt equal to any enterprise.

"The spruce-looking young gentleman was quick to perceive his victory; and knowing when he had said enough, very leisurely descended from the high oratorical tone which he had assumed, put on a conversational manner, and, stretching himself out at full length upon his little cot, poured into the greedy ears of his willing pupil the argument of a scheme which was to flood both the talker and the listener with good fortune.

"As the projector proceeded, opening prospect after prospect, the last more brilliant than the former, and while Oceanus's eyes grew bigger and bigger, dilating with each new certainty of success, the noise of revelry below was hushed, and the full, strong voice of a male singer alone broke the general stillness.

1.

"Faribôlo pastouro,
Serêno al cô de glas,
Oh! digo, digo couro
Entendren tinda l'houro
Oun t'amistouzaras.
Toutjour fariboulejes,
Et quand parpailoulejes,
La foulo que mestrejes,
Sur toun cami se mêt
Et te siêt.
Mais rés d'acôs, maynâdo,
Al bounhur pot mena;
Ou'és acôs d'être aymâdo,
Quand on sat pas ayma?"

"That is the fool Jasmin, the coiffeur of Agen, a townsman of my own, for I am a Gascon," said the spruce-looking young

gentleman. 'Now if I should meet him in the streets of Paris, he would nod distantly, and pass on; yet, with money in my purse, he would sing for my amusement, as he now sings for that of the stolid wealth which stares at him as it would stare at a learned pig; and whose admiration is excited, not by the intellect displayed, but by the fact that he should display any intellect at all.'

2.

"Nostro jovo as bis creche,
Quand luzis lou soursel;
Ebé, cado dimeche,
Quand te bezèn pareche,
Nous fas may plazé qu'el,
Ayman ta boués d'angèlo,
Ta courso d'hiroundèlo,
Toun ayre doumayzèlo,
Ta bouco, amay tous pièls,
Et tous èls;
Mais rés, d'acòs, maynàdo,
Al bounhur pot mena;
Qu'ès acòs d'èstre aymàdo,
Quand on sat pas ayma?"

"What has genius to do with wealth? it has its own immortality; yet will it fawn and lick the dust from the feet of riches, as does that singer: proving that the means of compassing a present pleasure are of more worth than a world of merit, to be acknowledged hereafter."

3.

"Tristos soun las contrâdos
Quand s'abeouzon de tu;
Las sègos ni las prâdos
Non soun plus embacoumâdos,
Lou cièl n'ès plus tan blu.
Quand tornes, faribôlo,
La languino s'embôlo,
Cadun se rebiscôlo,
Minjayan tous ditous
De poutous!
Mais rés d'acòs maynàdo,
Al bounhur pot mena;
Qu'ès acòs d'èstre aymàdo
Quand on sat pas ayma?"

"The hair-dresser of Agen, at work at his trade, does not debase the poet of rare worth: the glorious gift of verse raises him aloft above his station; but Jasmin, the puppet for a day of Parisian vanity, oppresses with a weight of baseness those qualities which can alone give him a claim upon immortality."

4.

"Ta tourtero enfugido
Te baillo uno liseou:
'Ès al bos que t'oubliido,
Et que bèn pu pould
Dunpèy qu'y fay l'amou.
Pel l'amou, tout palpito;
Sièt-lou! perqué t'enbitò,
Aoutromen, de ta bitò,
Lous bès jours sayon nuts
Et perduts;
Gn'a que l'amou, maynàdo,
Qu'al bounhur pot mena;
Acòs tout d'èstre aymàdo,
Mais, quand on sat ayma!"

"The song is at an end; and now Jasmin feels himself more than repaid by the

clapping of hands, and cries of "bravo," which have followed its close. Poor simplicity! as if inanity could appreciate intellect; or as if he will not be forgotten when a new wonder, like a new fashion, calls off attention to another quarter. "Bravo" again; and again a clapping of hands. Jasmin has been witty, perhaps in an allusion to his calling; and they cry "bravo," and clap their hands, to drive away ennui, while he smiles, and hugs himself, and finds noise, fame. Thus will wealth, even in the hands of fools, compel wisdom to pimp for its pleasures; what may it not do when possessed by those who know how rightly to use it? I love poverty for its own sake; it is amiable, sociable, will seek you out, stay with you, is not readily lost, and is easily found; but civility has turned the world upside down, and, as most men are wanting in philosophy, it is necessary to embrace an evil to secure consideration.

"And now let me tell you, my dear Oceanus, the whole secret of success in life," continued the spruce-looking young gentleman, rising from his cot, and making sundry demonstrations towards retiring for the night: 'it is in appearing not to need success. When most in want, seem, like a starving town besieged, most to riot in abundance. No man aids another without expecting the return of his principal, with usury; and a beggar is not the best of securities.'

"The spruce-looking young gentleman put off his coat and vest, and Oceanus was surprised to discover that his friend wanted a shirt. When dressed, he so arranged his cravat as to conceal so great an incompleteness in his wardrobe. He next put off his shoes, and was without stockings; he then divested himself of his pantaloons, and was without drawers. If Oceanus could have seen his patron's heart, he would have found it as naked of principle as his person was of clothing.

"I am not an advocate for a superfluity of dress," said the spruce-looking young gentleman, as he now stood, in his natural state, before the averted eyes of his young protégé; 'it would have been better to have abided by the simplicity of our first ancestors. But we must conform to fashion; and you may readily perceive how easy it is to do so, even at a cheap rate. I am what few others are, a practical illustration of my own maxims; and when most in want, seem most to riot in abundance. Good-night. I am sorry I have not another cot; you can stretch yourself upon the floor, Oceanus. You will do very well. The plank has grown soft with age. In the morning we will adjust matters.' And the spruce-looking young gentleman was soon in the land of dreams.

"One can hardly call this even a *seem-*

ing to riot in abundance; to me it looks mightily like real want,' murmured Oceanus, as he composed himself to rest, as he best might, upon a bed he had not been used to in the earlier days of his young life. He thought of the generous old Tar of the Fife, of the kind inamorata, of his indulgent uncle, and sobbed with a violence which would have awakened any other sleeper but one who, like the spruce-looking young gentleman, was an offspring of an actor in the French Revolution. Those who have no conscience, like those who have a conscience unstained, sleep well; and that terrible convulsion has left but little of the commodity to the generations which have come after it. But it is good to become early acquainted with the lot which an inexorable fate has decreed to the millions of the earth. While the multitude cry daily to Heaven for bread, those who have enough, and those who have more than enough, tempt its justice with complaints of imaginary evils.

SECTION XI.

"The first light of morning found the spruce-looking young gentleman active at his toilet. He was no sluggard, and possessed an energy and versatility of character which, had they been guided by integrity, would have soon won the wealth he sighed for. Although aided with few of the appliances which modern luxury has invented to cleanse, beautify, and renovate a decaying body, and which, like the more refined arts of ancient voluptuaries, bring health as well as physical pleasure with their use, he was able to step forth from beneath the plastic touch of his own fingers as nice a young man as ever libelled humanity upon the Boulevards of Paris. Such is the skill which is ever the result of practice; such is the success which is born of determination. The tricks of the juggler put to shame the complaints of those seekers after a higher fame who bemoan the shortness of life.

"The spruce-looking young gentleman laboured effectually to seem more than he was, while Oceanus, embraced by sleep, ran merrily along upon the asymptote of his waking existence.

"'Childhood has no cares, and rests well,' said the spruce-looking young gentleman, standing over the dreamer, and watching the gentle heavings of his breast, which rose and fell like the measured swell of a sea becalmed. 'What storms of passion shall ruffle that smooth water! and none more violent than the desire of wealth; even now its seeds quicken to germination. Blind we enter the world—blind we leave it; let it, with all its mysteries, roll on; he alone is wise who seeks in action a refuge from thought. Ho! Oceanus, up; up, my Trojan, up; a thousand

francs are won and ten thousand lost while you are dozing off the most precious hour of day. That man will never effect much who is caught in bed by a rising sun.'

"'A rising sun, however unseasonable may be his movements, will never catch me in bed here, I take it,' said Oceanus, rubbing his eyes, and staring about, uncertain whether to consider himself in his waking or dreaming existence.

"'If you are not abed, and asleep too, these words have different significations according as they are used in the Old or the New World,' said the spruce-looking young gentleman; 'for I can assure you that of the inhabitants of this great city one hundred thousand know no softer rest nor any deeper slumber than you now enjoy. Want and crime are hard task-masters; one forbids ease, the other enjoins watchfulness; you are acquainted with the first; I know something of both, and neither of us is desirous of prolonging his apprenticeship; so rouse yourself, and let us mature the plans of the past night.'

"Oceanus rose up as he had laid down, with his wardrobe upon his back; and having well yawned and looked sharply about him, so as to assure himself of his identity, he declared himself ready for business. The spruce-looking young gentleman took a seat upon the cot, Oceanus drew the chair to its side, and both again forgot present poverty in a future possession of millions.

"'This is the exordium to my prospectus,' said the spruce-looking young gentleman, drawing a paper from his pocket, 'which we will stick upon all the walls of Paris; it will go hard if we cannot afford to retire from the business before a twelve-month calls either of us a year older. Let me read it to you; it is what I call a proclamation, and will pour into our laps a greater revenue than Augustus received after his famous decree which, as one of your fine novels says, went forth that all the world should be taxed. Oceanus, hold your breath; I open with a flourish of trumpets;

"'Compagnie d'Assurance Mutuelle pour les Funérailles.

"'Honneur à la philanthropie du siècle où nous vivons! Honneur à sa bienfaisante sollicitude qui le porte incessamment à rechercher ces moyens ingénieux qui rendent si facile l'accomplissement des devoirs les plus importants, et les plus sacrés! Quel homme sensible ne mettra pas au nombre de ces dernières, celui que la nature nous impose à l'égard de ce qu'elle nous a donné de plus cher, d'un père, d'une mère, d'une épouse, et de nos enfants! Mais, si chacun de nous, quand il perd un de ces précieux objets de notre tendresse, peut payer pas de sincères lar-

mes ce tribut si doux d'amour, d'attachement, et de reconnaissance, peut il toujours joindre à ces témoignages de regrets, des marques extérieurs et publiques; de ces sentiments qui désirèrent de manifester toujours, et dans tous les siècles les âmes nobles et généreuses! Non, sans doute! Et c'est ce qui déchire nos cœurs, quand nous sommes obligés de rendre, inaperçus, ces derniers devoirs si cher à tous les hommes.

"Ambitionnant la gloire de fermer cette place sociale, nous avons l'honneur d'offrir à nos concitoyens le moyen le plus simple et le plus aisé d'atteindre un but si honorable. Quel est, en effet, celui d'entre nous, quelque peu favorisé qu'il soit de la fortune, qui ne puisse dans la semaine retrancher quelques centimes de ses besoins; et qui ne le fasse avec délice, lorsqu'il songera qu'il va assurer à sa famille, à lui-même, les funérailles les plus honorables? Nous n'en dirons pas davantage; c'en est assez pour tout cœur bien né—contentons-nous de renvoyer à notre prospectus d'assurance mutuelle pour les funérailles, que l'on trouvera public dans tous les Journaux de la capitale.

"JACQUES D'ORLEANS,

"*President de la Compagnie d'Assurance Mutuelle pour les Funérailles.*

"Rue, Palais Royal, No. 645."

"The spruce-looking young gentleman blew out the last blast, closing with his own name in a full, rotund note of triumph, and then waited in silence the admiration of his companion.

"Do you think it will go down?" asked Oceanus, doubtingly.

"Down? no; it will go up, my little fellow, up! you do not know the Parisians as I do. A Frenchman's ruling passion is vanity; and it is strong, not only in, but after death. There are fifty thousand persons in this city who would starve both themselves and their families for the certainty of being followed to the grave by a score of empty carriages. I know what I am about."

"We can try!" said Oceanus, musing upon the affiches of his late friend the vanquished.

"And we can perform; never talk of trying. Man is a god, and can do anything, if he has the will. When you read the story of the great, Oceanus, never wonder that they have done so much, but, rather, that they did no more. Had I have lived, as my grandfather lived, in the time of that great struggle whose history is a page of blood, I would have made the guillotine my slave, and not have died, as he died, its victim. But the times have changed, and we must rise in another way. The franc piece is now almighty; it gives consideration, rank, power. The man of millions is now upon the throne, and his

avarice is catching. Maximilian, the incorruptible, in his little chamber over the cabinet-maker's shop, would ill suit this corruptible age. Money must be got; for in getting money we get everything else. Do you suppose that I look only for an escape from this narrow room, and a change of linen for every twenty-four hours? Such things are worthy of our solicitude as means of rising, for there is much truth in the adage, that "the tailor makes the man;" but he who regards his personal adornment, or even the grosser pleasures of life, as an end, merits not the little of the common air he breathes. We must look higher, higher, higher! These are days of instability; the blow which was struck in eighty-nine has not yet had its full effect, and every man in France who possesses the will has the right—to jostle Philip from his stool!" said Jacques, lowering his voice to a whisper. "He who stands upon the volcano when it bursts will be thrown highest into the air. You do not understand these things now; you are too young; but if you live to the age of manhood you will see them. Follow me; I will not mislead you. The ladder which mounts to power is long, and its first rounds are lowly. But in what do we, drawing money from the pockets of fools, differ from them, speculating in the funds? Who hanged the Duke de Bourbon? No, no! no hesitation, no doubting, no qualms of conscience! We must play our game boldly, with assurance, or we lose it. Humbug! Humbug pervades everything—politics, religion, literature, and money-getting. Many an intriguer has risen by it, many a saint has been canonized by it, many a writer has built up a school by it, and many a schemer has grown rich by it; and we, Oceanus," continued Jacques, looking around upon the poverty which dwelt in his little apartment—"and we, most assuredly, cannot lose by it. Listen to the Prospectus!"

"Although Oceanus was, indeed, too young to appreciate much of the argument, or understand many of the allusions of his spruce-looking associate, he was subdued by the warmth and vigour of his conversation, and sat at his knees, looking up into his face with open mouth, as if a thousand francs hung upon each word.

"The little dog, who had shared his young master's bed, and risen when he rose, appeared to be not the least interested of the party. He had got upon the back of Oceanus's chair, and stood, with his fore feet planted upon the boy's head, looking straight forward at the speaker, whose eloquence he relished so highly, that it cost him an effort to refrain from breaking forth into the most noisy applause. Both Jacques and Oceanus were too much absorbed in contemplation of the brilliant prospects

their scheme was opening upon them to notice so strong an illustration of canine intelligence, and the little dog retained his position during the reading of the Prospectus, wagging his tail, and now and then licking his chops, with a low, half-suppressed whine, whenever a proposal of peculiar gusto met with his decided approbation.

"Règlement de la Compagnie d'Assurance Metuelle pour les Funérailles!"

"The little dog pointed his ears forward.

"Il est inutile, continued Jacques, 'pour ceux qui ont lu notre Prospectus affiché sur tous les murs de cette ville, de développer les motifs qui, à grands frais, et aux risques de plus grandes pertes encore, nous ont portés à offrir aux sensibles et intelligens citoyens de Paris, une forme d'assurance dictée par les plus purs sentiments de la philanthropie, et dont le seul but est de procurer aux vivants la satisfaction bien grande d'acheter, d'avance, les honneurs dds aux morts.

"You perceive the advantage of such an opening!" said Jacques; 'those who read the "Prospectus" are referred to the "Regulations," and those who read the "Regulations" are referred to the "Prospectus;" so that, in running from one to the other, they lose a little of each, add much to both, and make a grand affair of the whole!"

"Oceanus nodded assent, and the little dog, as a matter of necessity, nodded also.

"Ainsi, donc," continued Jacques, 'après avoir rappelé que le capital de la compagnie est composé d'actions payées et placées sur l'état en fonds consolidés, aussi stables que le gouvernement.

"That is intended as a compliment to government, and will induce it to wink at our proceedings. God knows, were the funds believed to be as uncertain as Philip, holders would be beggared within the hour!"

"Oceanus, not knowing what funds meant, looked wise; the little dog imitated his master.

"Nous offrons au public les conditions auxquelles la Compagnie d'Assurance Mutuelle se chargera de fournir tout ce qui est nécessaire pour le service funèbre de tout homme, toute femme, et tout enfant décédés dans la ville de Paris, suivant la dignité des honneurs que le défunt aura choisie pendant sa vie, pour sa sépulture et sa dernière demeure."

"That is promising a great deal!" said Oceanus.

"We can afford to be profuse in promises; they cost nothing!" said Jacques.

"It seems to me," said Oceanus, 'very necessary that we should have a small capital to start with, in order to meet the possible happening of an early death among our subscribers!"

"Never fear that," said Jacques; 'the strong and healthy alone will subscribe; the rich and the old fear death too much to provide for it. I will now read the "Conditions;" you will find them reasonable enough:

"ARTICLE 1^{er}."

"Pour une bière commune, et corbillard commun, 25c. par mois."

"How much is a "centime?" inquired Oceanus.

"Five centimes are equal to one sous; and twenty sous are equal to one franc," said Jacques.

"Then "twenty-five centimes a month" is a very small sum of money," said Oceanus, despondingly.

"But there are in this city," said Jacques, 'a hundred thousand who will subscribe under that "article" alone; making two million five hundred thousand centimes—equal to twenty-five thousand francs—or three hundred thousand francs per year; a very pretty revenue, eh!"

"Read on," said Oceanus, in a tone of courage.

"ARTICLE 2^e."

"Pour une bière peinte et corbillard, avec quatre panaches, 40c par mois.

"This "article" will net us at least one third as much as the first," said Jacques.

"ARTICLE 3^{me}."

"Pour une bière peinte et corbillard à six panaches, plus quatre glands fins, pour les coins du drap mortuaire, et quatre porte-flambeau, 1f. par mois.

"There is something to meet the wants of the mechanics who are well to do in the world, and the small shop-keepers, who have a house to live in, enough to eat, and a little over," said Jacques; 'it will give us five thousand francs a month."

"What is the sum-total to be received under the three articles?" asked Oceanus, whose ideas of wealth were already outstripped by his patron's magnificent computations.

"Twelve times five are sixty; one hundred thousand under the second article; only four hundred and sixty thousand francs a year."

"Oceanus was not yet sufficiently acquainted with the artificial wants of society to comprehend the use, or even the possible existence, of so large an income. To him it was infinite; even imagination could not reach it; and he took refuge from doubt in wild schemes of expenditure, which soon danced in troops before his mental vision.

"ARTICLE 4^{me}."

"Pour bière en acajou, corbillard décoré, drap mortuaire en velours avec galon

et franges en argent, six porte-flambeaux, six pauvres, et dix voitures de suite, 8/ par mois.

"This article will not gain us so much as either of the others," said Jacques; "for none but those who once possessed fortunes, and have lost them, with now and then a decayed nobleman, and perhaps one or two fools from among the lower classes, will sign under it. We may put it down at one thousand francs per month."

"I wish the francs were dollars," said Oceanus, who, in imagination, had already bestowed a fortune upon his uncle, raised a mausoleum to the combined memory of the innamorata and the old Tar of the Fife, settled his differences with the pretty brunette, to the utter discomfiture of John Bunyan, and now sat at the girl's feet while she perfumed his hair with aromatic oils.

"Young fool, where are your thoughts?" exclaimed Jacques, in a tone of severity which rudely awakened Oceanus from his dream, drove Trouvé from his position, and sent him crouching beneath his master's feet. "Have not my words yet kindled a nobler ambition in your breast! Is money to be sought for only as the giver of pleasures which bring down man to the beast!" Jacques sprang from his seat upon the cot, and, drawing a crayon from his pocket, rapidly sketched upon the wall a picture, which, as it grew beneath his pencil, chilled Oceanus's young blood until the boy covered his eyes with his hands from very terror.

"It was a passage from the Revolution. Jacques had seized upon the point of time when the Duke of Orleans, on his way to the guillotine, halted before the palace of his orgies, and smiled upon that witness of his riots and his crimes, and made no sign. The infuriated populace of the faubourgs, tempest tossed with every passion which defiles the human heart, raged around him like a sea, while the fearful agent of the Revolution rose and fell, and with every fall gave another life to eternity. Upon every face was written 'blood'; 'blood' was the cry which filled every mouth; and it flowed until a nation reeled, drunk with its own gore.

"That man is my ancestor," said Jacques, pointing to the principal figure in the picture, "and in that death he redeemed a life of infamy. He lived for pleasure, and yet would not barter a daughter's chastity for safety. Springing from his loins, though with a 'bar sinister,' I possess his ambition without his weakness; and may claim power in equal right with him who now grasps more than did the emperor at his zenith. The Revolution broke the bonds which linked man to man, dissolved the ties even of consanguinity, reshuffled the cards, and threw me at the bottom of the pack. The days of violence have pass-

ed; the arts of peace are in the ascendant; it is by money alone we rise, and therefore I would have it."

Jacques carefully rubbed the drawing from the wall, and returned to his 'Proposals.'

"ARTICLE 5^{me}."

"Pour une pierre commune placée sur la tombe avec inscription du nom du défunt, du jour de sa naissance et celui de son décès, 5c. par mois.

"There is an article," Jacques continued, "which will bring us all of two thousand francs a month; for those who bury themselves will buy their grave-stones of us; and since you are so avaricious while yet so young, I will consent that you shall receive all the proceeds of it."

Oceanus, with equal generosity, declined anything more than a fair division. He said that he did wish to prove to his uncle that he was capable of taking care of himself; and that his greatest joy was, that he was now in a fair way of doing so.

"Your uncle—I will buy him with my sixth article; 'Pour pierre de marbre blanc, avec croix en fer et inscription, 1/ par mois;' a thousand francs at least," said Jacques.

"Can you give me a glass of water?" said Oceanus; "that horrid picture has made me sick."

"Ha! you must get nerve. I have no such luxury as a tumbler; and water you will find in the Seine. If a picture makes you sick, you must be stone blind to actual life; for this very roof, as quiet as it now is, covers more of suffering than my pencil set forth. It is not hard to die; but it is to live, when society creates wants it cannot gratify. I have but a 'Nota Bene' to read, and then we will go in search of both water and bread."

"This hint at a spare diet caused Oceanus's memory to run back to the evening which he had passed with the vanquished at the restaurant at Le Havre; but as Jacques had told him that 'great things' had never been conceived or executed upon a full stomach, he was content to starve for a time, in expectation of the feast which was preparing in the future.

"Nota.

"Les personnes qui voudront avoir un mausolée, présenteront le plan de celui qu'ils auront choisi, et prendront à cet effet des arrangements avec la compagnie.

"L'on fournira gratis des croix noires en bois aux personnes qui n'auront ni pierre ni tombeau."

"Les enfants audessous de douze ans, et les hommes audessus de soixante, seront sujets à des variations de prix, et s'arrangeront pour cela avec la compagnie.

"There, that is a proper finale, and will

yield us ten thousand francs in round numbers.'

"But can we afford to give away the little black crosses?" said Oceanus.

"We can afford to promise them," said Jacques; 'and now, Oceanus, take your hat, and I will show you how you can live on two sous a day.'

SECTION XII.

"For several days immediately subsequent to the conversation which I have just detailed, Jacques and Oceanus were busily engaged in making preparation for the grand public denouement of a scheme which the genius of a Frenchman alone could have projected, and which Jacques knew the vanity of Frenchmen could alone render successful. Jacques's spruceness, and the debonair air which even a short residence in Paris had imparted to Oceanus's manners, passed as current coin with those of whose aid they had need; and proved the truth of the maxim, so well understood among merchants, that a good face will give credit, and credit is better than money.

"An office was taken in the Rue Palais Royal, amid the bankers and money-changers, the Jews and sharpers of the most knowing city of the world. But Jacques was not one to fear a contact with the shrewd, for among the shrewd he was the shrewdest. The affiches were struck off, the public journals bargained with, and Jacques and Oceanus took a breathing day preparatory to their first grand move upon the chessboard of life. It was on the morning of that day, calm and serene as a morning in June ever is, giving no portent of evil, when the sun had got high enough to throw its rays over the tops of the houses, and light up one side of the streets it crossed, while the other was buried in deep shade, that the two friends, with Trouvé, sallied forth to look upon the fatness of the city they were about to lay under contribution. As they sauntered along its busy thoroughfares, Jacques pointed out such persons as he supposed would subscribe his 'articles,' and classifying them into families, re-enumerated the probable revenue which each would yield per month. Oceanus's heart dilated with gratitude towards those who were to be to him the source of such infinite good; and he walked on, living in the future, while Jacques, at his side, poured into his ear an endless tale of magnificent promises.

"The schemers had in this way passed the larger part of the morning, when they came to a high blind wall which, abutting upon two streets, afforded an admirable locality for the posting of 'affiches.' Jacques scanned the object before him with the eye of an artist, and at once comprehended the advantage of its form and position. He called Oceanus's attention to it,

and discoursed eloquently upon the possible sums of money it might put into their pockets. While he talked thus pleasingly, a man with a huge roll of paper, a paste-pot, and a brush under one arm, and a long slender ladder under the other, stepped quickly over from the opposite side of the way, planted his ladder very unceremoniously against the wall, smeared over some hundred square feet of its surface, unrolled his paper, fitted it nicely to the paste, and passed on.

"It was an affiche; and the large rubric characters in which it was printed, visible from a distance of three squares, admitted of no question as to its import. While the master discoursed, the scholar, with greedy ears, caught each word as it fell, as he would have caught fresh coined franc pieces in his hat; but the affiche told a story which, like the magic of an Eastern tale, at once dissipated the wealth that both felt to be already within their grasp. Jacques's voice faltered, his oration upon the value of riches was brought abruptly to a close, he gazed upon the wall, then upon Oceanus, then upon the wall again, and stood rooted to the spot. Oceanus opened his eyes very wide, and imitated Jacques; Trouvé sat himself down upon his haunches, and imitated Oceanus; and thus was formed a tableau vivant which the idle of that quarter of the city were not slow in appreciating.

"When one man looks into the air, a hundred others are readily found to follow the example. A crowd soon gathered about the three friends, alternately scanning, with an equal appetite for knowledge, the affiche, Jacques, Oceanus, and the dog. The outer circles pressed upon the inner, the inner pressed upon the tableau, until Jacques, roused to a consciousness of his position by the impossibility of longer retaining it, turned suddenly upon his heels, scowled upon the now sorrowful Oceanus, kicked the faithful Trouvé far over the heads of the impertinent by-standers into the gutter, which ran along midway the street, and hastened, with lengthened strides, back to his little chamber at the top of his magnificent hotel in Rue —; Oceanus turned slowly, overwhelmed with sorrow, and followed Jacques; Trouvé picked himself out of the gutter, looked about him with an air of surprise, and followed Oceanus.

"The affiche, which had destroyed the equanimity of Jacques, turned Oceanus's joy to grief, and afflicted with soreness Trouvé's bones, purported to be published by authority; and announced, almost in the words of Jacques, 'The formation of a royal company of eminent capitalists, who, moved by compassion for the wants of the poor, were willing to bury their dead in a style of magnificence beyond the compass

of ordinary fortunes.' The plan was one of mutual insurance; the subscriptions were graded from a costly mausoleum to a simple burial in an ordinary grave, without head-stones, without crosses, without carriages, without mourners, without lights, and without prayers. Exordium and peroration, article for article, it was Jacques's scheme forestalled, and got up after a richer manner.

"When Oceanus and Trouvé arrived at Jacques's little room at the top of the hotel, they found him pacing its narrow floor, highly excited, and venting two curses against fortune to one against himself.

" 'You have betrayed me,' cried Jacques, fiercely, as Oceanus entered the apartment.

"Oceanus sat himself down upon the only chair, with Trouvé at his feet, bowed his head to his knees, and wept aloud.

"Jacques's anger was subdued, but his policy continued unchanged. 'You have betrayed me,' he continued, 'if not with words, at least with looks. Your face is like an open page, and in it one may read all your thoughts. I pitied your destitution, and took you in; but you were not born for wealth, and I have no farther use for you. Go; go forth to the million, and starve. Such is the lot awarded to the mass of men. Made to creep for a time amid the slime of the earth, they rot, fatten the soil which denied them food, and pass from life to an eternity of forgetfulness. I was not created for an ordinary existence; and he who would walk at my side must not halt in his gait, nor learn of the enthusiasts, whether in morals or religion, to weigh his acts in a balance. Go; go forth to the million, and starve; but remember, and be silent upon all which you have seen and all that I have said. If questioned, tell the story differently; it will be better for you; for a probable lie is ever believed before an improbable truth. And now that we are to part, let us part in kindness,' continued Jacques, extending his hand, which Oceanus took within his own, and bathed in tears.

"Fallen from the high pinnacle of his hopes, the world was again before Oceanus where to choose. He protested his innocence of any intentional betrayal of Jacques's great scheme; told how much he confided in the good offices of his patron; besought that he might be retained for yet one more trial; suggested new methods of gaining money; spoke of his loneliness, without a friend, in a great and strange city; and, with many sobs, fell upon Jacques's neck, which he burned with kisses.

"Jacques hardened his heart. 'No,' said he, 'it cannot be; we are not fashioned of the same metal. Go; and may the great God, who giveth all things, give you bread. Go; think no more of riches; re-

turn to your uncle, and be content to live a life of insignificance—it is your destiny. Happy destiny! "It were better to be a poor fisherman than to govern men." Faugh! a sentiment fit for a man with his head upon the block;' and Jacques led Oceanus to the door, and gave him his blessing.

"Oceanus moved slowly down the long stairway; Trouvé, faithful to his new-formed friendship, walked at his side, a partaker in his sorrow; the joy of abundance, the laughter of revelry, rose up from the lower floors; the youthful wanderer was desolate in the midst of ten thousand.

SECTION XIII.

"As Oceanus passed without the corridor, he halted upon the threshold and looked out upon the busy street, now, at mid-day, crowded with passengers, as one born upon land and unacquainted with water might stand upon a rock and look out upon a sunny sea; to him strange and untried—enticing, yet repelling, full of loveliness and of fear. Rich and poor, the thoughtless and the thoughtful—a hundred times he wished himself one of the multitude which hurried along in a ceaseless stream before him; and when Trouvé sallied forth to make an acquaintance with his kind, he wished himself a dog, or anything other than what he was. Wearied, at length, he sat down upon the paved floor, and sought for consolation as well as courage in the pages of honest John Bunyan. From the Old Testament he turned to the New, and read of Paul's shipwreck upon Melita, until the vivid picture there drawn of the sea and its tempests soothed his spirit, and he fell asleep.

"While Oceanus slept, with his back against the wall, honest John Bunyan and the New Testament open upon his knees, and Tom Jones and Roderic Random peeping from each side pocket, a gentleman of some forty years, carelessly dressed, with a pale, thin face, dark, lanky hair, a broad forehead, inquisitive eye, and a nose which seemed to say that it smelt something, passed along the corridor, looking upon every side as if in search of news. He had called upon a friend who had his chambers in the hotel, and was returning to his house upon the Boulevard Saint Martin, when the sleeping Oceanus, the books, and the dog watching over all, arrested his attention. Who has not read Frère Jacques, and Mon Voisin Raymond, and Gustave, and the hundred other tales of the most simple, natural, lively, and entertaining, if not the most moral novelist of the day? Paul de Kock loves an incident, even though it may be a grave one, for he has an alchemy to extract fun out of it, or the art to throw it into a grotesque form, without destroying its pathos, which he would

be the last to lessen. So Paul de Kock looked at Oceanus, and the books, and the dog, and smiled; and as Trouvé saw nothing but good humour in his eye when he borrowed John Bunyan, without saying 'with your leave,' the dog said nothing, and quietly waited to see what might come of it. Paul de Kock, although he hates English as he hates an Englishman, and hates an Englishman as a good Catholic should hate a heretic, can yet read an English book; but the lofty fiction and stern morals of Bunyan's homely prose epic were as little appreciated by the novelist as are his own light, licentious pages by the disciples of the divine. He could not understand Pilgrim, nor find anything worthy of note in his story, excepting his adventures at 'Vanity Fair.' But, in exchanging the Pilgrim for the New Testament, Paul opened a volume which he had often read of, if he had never read. Therein he could have found much music to which a sympathy in his own heart would have responded; and as his eye fell casually upon the sorrow of the widow of Nain, it did not leave it until a tear told that her grief was his own. He next drew Roderic Random from his hiding-place, and thought more kindly of the boy who had made a textbook of the best sea story ever written. There was one other volume behind; and when thy pages, full of frolic, of humour, of wit, of all that is joyous in life, met his eye, Tom Jones, how did a kindred spirit kindle! Paul now loved the sleeping Oceanus, caressed Trouvé, sat himself down at the boy's side, and, blind to the wonder of the passers-by, who stopped, and stared, and marvelled what the popular novelist might be doing there, he resuscitated the merry Middlesex justice, made the old corridor ring again with Fielding read by one who knows how to read him, and laughed and shouted until his eyes ran over. Trouvé went mad with joy, and Oceanus awoke, with a scream, from a dream of the old Tar and his boisterous mirth.

"With such an introduction, the compact was soon made; and the kind novelist led the youthful truant and Trouvé to his house upon the Boulevard Saint Martin. There Paul and Oceanus seated themselves at the window which the former loved; for it looked out upon the promenade, and exhibited life, civilized life, in its hours of relaxation, when the spirit, released from the cares of the body, from the thousand wants, natural and artificial, from the thousand ambitions, and the thousand jealousies, which spring from the contact of man with man, herded in cities, from the strifes for mastery in power, in wealth, for food, gambols as it gambolled in the beginning, taking little thought of aught else than present pleasure. Oceanus told his story, and Paul said it was worth the

telling. He called for wine. 'Drink,' said he; 'it is light, it is Hemenes; your head is strong, and can bear it. Drink to the good old Tar; drink to your mother, the inamorata; drink to the knowing Gustave and his show; drink to the frail brunette; drink to the spruce-looking Jacques, with his poverty and aspirations: we are all players in this theatre of ours, and it matters little what rôle we choose, so we do not mar the drama by our unskilfulness. You have brought a letter to me, Oceanus, from one I love. A page of Fielding would open my heart, were it locked with adamant. He should have lived in Paris; and certainly it was by accident that he was born out of it. There is no place like Paris, Oceanus: Paris is to the earth what the sun is to the universe, and all without its walls are "outside barbarians." Now tell me what you intend to do, you little demi-savage. Here is my house; it is at your service: stay with me. I will be your master, and you shall learn my own trade. I will make a novelist of you; nothing is easier. Writing books is much like making shoes; it all comes with practice. You have but to look out of this window, catch a figure in your eye, observe its nose and mouth—for a man's nose and mouth tell all that he is—and copy away after nature. Do you see that woman! I can tell you her story in fifteen pages, merely from her walk! She is engaged in an intrigue, and will meet her lover in less than ten minutes by a stop-watch. Now, starting with such data, we have only to catch up some dozen of the odd characters who are continually passing and repassing before us, put them down again as we may want to use them, move them about as one would the pieces upon a chessboard, pitch A against B, and C against both, pass between the two lovers, and so mix events as to beat out an interval of six minutes into six days, and the work is done! Egad! I think your own history would furnish a very pretty web for a tale; suppose we commence weaving upon that?"

"Oceanus was a little abashed by Paul's characteristic address; and he looked out of the window, and knew not what to say. But he had not yet lost the desire of making money; and his ear had been too lately used to Jacques's flattering eloquence to listen willingly to a proposition which seemed to take away all hope of wealth. So, as the wine worked upon him, and gave him courage, and as Paul pressed him for his resolution, he told his generous host that he was young indeed, but would become old; and that in his country old age without money would not command respect from the youths of the Republic.

"You are a precocious boy, and have a

brave heart,' said Paul. 'Here you are, without a friend in all Paris, unless it be myself; dropping from the open street into a brothel, from a brothel into the hands of the police, from the police into the hands of a sharper, or a crackbrained fool, who fattened your imagination at the expense of your body, and yet, when I offer you a plate at the merriest table in the city, you hesitate to accept it. But you shall have money, since money is the appetite of your countrymen. Stay with me a year, and I will give you the proceeds of my next novel.'

"Oceanus felt like driving a bargain, so he asked what the proceeds of his next novel might be.

"'Why, you little Thiers in embryo,' exclaimed Paul, 'you will one day be richer than the king. But you will make me angry with you. Fy! this window is worth a thousand francs to one who esteems the world to be nothing more than a large puppet-show, as I do. C'est fini! you are mine for a twelvemonth. And now, after you have looked about your quarters, selected your room, and visited my cabinet of natural history, we will sit down together and play *écarté* until the hour for dinner.'

"It had been a long time since Oceanus had had a choice of chambers; he loved nothing of nature except its water; and as to *écarté*, he had never held a pack of cards in his hands so as to know them; but Paul had a fury for *écarté*, and as it is a simple game, easily learned with a little instruction, the novelist and Oceanus were soon counting tries, which all fell to the boy's side, he being a beginner.

"And there was Oceanus, by the merest chance in the world, snugly quartered upon the good feelings of the liveliest writer of the day. Paul de Kock, with all his grossness, and I may say impurity, is the most healthy, and therefore the best delineator of manners to be found in modern French literature. He speaks without effort, and tells his story with all the simplicity of style and richness of incident that characterize the artless histories of glorious childhood. What can be more sunny than his scenes of innocent frolic, moving our mirth, not with coarse laughter, like the broad pencil of Smollett, but quietly giving birth to the silent intellectual joy which is ever created by an hour's converse with Sir Roger de Coverly? And what can possess a deeper pathos than some of the pages of the story of *Frère Jacques*? Paul de Kock is the Herodotus of fiction. He writes for the kitchen, say the Parisians; and his works are found in the boudoir of the palace. He is unworthy to take rank with Balsac, and La Martine, and Hugo, and George Sand; and the holy father at Rome first asks you if you have read the

inspirations of Paul de Kock. I will not say that Paul de Kock is Fontaine writing prose, but he is something like it. He is immortal, and that is enough.

"If Oceanus had been older, or if he had been differently educated, he might have appreciated the frequent converse of brilliant wit and polished manners which enlivened and graced the novelist's table; but, as it was, he cared little for excellences which, both from their newness and their subtlety, he could not value; and he had no sooner become used to his improved position than his thoughts returned to the sea, and, forgetting all things else, lived upon the water. Paul was somewhat disappointed in finding his protégé's learning, as well as his literature, wholly confined to the four books he carried at all times upon his person; and however much the adventures of Scoresby and Parry, with the open boat navigation of Captain Bligh, might enliven one of Oceanus's yarns about the ocean, yet such materials were ill fitted to form the groundwork of the structure which Paul hoped to build, a monument to his own generosity and penetration. He therefore resolved to put the boy in training; and knowing very well that no one mind was ever made to grasp all things, he wisely determined to commence with that subject which was to claim his sole attention in life. With this intention, he one day put into the hands of our hero a small copy of the most important of the writings of the Archbishop of Cambrai.

"If Oceanus could not bear the restraints of a school in the days of the inamorata, his subsequent wanderings had certainly not fitted him for the reception of a stricter discipline; and *Le Télémaque*, cold, prosy, monotonous, and tiresome, moral and philosophical, and therein feeble, fell from his drowsy hands unread. If, as Villemain says, Homer, Xenophon, and Plato begot the good Fenelon's epic, we can only regret they were not better employed. It is precisely that *mélange* of 'idées bienfaisantes,' borrowed from the *Cyropædia*, with the imagination and the philosophy of Plato, diluted, and more than half lost by their translation into a language possessing neither vigour nor compass, that casting of the fables of Homer anew in the wisdom of Socrates, that union of philosophy the most pure with policy the most humane, that gives to '*Le Télémaque*' all its dulness.

"National prejudices blind the most far-seeing; and it is possible that Paul may esteem *Le Télémaque* the first of epics; but we must, in charity, conclude that the book was selected more for its purity of style than for its artistical excellence. Oceanus was apprenticed to the trade of an author, and, as it is wise to put the most

perfect tools into the hands of the learner of the most humble of the mechanical arts, so it is best that a student of the humanities should be first made acquainted with the most classic writers. In this respect, *Télémaque* holds a place pre-eminent in French literature, and is all that a language irremediably barren, and incapable, from its very structure, of giving fit expression to our higher thoughts, can attain. Who would recognise the orations of Demosthenes in French prose!

"Paul was not at all surprised that a lover of Tom Jones should not take to the Archbishop of Cambrai; and perceiving a strong inclination on the part of Oceanus to better his condition by running away, rather than be crammed, against his will, with food which did not fit his digestion, he wisely substituted the vigour of Corneille; the strength of Racine, like the electric fluid, passes off upon highly polished points, and the comedies of Molière, which, being nature, the simplest mind readily comprehends, is soon in unison with, and most vividly enjoys, for prose whose dullness is more than redeemed by its music.

"Oceanus devoured the comic writer; although he had read but little French, he learned rapidly, and, living amid his scenes, he passed through many weeks of happiness. But Corneille and Molière were not the only authors to whom Paul introduced his pupil. He would often read his own novels to him; and when Oceanus's eyes ran over with laughter, the master rested content with his labour. Sometimes Paul, when the humour was upon him, would write a volume, *currente calama*, throwing it off in fifteen days; then would the house ring from morning until late into the night with the boy's merriment; for he would sit at the novelist's side, join in the labour of composition, catch the new-coined wit as it fell from his master's pen, criticise, and roar again, until Paul caught the contagion, joined in the laughter, and swore, with a Frenchman's '*sacre*,' he believed he had done enough for that sitting.

"Oceanus sometimes dipped into the olden literature, and was once caught shaking his sides over the '*Pleasant and joyous History of the great Giant Gargantua*.' It may appear incredible that one so young, and so new to the French language, should be capable of mastering the difficulties and appreciating the wit of Rabelais; but those who will take the trouble to examine critically into the matter, or test truth by experiment, will find that the language of Rabelais has, in many points, so strong an affinity with our own, bastardized as the last is by the forced marriage of the old Saxon with the Norman of William, that the father of Pantagruelism is more readily understood by a native of London than by a citizen of Paris. No student in

my own profession, although wholly unacquainted with French, will find it difficult to read the original text of the '*Tenures*' of Littleton.

"In this way Oceanus lived six months in the house of the novelist; a neophyte literator, giving fair promise of the future. His days were varied with many pleasures, among which the chiefest was bathing in the Seine; a luxury he indulged in at all hours, notwithstanding the protests of the police, who made Paul pay in fines, for the redemption of his protégé, a sum nearly equal to the proceeds of a novel. He became acquainted with the brilliant De Balzac, whom he hated for his want of heart; and he often met with Dumas, whom he disliked for his Ethiopic extraction. But De Balzac had heart enough to overlook the boy's coldness, and often took occasion to encourage his labours by recounting his own early and seemingly hopeless struggles for fame. With rare intrepidity, and a constancy which nothing could shake, he wrote and published twenty romances before the good-natured public would be convinced that he could write at all; and as volume after volume fell still-born from the press, he affected a most sovereign contempt for the taste of others, and wrote on to please his own. De Balzac would have done much for Oceanus, had he not, in attempting to do a great deal, have deprived himself of the possibility of doing anything at all. De Balzac is a vain man, and thinks that he writes better than any man who ever came before him, or that shall ever come after him; and that of all he has written, his satire, entitled '*Physiologie du Mariage*,' is the very best. So one day, when Oceanus was refreshing his moral faculties with allegorical wisdom out of honest John Bunyan, De Balzac presented him with a copy of his '*Physiologie du Mariage*.' The gift and the time of its presentation were both equally unfortunate. Oceanus had often shrunk from the grossness of Paul; but grossness carries its own antidote, is open, and warns us of our danger before it strikes; it is the glossing of obscenity, the clothing of vice in the vestments of beauty, which deceives and entraps the unwary; which does its work here, and shall be rewarded hereafter, even as the erratic poet in the Russian fable is rewarded—he sits in a kettle heated by fires a thousand fold hotter than those which burn beneath his neighbour who died convicted of theft. And here I might draw a parallel between the *Physiologie du Mariage* of Balzac and Petronius Arbiter, as histories of the morals of the two great capitals of the world at the widely separated eras of perfect ancient and perfect modern civilization; but he who has read the Roman will hardly confess his knowledge, and the day approaches when the

Frank will receive an equal condemnation.

"Oceanus read the book, fascinated by its wit, the point of its satire, the lustre of its periods, from its beginning to its close. And this is Paris! the great heart of the world! Meretricious, rotten to its core. False in everything, except in its baseness and its misery. Wanting in virtue, and therefore wanting in everything which renders the condition of humanity—always, and under all circumstances, encompassed with evil—even supportable. Oceanus threw the book from him, and sought the open street. He stripped the pages of the satirist of their eloquence, and Paris, naked, in its moral deformity, stood before him. The truth had come to him, and he could not breathe freely in the confined atmosphere of a room. 'All is not gold that glitters.' So it ever is with the freshness and purity of youth. When the deceits of manhood first break upon it, and, half awaked from its dreams, it begins to distrust, it seeks the open thoroughfares, the fields, mountain, and wood, and, avoiding mortality, holds communion with the great elements, fire, and earth, and water, and air; for they are types of the power which created them.

"Oceanus walked to the Seine; the roar of the vast ocean he loved filled his imagination. He went down to the stone steps near the *Marché-au-Fleur*; the earlier days of his childhood came back to him, and home, with all its associations. Eight months had passed away since, escaped from the coche, alone, houseless, weary, and hungry, he had there thanked Heaven that he found himself in Paris; and those eight months had brought to him more of sorrow than of happiness. What had he done, and what was he doing! What, but to tread from the beginning in the paths of vice! Now more pleasant, misnamed, and misunderstood, indeed, but equally certain in their course towards a moral death. An élève of Paul de Kock, and Honoré de Balzac! A fit sequence to the wisdom of the fair brunette and the philosophy of Jacques. Oceanus sat upon the stone steps near the *Marché-au-Fleur*, and mused long and deeply. He returned to the house of the novelist thoughtful and depressed. He sought for a book to dissipate his melancholy; he put his hand upon 'Attala.' He opened the volume, and read: 'Ne pouvant plus résister à l'envie de retourner au désert, un matin je me présentai à Lopez, vêtu de mes habits de sauvage, tenant d'une main mon arc et mes flèches, et de l'autre mes vêtements Européens. Je les remis à mon généreux protecteur, aux pieds duquel je tombai en versant des torrents de larmes. Je me donnai des noms odieux, je m'accusai d'ingratitude. Mais enfin, lui dis-je—ô mon

père! tu le vois toi-même, je meurs si je ne reprends la vie de l'Indien.'

"The following morning Oceanus presented himself before Paul, dressed like one about to start upon a journey. In one hand he held a small bundle, which contained whatever of his wardrobe he did not carry upon his back; in the other was *Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand's* pretty tale of 'Attala.'

"'Where are you going, mon brave garçon?' demanded Paul, in a tone of surprise.

"Oceanus opened *Attala*, and pointed to the passage just cited.

"'And so hastily!' said Paul, huskily, much moved by the incident: 'but I have expected it. Yes, return to your uncle, mon petit sauvage. I would have tamed you; but happiness is alone worthy of pursuit in life; and we must seek for it where we have reason to believe it is most easily to be found. Return to your uncle; yet let me make better preparation for your departure.'

"Oceanus threw himself into the arms of his benefactor, acknowledged his many kindnesses, said he was ready, and would go—go as he came, taking with him little else than some knowledge of vice dearly paid for, and the warm love of one whom he should always name among the foremost in his prayers.

"Paul and Oceanus parted at the stone steps near the *Marché-au-Fleur*. The boy descended the Seine as he had ascended it, in a coche; and when the last farewell was given, and the oars dipped into the water, the novelist confessed the pathos of a real scene in the romance of life.

"If Oceanus's second entrance into *Le Havre* wanted the sunshine of hope, he a second time left it less depressed by the memory of crushed expectations. Forgetful of Gustave, forgetful of the scenes of his late joy and sorrow, forgetful even of the old merchant who so kindly made known to him the result of his speculation in cotton, he shipped for New Orleans; and, as he stood out of the harbour, and sailed along the coast, until the last of the windmills dipped beneath the sea, his heart mounted to his throat, and he thanked his God, the Maker of the ocean, that there, upon the waters, men could not build and congregate in cities."

CHAPTER XX.

OCEANUS'S RETURN.

"And I might have died there, imprisoned as I was, had not a friend found me out."—*HACKLUTT'S Voyages.*

ARGUMENT.

A Meeting at Sea.—Oceanus arrives at New Orleans.—Is Imprisoned.—The Cicerone.—Oceanus's First Lesson in Prison.—Oceanus and the

Cicerone in the Vaults.—Legerdemain.—The Cicerone instructs Oceanus how to become a Finished Rogue.—Bulwer's Writings.—The Cicerone in Pantomime.—The Priest.—Oceanus learns that "Pilgrim's Progress" is not the Old Testament.—Oceanus meets with his Uncle.—Conclusion.

SECTION XIV.

"And now," continued the lawyer, "I will give you the last chapter in this boy's history, the conclusion whereof will bring us unto that middle hour of the night which our host most loves, and to whose utmost limit he is ever anxious to draw out that most social of all meetings, a dinner served for three.

"Oceanus's third voyage across the Atlantic was, in its immediate consequences, little less disastrous than the former two, of which the first deprived him of his mother, and the second wrecked his fortune. He had been out hardly ten days, when the whole ship's crew, taking in high dudgeon the drudgery which, on board a merchantman, occupies a sailor's hours off watch, moved aft in a body to urge their grievances upon their captain. Oceanus, as the smallest and most innocent-looking of the company, was compelled, much against his will, to act as spokesman. He knew the duties and subordination becoming a sailor as well as another, and refused to have part or lot in the matter; but a large, brawny Spaniard, with a breath much like that of the Caliph Abd'almâlec Ebn Merwân, who, by a fine figure in rhetoric, was called the 'father of lies,' grasping him firmly about the neck, so plied one ear with threats against the youth's liver if he did not speak according to dictation, while he whispered into the other what was to be said, that he could not handsomely decline doing all that was required of him.

"The captain, who was a man of decision, was not long in making up an opinion upon the subject of his crew's complaints; and rightly judging that a boy, with his neck between the jaws of a vice, could not be well held accountable for the sounds it emitted, he very kindly advised Oceanus to dodge the weight of an argument which was to fall, in the shape of a handspike, upon the head and Herculean shoulders of the Spaniard. These things are soon ended. The big Spaniard's courage sank to a level with the ship's deck, and handcuffs and gyves were received by some half dozen of his associates as quietly as a lady receives her bracelets from the hands of a lover.

The remainder of the voyage was even enough; and, notwithstanding the captain had some misgivings as to Oceanus being an idolater, from his seeming worship of the sea, and frequent communion with that element, the Balize were made in good time.

"As the ship, with all sails furled, and yards neatly trimmed, moved towards the city, drawn against the current by the power of steam, Oceanus's heart beat with a thousand conflicting emotions. His travels were at an end, and memory, which, with the rapidity of light, ran back through all their incidents, told him that he had not done well. As he stepped from shipboard upon land, the blush of shame mantled upon his cheek; his uncle, in imagination, stood before him; he wanted courage to go forward; and he turned back, and hid himself within the forecabin, which received him as a friend. But a deeper suffering was to overtake him than his own self-abasement; for, wherever he might hide himself, he could not escape the searching fingers of the law.

"A sailor is a ward in admiralty, without the capacity of ever arriving at years of discretion. The captain had been made acquainted with this maxim of 'the books,' and was too wise not to profit by his knowledge. No sooner, therefore, had his vessel touched the Levee, than he forestalled an action for damages by an affidavit of mutiny. That was what he called 'laying out an anchor to windward.'

"It is astonishing how much position affects opinion! The captain as prosecutor, and the captain as defendant, finds that justice has two faces; and Jack soon learns that a court, with all its professions of protection, is much like a stepmother when he stands in the dock.

"A sailor can give no better security than the four walls of a prison; and, as Oceanus's testimony was material, he, too, was joined in the same bond with the big Spaniard and his half dozen associates. The law says wisely, 'that married women and children, not being able to bind themselves, must procure some other to be bound for them.' But who, in this large city, would enter into a recognisance for the appearance, on a day stated, of the youthful, runaway sailor-lad, Oceanus? So the boy was fain to come forth from out his hiding-place, and, eschewing all unnecessary fear of soon meeting with his uncle, take chambers for a time at the state's expense.

SECTION XV.

"A prison! God save the young who enter within its portals! Many have crossed its threshold in purity, to come forth a contamination! The pest-house, where civilization collects and herds its vices, to sweat and rot until, like the slime of a stagnant pool, they generate life innumerable, and go forth, under new shapes, and with a new existence, to vex the earth. Thus it is that crime is renewed, transmitted from generation to generation, and made immortal. As surely as the blood

flows from the centre to the extremities, so surely do we of this age drink of the cup which was mixed in the prisons of the most ancient of days! Alas! how fearful is the responsibility of him through whom sin first came into the world!

"Oceanus's young heart lost its boldness, his joyous face its colour, and his soft limbs shook like an aspen leaf, when the grated door swung harshly to, and its bolts were drawn, one by one, upon him. Why was he there? Had he escaped so many perils in the old world, to meet with such a reception on his return to the new? Ignorant of the wisdom and the justice of the law, he asked an explanation of its mysteries of those who were about him, equally unfortunate with himself, and his inquiries were answered with shouts of laughter. The murderer, the prowling pad, the burglar, the sneaking thief, the representative of every crime, sullen, silent, thoughtless, noisy, clothed with filth, naked, tricked out with the ready trappings of a slop-shop foppery, were there, and received with merriment each new-comer.

"The scene was new, and Oceanus's spirit was new, unhackneyed, notwithstanding his travels, to all the ways of the world; so curiosity soon got the better of fear and wonder, and the boy, instinctively thrusting his hands into his pockets, looked coolly about him, asked no more questions, and began to think that he might possibly have been worse accommodated. But knowledge of every kind has its price; and even vice exacts a premium of its apprentices. Oceanus soon learned this truth; for as he walked along the cells, and into the common yard, opening his eyes to all he saw, and admiring the strange mixture of filth and strivings after cleanliness, extreme debility and physical strength, tears and laughter, hardened crime and apparent innocence, groans, curses, and deprecations exhibited by the company, amid which he found himself, a figure that sat apart, enthroned within a dirty blanket, the seeming genius of the place, very kindly volunteered his services as guide and cicerone.

"The cicerone explained to Oceanus the mysteries of the place, pointed out to him its greatest geniuses, told a great deal of biography, and closed with what he called the investiture of citizenship. That ceremony was performed after this manner: the cicerone first calling around him a motley crowd of the inmates of the yard, threw his own filthy blanket very gracefully over Oceanus's head in such a way as to shut out the light from every point of the compass; then drawing the four corners tightly about the boy's neck, he held him in a quiet, erect position, while his companions picked his pockets and his back until they left him naked, without wealth, excepting

old John Bunyan and the New Testament; and without clothing, excepting the sailor trowsers, which they spared to his youthful modesty. Oceanus, when released from the blanket, looked a little wild; but that expression wore off with the congratulations of his new friends, who generously informed him that he was now one of themselves—equal in privileges and appearance.

"Naked from the waist upward, one cannot say much for the boy's appearance; yet the costume had its advantages, inasmuch as, by reducing him to an equality with those with whom he was to consort, it gave him an easy assurance which he would not otherwise have readily attained. But the privileges conferred were important, and consisted in being admitted to participate, in full communion, in all the enjoyments and secrets of the prison-house. And let no one esteem too lightly such enjoyments; fellowship is much, even with the guilty, when cut off from all other association; and the hand of the murderer is capable of many kindnesses. Oceanus experienced this truth, and acknowledged it long before he went out from the walls he had entered, he knew not why, and which he left with some feelings of regret.

"'Crime is spread like a pall over the face of the earth!' Oceanus had gone aside to give vent, unobserved, to the grief he felt at parting with his constant companions in travel, Roderic Random and Tom Jones; they had just passed through the grated window in exchange for a more liquid commodity. 'Crime is spread like a pall over the face of the earth!' Oceanus turned around, and saw an old man standing near by, whose eyes, suffused in tears, were bent mournfully upon him; his feeble limbs could ill sustain the thin weight which rested upon them, and he soon sank, exhausted, upon the pavement; then calling to the boy, he bid him sit down at his side. Oceanus obeyed, much wondering what the old man wished to say.

"'My son,' said the old man, putting his shaking hand upon Oceanus's head, 'I was once young in crime like yourself.'

"Oceanus interrupted the old man, and very innocently assured him that he was there for no crime, or for any cause, that he wot of.

"'My son,' said the old man, heaving a deep sigh as he looked upon the boy's white skin and delicate limbs, not yet tanned and hardened by exposure, 'deceit is out of place with me. You can neither gain by falsehood, nor lose by truth. Be silent and listen, if your lips are wedded to a lie. I was once as young in crime as yourself; my skin was as fair, and my feet, which have trod the stony floors of a hundred cells, were as soft and velvety as your own. Even now, with eighty winters

upon my head, memory is fresh and green within me, and I feel the prints of a mother's kiss upon soba which have worn away the flint of many prisons. Oh! that I had died before I had eaten of the tree whose fruit gives us the knowledge of good and evil. The first crime is the greatest, for it is the father of all which come after it. The first impure thought moulds the virgin to a whore, and leads the boy upward to a manhood of shame. I was taught this truth early in life, for I cannot cloak my deeds with lowliness of birth or the blindness of ignorance. I embraced sin knowingly, and walked onward in its paths until my garments were like unto his who came from Edom, red with the blood of men. Crime became my passion, and I sought evil as the drunkard seeks his cups. My son, turn while there is yet time, and not enough of habit to render repentance impossible. God may forgive one so young, and years of good works may blot out the record of an incipient wrong; but who will forgive me a long life of wickedness, or what farther time may I expect to win forgetfulness of the past? My son, it is not this body, heavy with tears, that I bemoan, but a spirit crushed beneath a load of crime which I must bear throughout eternity. Be warned, and may your repentance plead for me.'

"The old man rested his head upon Oceanus's breast, put his fingers slyly into Oceanus's side pockets, turned them inside out, and finding nothing, thrust the boy from him with curses, saying 'that he was a young and most incorrigible sinner, who would never come to any good!'

"And this was Oceanus's first lesson within the walls of a prison.

SECTION XVI.

"Many days passed, and Oceanus grew used to his new condition. The captain of the merchantman had gained his point, and the mutineers were soon discharged for want of a prosecutor; but Oceanus, who had committed no crime, was not upon the books; he therefore was at first overlooked, and then, being small, finally forgotten. He insensibly put on the habits of those around him, and learned to love their pleasures. He caught the slang of the prison-house, and studied hard to add many new words to Mr. Grose's Dictionary. He grew filthy about his person, forgot the toilet lectures of his friend Jacques, and became ragged in his nether and only garment, so that his popularity with his associates exceeded that of the famous Salem Ebn Ziyâd, protector of the province of Khorasân, who, during the two months he held office, stood as godfather to twenty thousand children.

"Oceanus's acquaintances changed with each opening and shutting of the prison

doors; with him, it was much like one walking through the crowded thoroughfares of a large city, where we meet with new and old faces, give a nod of recognition, say a word, and pass on. But there were some who remained with him, fast friends, and faithfully taught him all they knew. Of these, the cicerone of the blanket, who had been there time out of mind, and a young physician, imprisoned by his shoemaker, stood highest in his confidence. The cicerone took great pains with the youth, so that he became wonderfully expert at picking a pocket, and hailed each new investiture of citizenship with a shout of joy. He taught him how to fare sumptuously by means of his wit, even when his genius was cramped within the compass of four walls.

"All doors, excepting the outer portals, opened to the cicerone; so one night he led Oceanus from his cell, and introduced him to certain queer vaults beneath the prison floors, and then known only to the elect within and without the walls.

"Oceanus was filled with amazement, and jumped up and down, and shook himself, thinking it a dream; for he could not trust his eyes when he saw around him, in that strange place, rich goods, and wines, and all the appliances of a fat table.

"The cicerone laughed, and asked if he thought the owners of those wares would search for them there. 'It is not to feed upon stale bread and small cubic pieces of cold boiled beef that I remain so long with you, or find means to return as often as I am ejected,' said the cicerone. 'There are as many ways of making money as there are lives to a cat; and this is one of them. Every bottle that passes the grate does not contain whiskey; nor are those who are sent here upon sham claims of debt lightly freighted. This is our storehouse, and I am its keeper. There is no good reason why an honest thief should not grow rich, retire, as other tradesmen do, and live respectably upon his gains. Most of us continue in business too long: it is like speculating at the gambling-table—speculating in cotton—the pitcher that goes too often to the well is finally broken. Now sit you down upon the stone bench, my little Oceanus, and I will tell you the history of the place, while we drink the health of our keepers in as good a glass of Burgundy as ever was ripened in garret or cellar.'

"Oceanus and the cicerone sat down upon the stone bench together. Upon the floor at their feet, and upon the wall above their heads, and on each side of them, were massy iron rings, fastened into the rock, and used, most probably, in times long passed, more as means of torture than of security.

"'There is a tradition among us,' said the cicerone, 'which says, that many

years since, when this miserable country was young — and I call it miserable because, like a slave, it has had many masters — the Holy Inquisition — the most damnable of all the inventions of men — builded these vaults. That tribunal, like the unclean bird which hovers over approaching armies, and scents the carnage before it is made, followed the Spanish arms around the earth; and where they conquered it fastened itself, and made corporeal in the present the hell it threatened in a hereafter. It taught morality by the application of the thumb-screw, and enforced its articles of faith with fire and fagot. Wherever it colonized it built a prison, and the wail of men, and women, and children went up to Heaven in the track of its footsteps. It digged more graves than it ever saved souls, and gloated after blood with an appetite keener than that of the young lion when he first tastes of the spoils of the forest.

"It was a rare monster," said Oceanus.

"It would seem to have been so," said the cicerone; "for my own part, I know nothing about it. But if it did, in truth, build these vaults, the devil himself must have been at the head of it; for there is nothing here, excepting my own wines, victuals, and merchandise, which smells of Christianity. See! the walls are dotted with iron rings and crucifixes; upon that small altar of hewn stone in the centre stood the taper and crucifix; and upon these little stone benches were seated the victims, their limbs braced with chains, so that they could neither stand nor lie, but died and rotted where they sat. Groan answered groan, and both were echoed back from the vaults still beyond. Each maniac glared upon his opposite, and each raved for the flesh he saw dropping from the other's bones!"

"Young Oceanus's teeth clattered one upon the other as he looked upon the picture the cicerone had drawn; and he wondered that man, unaffrighted by the many forms of wo which daily stalk the earth, should strive to engender it in yet more horrid shapes within her very womb!"

"Sit closer to me, boy, and drink more wine; you seem chilled with the dampness of the place," said the cicerone.

"See! see!" screamed Oceanus, springing to his feet, and crouching between the cicerone's knees; "a wretch sits upon every stone, and mocks us!"

"Hush, child!" said the cicerone; "the keepers will hear your cry, and suspect that rats are working beneath the pavement. Why stare you so? there is nothing here but my own goods and blank walls. Fy! you see nothing but the creatures of a fancy even less real than the shadows of my lantern, which come and go with every change of the slides. It is

the only machine that I make use of in my profession, and it is an important one. With it I can play as many tricks as a fox carries in his bag, and it has often saved me in extremity. Look! it is managed in this way;" and the cicerone, shutting in the light, exhibited group after group, from the most threatening to the most grotesque, until Oceanus lost his fears, and laughed till his sides cracked.

"And thus, with a proper combination of reflectors," continued the cicerone, "I can bring a whole family of portraits into position, give action to a painting, and turn a house inside out. I have more than once shaken the nerves of men with stout hearts by carrying the public street, with all its passengers, directly through the centre of a receiving-room. But this is the machinery of the profession, which every fool may master; I will show you other arts, which are to be attained only after infinite toil, and, as you are a boy of some genius, in for life, since you are here for no cause, perhaps you had better divert yourself with striving to become an adept in them."

"The cicerone rose, and, throwing off his blanket, stood stripped to the waist before Oceanus; then tying a handkerchief about his loins, so as to form a pocket at his back, "Now," said he, "I am about to exhibit to your admiring eyes the most beautiful, the most simple, and the most difficult of all the tricks of the juggler; it is that of the "cups and balls." The greater part of his wonders are wrought out with the aid of machinery, but this depends wholly upon the velocity of his movements. Come, let us go to the altar; you shall sit upon one side, while I stand upon the other, and if, with the closest attention, you can detect the cheat, you will do that which I cannot, even when practicing before a mirror."

"Oceanus and the cicerone took their positions. Had an inquisitor, loosed for a time from his trial of fire, then have looked in upon the master and his scholar, he would have made the old vault ring again with boisterous joy; for the altar of superstition was covered with the tools of a mountebank as cunning as himself.

"The cicerone put the cups and balls into Oceanus's hands, that he might see there was no fraud about them. The cups were of porcelain, and rang clear, without crack or false bottom.

"Look sharp," said the cicerone, arranging the cups in a line upon the altar; "you shall fully understand the method by which I perform this trick, and yet shall not be able to detect the means in the performance."

"The cicerone commanded the balls at his pleasure; they were where he willed them to be, single or together, while he stood with his naked arms stretched out

over the altar, and seemingly moved neither hand nor finger.

"The devil, or an inquisitor, aids you," shouted Oceanus, as, at the close of the show, cups and all vanished openly before his wondering eyes.

"The cicerone turned, and showed the tools he had played with lying in the pocket at his back !

"Thus it is that a wondrous skill comes after and rewards a long-continued labour," said the cicerone, packing away the 'cups and balls,' and setting out the vacant altar with pieces of roast fowl, bread, and wine.

"Our profession no longer admits of the rough carriage and open violence which distinguished its magnates of a century since. This is the age of a true civilization, when, by a frequent intercourse, all nations have become as one great family, and there is no concealment for crime other than the dress of manners. We must now live within the very bosom of society in order to escape observation, and practise the arts of a luxurious refinement if we would hedge about our acts with a defence against suspicion. Take a piece of the duck, Oceanus ; it was brought in yesterday by the fat gentleman, who, you will remember, was imprisoned for an hour on a false suspicion of debt. He carried a brace in each sleeve of his coat, and covered with his doublet stores for a month. Should you ever get into the world again, you will find it more convenient to pick a pocket than to demand a purse upon the highway ; and learn that a well-sustained system of genteel financiering is, in the end, more productive than the most successful hits at housebreaking. Tear the meat with your fingers, Oceanus ; don't use the knife too much ; above all things, never cut bread : these are matters of importance, for breeding is never so well tested as at the dinner-table ; and there, if there is anything false about you, it is much apt to peep out. The tricks which I have just played before you are the best preparative for one who is determined to excel in a delicate adaptation to the exigencies of a polished and advancing state of society. Never eat more than one sort of vegetables with any single dish, Oceanus ; nor load your plate with condiments : you may in that way detect a cook. They give ease and quietness to the carriage, and enable you to remove a gentleman's snuff-box from beneath his very nose. Put the wine in the other glass, Oceanus ; you must be very circumspect in such trifles, or you will be thought to have been suckled upon a more vulgar liquid. But if the 'cups and balls' are the best manual exercise which my experience, and it is not of a late date, can recommend to a youth who is ambitious of the highest distinction

in the profession, yet there are other and more intellectual labours, which impart a corresponding adroitness to the mind, and are equally necessary to success. Hold your knife jauntily in your hand, as if eating were more a matter of amusement than of necessity ; and remember that, upon no occasion whatever, must you carve ; starve first. In directing you what, and in what way to eat, I have plainly intimated that the manners and dress which are the fashion of the time must be assumed and worn as if they had been put upon your back at your birth ; and this is a thing not easily to be accomplished ; for although many may dress to a character, but few know how to act it. Never pick your teeth at the table, Oceanus ; if the Italians do so, it is because they are as wanting in delicacy as in morals. Now, there are two ways of studying men : the first and better is personal observation, the other is observation at second hand. Hold your glass as if its weight oppressed you ; and when you drink your wine, do not appear to taste it : it should be as familiar to your lips as water, and no one tastes that. Neither is to be neglected, for neither can alone give perfect knowledge. The first source of instruction is wholly dependant upon ourselves ; the second is more so than we are in general willing to confess. As one cannot do all things, neither can he see all things ; for although ubiquity promises to be attainable somewhere in the course of the next century, it will not be so in this ; we must therefore permit others to see many things for us. Sit erect in your seat, Oceanus, and do not stoop forward, nor lay your whole body upon the table. One should be neither a loungeur, nor a soldier upon guard, over his dinner ; there is a medium between the dressing-gown and buckram, which, combining ease and grace with self-respect, is beauty in posture. Now, of all who have written about living manners and character, for with the past you and I have nothing to do, the novelists are the most true, and therefore the most instructive ; and of the novelists, I do think Mr. Bulwer to be, for our purpose, the best. Do not run your fingers through your hair, for if it is in order, as it ought to be, such an operation will displace it ; and if it is filled with oil, as it ought to be, your hand is made unfit for the courtesies of the table. In his writings we find most perfectly portrayed, not the finished gentleman alone, but the finished villain also ; the one within the other. They present many a model which we may well imitate. Give your days and nights to them, Oceanus, for they will richly reward an aspiring student. At table, never put your bare hand to your face, or touch any part of it with your fingers ; if you have occasion, use a napkin. There are other wri-

ters whom you may consult; I know not whether to call them of a higher or a lower grade, for they have an equal quantity of truth scattered sparsely through a mass of fiction; yet fiction, if it be possible, is as instructive as past realities. Vidocq, Ainsworth, and the biographers of noted sharpers generally, are very instructive; and no young man who has not made himself familiar with these, "the text-books" of our profession, should attempt to practise in its higher departments. If you have dined, or supped, or taken your breakfast, whichever you please to call it, it being about two in the morning, you had better refill your glass and wash your fingers; I have no water; it would not pay the risk run in the smuggling. And now I will do in pantomime a character or two taken from my favourite author.'

"The two greatest mimics of the servile herd of voluntary bondsmen to the public breath, Roscius and Garrick, whose names time yet syllables, while nobler spirits mourn the loss of that high heritage, might have caught a grace to refine abasement from the cicerone of the blanket. He walked, sat, and looked the hero of the master-piece of the best English novelist of our day. Sloth entwined with energy; without morals, as without belief; regardless of all law, human and divine, except those conventional rules which are born of luxury, and change with each passing generation; polished in body and in mind, as if the sister arts, Education and Breeding, had laboured in rivalry, and met in the self-same object; passion, like a well-trained horse, obedient to the bit; and selfishness glossed over with a philosophy which gives to the meanest of our attributes the show of gold—such is Pelham. To whose pages will the future historian of the English refer for the private and domestic habits, in this our age, of that class in society which moulds the form of every people, and gives to them their greatness and their humility? I will answer this question with another; and ask, in what estimation would the learned now hold the writings of Bulwer had he flourished at Athens during the administration of Pericles, or at Rome under Augustus?

"But it was as Clifford, Harry Finish, Augustus Tomlinson, MacGrawler, Old Bags, Long Ned, and Gentleman George, that the cicerone revelled in the fulness of joy, and exhibited all his talent; while Oceanus, as audience, applauded without stint, and wondered at the completeness of his friend's transformations. Here was neither dress, nor perspective, nor voice to cheat the senses; but, when the soul changed, the body, with all its movements, which are its life, changed also, and the actor passed from being to being, as one would put off and on a garment. If it is

only after long continued and severe toil that one can master the 'cups and balls,' how great must be the labour which subdues the subtle spirit, making it a slave even unto itself! Thus did the cicerone receive into himself, and was possessed by turns of each character as it lives, and will live forever, in that strange book where the high in place are degraded, and the mean raised to an unenviable eminence; where civilization is stripped naked to the skin, and stands uncovered, exposed, in hideous deformity—drawn with a truth of colouring which the pencil of neither poet nor painter of ancient or modern breath has excelled. I heard a divine read that book, and, as he closed its last page, 'he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird. For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.'

SECTION XVII.

"Oceanus did not neglect the instructions of such a master. At night they were often in the vaults together; and during the day, acting upon one of the cicerone's leading maxims, which was, that he knows most who probes deepest, he learned of the young physician all that the young physician knew. His love for the physician sprang from sympathy; for, although he and his friend entered that house at different seasons, and under different circumstances, yet the probability of their exit thence seemed with both to be equally indeterminate. The physician had been incarcerated for the sum of ten dollars, and as his weekly board was weekly added to the original debt, the prospect of an early liberation could not be said to be very flattering. He taught Oceanus the whole art of phlebotomy, which, saving the presence of our host, I esteem to be the most certain part of physic; and, as he was of a good temper and had a memory, Oceanus assigned him a character in several little dramas which the pantomime of the cicerone induced our hero to compose from fading recollections of the histories of his late companions, Tom Jones and Roderic Random. And to these books a third was subsequently added, which you will be surprised to find linked to such company for such a purpose; the whole forming a well from which the youth drew

an inexhaustible supply of plot and character. It happened in this way.

"Six months of imprisonment had rolled by, and Oceanus had forgotten the days of the week. With him, time was divided into two parts, which alternated with each other, and had their beginning and ending with the rising and setting of the sun. The Sabbath was no longer holy, for he had lost its position; and he deemed it no sin to play when the chances that the hour was unsanctified were as six to one in his favour. Then it was that one of that sect of the religion of Christ which is most universal, most unchangeable, and therefore most truly Catholic, which, after the manner of its divine Master, enforces its precepts by its practice, passed within the prison walls upon an errand of mercy. The good priest turned not aside from the poor of purse, and he loved the poor of spirit; for where there is humility there is virtue. As he walked from cell to cell, bestowing consolation, inspiring hope, and promising pardon, his slow step, mild visage, and bowed form, habited after his order, attracted Oceanus's attention. The boy was ignorant of the difference between Protestant and Romanist; but goodness has its own beauty, easily to be discerned by young eyes; so he drew nigh unto the holy father, and, kneeling upon the pavement, as he had seen many an old lady in Paris do, asked a blessing. The holy father blessed Oceanus, and grieved much to find one so young in such a place.

"My son," said the holy father, "to one of your age the world is wont to show a face of marvellous brightness. You are in the morning of life, and the green field, with its soft sunshine and laughing flowers, should better please your light step than this damp stone; how comes it, then, that you are here, amid the miserable, who know what earth is—a place of terrible trial and never-ending sorrow!"

"Oceanus hung his head. What to him was the green field? He was born upon the ocean and reared upon a sandy coast, dreary in everything but the habitations of men. He never knew the pure delight drank in by innocent childhood chasing the butterfly over a Northern meadow, with young, buoyant, hidden spring urging on the race, and rejoicing in the pleasure she gave—those hours of unbought luxury, without a past and without a future, which neither the wealth, nor the power, nor the knowledge of manhood learns us to forget, and which, alone of all the epochs of busy life, expiring age closes its eyes upon with regret.

"Did no mother mould your first half-formed words into prayer?"

"Oceanus's memory knew no mother other than the inamorata, who loved too well.

"Did no father watch over your growing days, and fill your eager spirit with stories of the virtuous?"

"Oceanus's father died ere he was born.

"Alas! poor youth; you bear the penalty, while to others belongs the crime. Ignorant—"

"Oceanus thought otherwise.

"Without friends—"

"Oceanus trusted in the cicerone.

"Without morals—"

"Oceanus thought his own better than those of most he had met with.

"Without religion—"

"I have a religion," cried Oceanus, raising his head and standing erect before the holy father, while his eyes gleamed with triumph; 'I have a religion, and it is that of the Old and New Testament;' and, drawing the books from his pocket, he put them into his accuser's hands.

"The holy father opened the larger of the volumes, and, finding nothing there which appeared to be even a free translation from the Vulgate, was at a loss what to make of it. To him it read much like some one of those books which the Ecumenical Council of Trent condemned as apocryphal; and he doubted whether it might not be a heretical version of one of those equally heretical originals.

"My son," said the holy father, "who told you that this was the Old Testament?"

"One who was more than a mother to me," said Oceanus, dropping a tear to the manes of the inamorata. "She gave me both books upon her death-bed; and, as one of them is certainly the New Testament, the other, being its companion, must be the Old."

"This was an argument which the holy father found it difficult to combat; assertion may be met with assertion, but, like two bull-dogs, each will hold to its grip. The holy father, like most of his order, knew the world better than many who seemingly mix more in its bustle, so he did that which wisdom and experience had taught him was the only effectual mean for rooting out a fixed heresy. He sat down upon the pavement, and, placing Oceanus between his knees, began at the beginning. He first opened the New Testament, related the whole story of Christ, without ornament, in all its native simplicity and beauty, and showed how his coming, character, and mission had been prefigured by the prophets. He then took up the Old Testament, which he carried fastened to a leathern strap that was bound about his waist, and, quoting copiously from its pages, showed the wide distinction between truth and fiction; and proved that Bunyan's allegory was anything other than those inspired writings which are continually alluded to by the biographers and apostles of the Saviour.

"Oceanus doubted, and then believed. It is a hard thing to give up one's religion, or to release the mind's hold upon the minutest parcel of its faith. So Oceanus found it; and he took the 'Trials of Christian' in his hands, and wept over them, and bid them an eternal farewell. Of all the sufferings of his short pilgrimage, this certainty of knowledge, this opening of his eyes to the falsehood of what he had believed to be divine, was the severest. He felt like one bereaved of a first love, and the consolations of the holy father were vain to quiet the heavings of his breast. Does knowledge give virtue! These things must be left to time. And thus did the 'Pilgrim's Progress' fall from its position, to hold rank and use with the other stories of fiction with which Oceanus delighted his associates in bonds.

SECTION XVIII.

"Pass the wine; the story of Oceanus draws to its close.

"Our youth had lost his old religion, and was not yet quite settled in the new, when, one day, as he talked with the cicerone upon matters of high import, and drew fine-spun distinctions between the true and false characters of men, a gentleman of some forty-five years, with a face which thought had made severe, and an eye that rogues love not, entered the prison court. His errand was a professional one. A cunning Jew, who, in these piping times of irresponsibility, held much, owed much, and paid nothing, left Mobile with a large portion of the profits of the bank of that city in his pocket. He came to New Orleans to take advantage of the peculiarity of our laws, and do what the respectable-looking old gentleman did, and what thousands of others have done—sue his creditors! There are in most matters many ways of doing the same thing; and here, one may sue his creditors either upon a voluntary or a forced surrender, or after an arrest upon mesne process: the Jew, out of the subtlety of his wisdom, selected the last of the three modes, and thus gained his food at the expense of others. The gentleman of some forty-five years was the attorney of the losing corporation, and had entered the prison for the purpose of having an interview with its absconding debtor.

"Age soon forgets youth; for, with years, the younger gains upon the elder born; but youth never forgets age; for, in the eyes of childhood, age is always the same. The cold attorney did not recognise in the squalid boy who stood before him, herding with the outcasts of civilization, the truant nephew he had long mourned as lost to all that is good in life, if not to life itself; but the

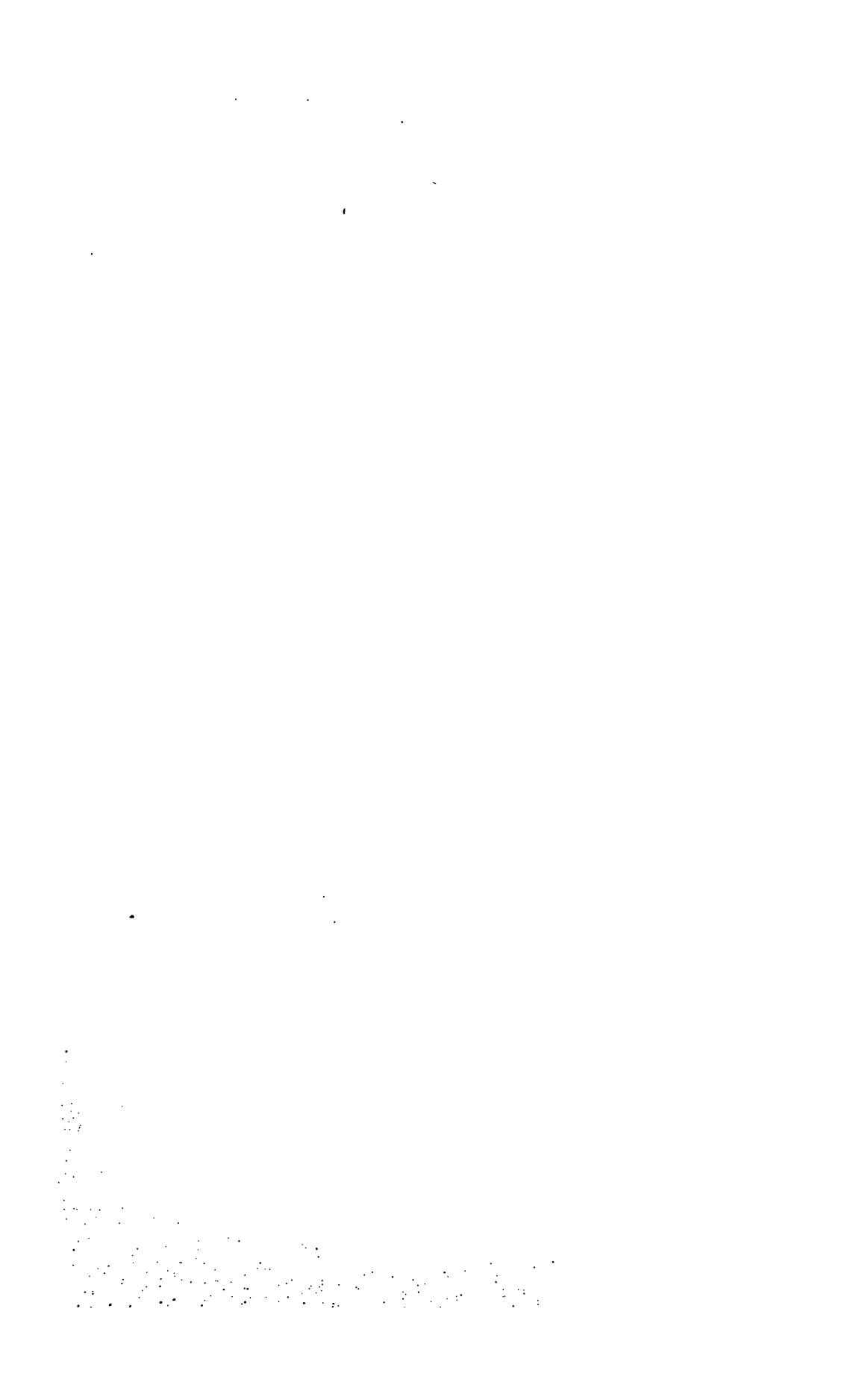
nephew recognised the uncle, and pride, humbled by suffering, no longer held him back. With a cry of joy which made the lazy keepers start and look about them, he bounded across the court, leaped upon the attorney's neck, kissed him over and over, asked forgiveness for the past, promised reformation in the future, and laughed and wept by turns, until the man of severe habits, like the father in the simple parable told by Christ, received the repentant prodigal to his bosom.

"Oceanus parted from the cicerone with some feelings of regret. Deserted by all the world, he had been his friend in bonds; and if the instruction he gave was not fitted to lead our youth to honour, he had turned to merriment days which might otherwise have crushed a spirit capable of good things. It is much, when fallen, to retain even the power of recuperation. The cicerone, too, exhibited an emotion to which he had been long unused. His heart was hard, and written all over with crime; yet it was capable of friendship—what heart is not!—and he had lost a scholar apt to learn.

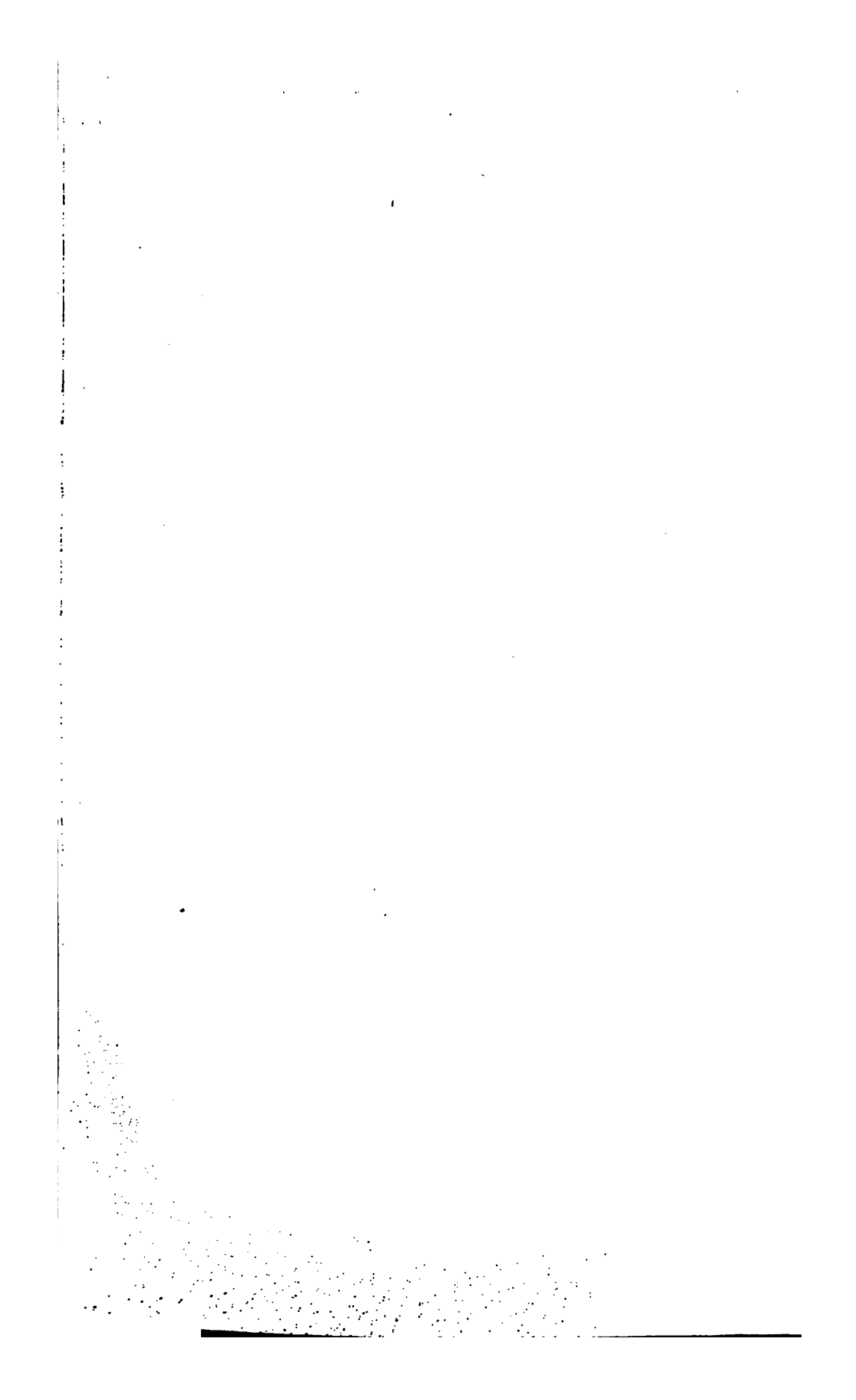
"He bid farewell to the young physician, thanked him for the knowledge he had imparted to him, and marvelled at the justice of the law which adds to the evils of poverty the punishment of incarceration. All the inmates of the yard crowded about him, and congratulated him upon his release; for he was loved by all, and he returned it. It was a pleasing sight to see those debased men raised, for a time, high above their deep and damning degradation by the soft influence of affection. These things teach us that there is to be found, even in the most vile, the means of redemption; that one love possesses us all, binding together with one cord all of humanity, the ends whereof are in the hands of the Creator.

"As the uncle and the nephew passed without the prison, Trouvé, who had never forgotten his master, but watched daily, during his long imprisonment, before the gates, obeying no one, and living in hope, met them at the portal, and the cup of Oceanus's happiness ran over.

"Our hero returned to Mobile wiser, perhaps we may say better, for the perils he had passed. He no longer shunned his uncle's company, nor turned a deaf ear to healthy instruction; and, excepting the honours which he continued to pay to the graves of the inamorata and the old Tar of the Fife, there was nothing in his acts which recalled the memory of other days. He is now here, claiming the fortune to which he has so lately fallen heir; let us drink a bumper to his early escape from the delays and vexations of the law."







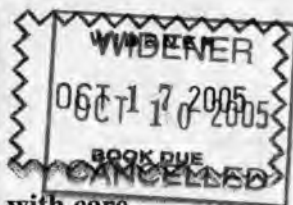
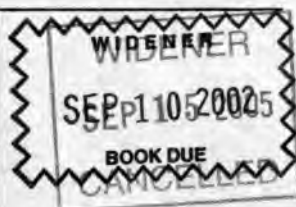


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